THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

PROVINCIAL LIBRARY MANITOBA

JULY, 1916 WINNIPEG, CANADA

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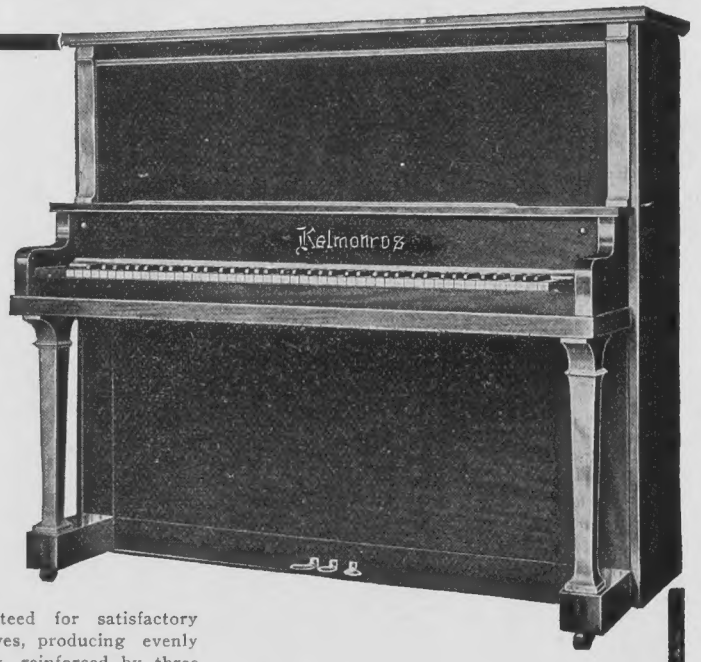

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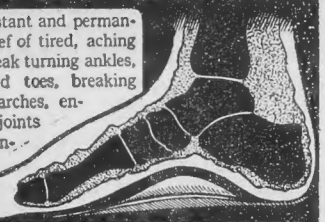

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The Western Home Monthly

Vol. XVII. Published Monthly By the Home Publishing Co., Ltd., Winnipeg, Canada. No. 7

The Subscription Price of The Western Home Monthly is $1.00 a year or three years for $2.00 to any address in Canada, or British Isles. The subscription to foreign countries is $1.50 a year, and within the City of Winnipeg limits and in the United States $1.25 a year.

Remittances of small sums may be made with safety in ordinary letters. Sums of one dollar or more would be well to send by registered letter or Money Order.

Postage Stamps will be received the same as cash for the fractional parts of a dollar, and in any amount when it is impossible for patrons to procure bills.

Change of Address.—Subscribers wishing their address changed must state their former as well as new address. All communications relative to change of address must be received by us not later than the 20th of the preceding month.

When You Renew be sure to sign your name exactly the same as it appears on the label of your paper. If this is not done it leads to confusion. If you have recently changed your address and the paper has been forwarded to you, be sure to let us know the address on your label.

A Chat with Our Readers

Business as Usual

Our readers will note that the fire which so completely devastated our printing plant last May has not, in any way, interfered with The Western Home Monthly doing business as usual though not "at the same old stand" as only the four walls remain of what was for seventeen years our home. The June issue was, it is true, a few days late in being published but we believe that our readers will very readily overlook the slight delay. We take this opportunity of thanking our many friends for the kind letters which we have received from them and it was certainly very pleasant for us to realize how very sincere was their solicitude regarding the welfare of The Western Home Monthly.

How The Western Home Monthly is Different

This is what an Alberta subscriber says in a recent letter: "The Western Home Monthly is one of the very few magazines I pass along to my daughters without fear, knowing that there is nothing demoralizing between its covers." It is not difficult to create a taste for a certain kind of fiction. A magazine can specialize on the "unhappy marriage" story, for, to some, a wife's disillusionment makes an instant appeal. Again, there is the "triangle" story which deals with a man, the man's wife, and the wife's lover. The Western Home Monthly believes that marital inconstancy should be deplored but not advertised. Hundreds of letters come to us commenting upon our "difference"—paying a high tribute to the magazine's sane and wholesome policy. These letters are significant, for they show that the morbid, hysterical woman who is "misunderstood," the man who finds every woman desirable except the one to whom he is wedded, and the carpet knight who lays siege to another man's wife, are not favorite types. Ask any reader to answer the query, "How is The Western Home Monthly different?" The reply will be an enthusiastic endorsement of this magazine's stand for clean fiction.

the Woman of the West are doing their Bit

We have lately received several letters from Western Patriotic Organizations giving details of the splendid way in which various towns and villages are raising money to assist the relatives of soldiers and also to provide comforts for the brave boys in the trenches. Several people have also written in signifying their willingness to undertake work of a similar nature but confessing that they do not quite understand how to get started. Accordingly it may interest many of our readers to learn how one organization commencing in a very limited way, has succeeded in building up a society which would do credit to any city.

What One Society Has Done

The Dunstan Willing Workers organized on August 4th, 1915 with a membership of 33 members and 3 honorary members with a membership fee of 50 cents and honorary members $1.00. Since that date five more names have been added to their list. Every two weeks meetings are held at the different homes of the members, and the following will show what they have accomplished in less than a year. In October they had two sales of Home-made candy, one at a Church Social realizing $6.25 and the other at a Sock Social at which they made $9.65. After each meeting there is a silver collection which so far has varied from $1.45 to $2.25. In December a Patriotic Dance was held the proceeds amounting to $8.75, the expenses in connection being only 25 cents for coal oil. They also held a Bazaar during December and realized the following:

Sale of fancy work, etc.	$34.60
Candy	14.25
Raffle of Goose	6.00
Grab Bag	7.05
Raffle of Crochet Quilt	44.00
Raffle of Cake	1.50
Total	$107.40

The expenses in connection with this amounted to $4.65. In February, 1916, a Masquerade Ball was held the proceeds being $19.25, and in March a Box Social brought in $120.70 with expenses amounting to 40 cents for a pound of tea. On March 27th they served tea at the Dominion Poultry Lecture and realized $6.15. There have also been several donations given by the members ranging from $20 to 20 cents, and this has of course proved a great help. They have given donations to the Returned Soldiers, $50.00. St. Dunstans Hostel for Blinded Soldiers and Sailors in London, England, $100.00. Red Cross for medicines, $50. Maple Leaf Club, London, England, $40.00 Red Cross Work, $25.00. Christmas boxes were packed and sent to five men who had gone from the district to the front also 48 pairs of socks, shirts, etc., have been sent away. When you realize that some of the members had to drive ten miles to the meetings and take into account the deep snows we had this winter and the country roads, the amount accomplished in so short a time is little short of marvellous, altogether $330.85 was raised in less than ten months.

BABY WILLOUGHBY.

I consider Virol saved him.

415 8th Street East,
Prince Albert, Sask., Canada.
November 29th, 1913.

Dear Sirs,

When my little boy was four months old he had a very serious illness. There seemed to be no hope for him until on their advice we gave him Virol, and very soon we saw a great change for the better. He gained rapidly in weight, and I consider your food saved him. He is now a fine bouncing boy, full of life and energy.

He is now three years old, and since the illness above referred to he has had no sign of ache or pain, thanks to judicious use of Virol.

(Sgd.) JOHN THOS. WILLOUGHBY.

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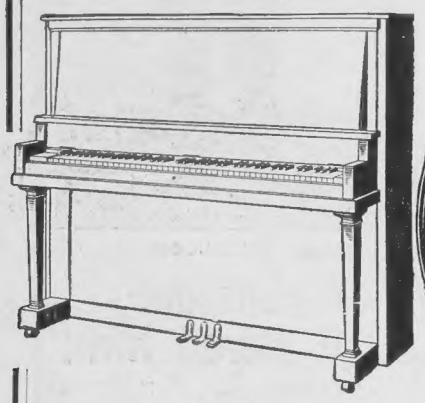

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	Regular	Now
$ 75	Bell organ, 5 octaves.....	$ 24
75	Bell organ, 5 octaves	35
125	Dominion organ, 6 octaves Square piano, nice tone ..	65
250	Wood upright piano	68
300	Boudoir, small upright ...	78
350	Newcombe, fine tone	165
350	Evans, cabinet grand	175
425	Heintzman & Co., good tone	198
400	Lesage, mission	215
400	Hoffman, almost new	265
400	Doherty, almost new	285
425	Bell, mission and lamps ..	198
400	Mendelssohn, mahogany ...	325
450	Nordheimer, good as new..	245
425	Doherty	220
400	Warde, almost new	245
950	Angelus, 88 note player ...	245
850	Bell, 88 note player	650
750	Standard Electric player ..	550
400	Doherty, two manual organs 20 stops, almost new, each	385
500	Gerhard Heintzman, mahogany, less than one year in use	220
650	Chickering, very nice tone.	345
460	Conover, in splendid condition	225
500	Fischer, in splendid condition	185
450	Kingsbury, in splendid condition	185
750	Standard, 88 note player piano	187
		425

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What of the Future?

By William Lutton

THE great empty land called for companionship. The seasons came and went; the sun looked down on a vast solitude.

The west felt lonely. The Indian, the trapper, the hunter, tramped over vast spaces; paddled across its rivers and lakes; but the west cried to over-populated Europe for that human material of which homes and communities and nations are made.

The C.P.R. laid down the shining steel; a propaganda was set up in Europe; and the response was 2,000,000 souls—or thereabouts.

The land smiled; the rich soil gave back, with immeasurable interest, all the farmer put into it. The home, the community, the vast commonwealth took on familiar settled features. All the institutions of worth in other lands were set up. Wealth and prosperity grew; and when these became pronounced, the better and more enduring thought was fixed on school and church and college, and when all was fair and promising and men were content, though still eager for larger material and better conquests, the war bugle blew, and the splendid creatures we had coaxed across the foam heard it and said, as with one voice, "We are coming," and they went; and fought and fell—many of them went in such numbers that we missed them in the street, in the store, the office, missed them almost tragically on the farms.

Well, the war will be over bye and bye; and many of our men, whom we had to urge to come to us in the first place, will return—how shall we receive them?

It has been said that many of the men who have tasted the out-door life will not care to return to the confinement of the cities. That may be true. We have room enough; but what preparations are we making to receive our own people in the first place and after them the other people of many nationalities, desiring to escape the military vortx in Europe. Lord Shaughnessy made a suggestion in regard to ready made farms of which he would, in the first instance, supply 1,000. That is excellent so far as it goes; but the idea does not cover the whole case. These farms would have to be multiplied in number. They would have to touch one another for companionship. It would be necessary to conduct a selective process.

All the powers that be—federal and provincial—would need to co-operate in a greater scheme which would comprehend large numbers. There are many who have no aptitude for farming, these would gravitate to the towns and cities; and provision would have to be made for them.

The whole idea in regard to the influx which is confidently promised is nebulous; but unless preparation be made in advance the situation may be grave indeed.

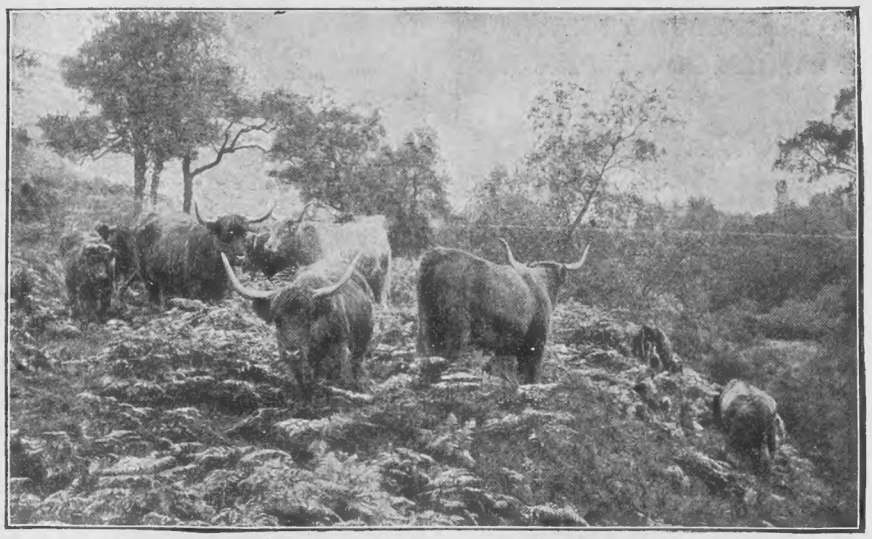
We should not allow segregation in colonies of any group whether British or other. The distinctive colony postpones nationhood. It makes for aloofness the multiplicity of tongues and languages and ideals; kills all spontaneity of municipal acts, and fatally retards growth. To some extent, we have had experience with the colony which sets itself down to repeat in a new country, the mode of living which might have been congruous enough in the old, but which is out of place in the new, where, while diversity need not be frowned upon, it is necessary to have a commanding type to dominate the west and give it character based on the British-Canadian model.

It would be easy but fatal, to allow the people to come in and set them down in their own way; that way would mean endless ethnic variety, with the perpetuation of modes of living incongruous in the new world.

The wide diffusion of the incoming people will spell salvation. Groups, indeed would not be denied their gregarious instincts; but the large self-centered colony, living its life independent of the dominant types, making its own rules and carrying out its own usages, should not be encouraged. Canada will feel the war, though not so closely as England; and our own reconstruction will doubtless be a painful process; but generations will probably elapse before all traces of the desolation are removed or covered. Upon the plan agreed upon and carried out in regard to new settlements, will depend the physical, moral and spiritual character of the Dominion in the generations to come.

It has been said that when the war is over the European governments will not permit their subjects to leave their respective countries.

Before the war there were severe prohibitory laws: but that did not keep the sturdy young men at home. The C.P.R. could tell us quite a story of how the young men by the scores of thousands, were enabled to leave the country in defiance of the military law.



Highland Cattle on Typical Scottish Pastures

It will be the one desire in life on the part of many, to escape from the war zone and reach a land, which offers not only independence but the best of all blessings—peace.

There need be little doubt as to the influx; the dubiety is all in respect to the manner in which the influx is directed. We have already reduced the British-Canadian type in the west. It is not perhaps unshakably fixed; but it is becoming more stable and all prevailing.

A large influx might tend to impair the dominant type if great care in the handling was not exercised.

It will be for the practical men in the west to get together and formulate plans for the immediate future. A new economic situation will confront the country. The question of employment for the soldiers will bulk tremendously in this regard.

The big issue of the settlement on a large scale of our public lands will need the most delicate and at the same time comprehensive handling. We will need men of vision; men of energy and purpose and patriotism, for above every consideration is the question of ultimate type. We have to educe a single type from many. The chief concern should be that that type express the moral and physical stamina of the British-Canadian. The predominancy of that type should never be in doubt, for upon its perpetuation depends the strength and prosperity of our great commonwealth in the West.

Editorial Comment

Unity

After years of waiting and weighing the Presbyterian Assembly has declared in favor of Church union. It is not becoming that The Western Home Monthly should express an opinion as to the wisdom or unwisdom of this procedure, but it furnishes a good opportunity to refer to the fact, now so apparent on every hand, that men in this new land with its wide sweep of prairies and its free pure air, are not willing any longer to confine themselves within the narrow bounds of class, party or denomination, but are the rather anxious to keep in touch with all their fellows, and think in terms of the whole community, the nation or humanity.

Forces Making for Community

One of the forces operating to produce this result has been the public school children who mingle in work and play, forgetting for the time all distinctions of class, race, creed and color, are not always ready to accept the artificial distinctions which religious and social bodies impose. So long as denominational schools prevail denominationalism is bound to flourish. When state schools are in existence denominationalism must in the long run decline.

A second force operating to produce unity is this war. Just as the Crusades brought together commoner and noble, so this great struggle has put all classes on the same level. Bravery and devotion recognize no distinctions. And this applies also in a national sense. Russia, France, Britain, Belgium, Italy, Servia and all the Overseas Dominions, with our own Canada, just now pre-eminent, have joined hands in courage and fidelity. Race, language, creed, are all forgotten. Only the *man* is recognized. And great men there are in every district. The courage of the sturdy Canadian is rivalled by that of the turbaned Hindoo, so that both can say with Kipling:

"Oh East is East and West is West,
And never the twain shall meet
Till earth and sky stand presently
Before the judgment seat.
For there is neither East nor West—
Border, nor breed nor birth,
When two strong men stand face to face
Tho' they come from the ends of the Earth."

The Growth of Feeling Cannot be Checked

The feeling for unity is taking possession of men the world over, and is bound to affect them in all their relationships. Class distinctions must vanish. The mothers who mingle their tears as they sorrow over the common graves that hold their sons, must feel that there is a bond which social decrees and customs can never loosen. Racial and religious distinctions must be forgotten. Catholic Belgium, Protestant England, Greek Catholic Russia, find their highest religious expression satisfied in the battle for freedom and justice. The practice of protection must cease. Nations that have mingled their blood on a common field of battle must permit free interchange of products while the world lasts. To put the matter briefly; the idea of national unity must give way to the idea of world unity. Tennyson was ahead of his own time but not ahead of our time when he wrote:

"For I dipt into the future far as human eye could see,
Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be;
Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales;
Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rained a ghastly dew
From the nations' airy navies grappling on the central blue;

Till the war drum throbbed no longer, and the battle flags were furled,
On the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world,
There the common sense of most shall hold a fretful realm in awe,
And the kindly earth shall slumber lapt in universal law.

For I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the Suns."

The blessing of unity, bringing peace and kindliness in its train is the greatest and most enduring product that the Great War can confer.

Those Outside the Circle

In working towards this conception of world-freedom and world-unity, there are some nations and some individuals that are bound to lag behind. It is the misfortune of Germany that it never got beyond the ideal of nationalism; it is quite evident that in the United States there are many who have not yet advanced beyond this conception. It is to the everlasting credit of Great Britain that it has been able to take a wider view, that it considers the freedom of Belgium, Servia and all smaller groups quite as precious as its own freedom. The fact that Great Britain was capable of entertaining such a view does not mean that all men in Britain in the smaller duties of life have risen to that conception. Selfishness and cupidity are still common, and will exist until the end of time. It is clear that in this matter the nation may easily lead the individual. Indeed, it is the force of public opinion which compels many an individual to fall into line. This is evidenced every day in political, social, and business affairs. Even in the great world-conflict that is now being waged, there is not a nation but is influenced by world-opinion. For this reason many of the practices of the early months have been discontinued, except in those districts where world opinion has not had an opportunity of being felt.

Those Who Will Benefit

For nations and for individuals only those who are prepared to make sacrifices such as that displayed by our Empire can possibly endure. In the reconstructed world, selfishness cannot hold out against brotherly kindness.

There is a seeming prosperity to those who apparently do not think of the welfare of others. Men who are looking out for Number One are growing rich in this world's goods, the philanthropic in heart remain poor. Some of the neutral nations are growing wealthy at the expense of nations which have made the supreme sacrifice. Let no one be deceived. Even on the material side the returns will come to those who are allied in this Holy Cause. And as for spiritual wealth and moral health, which after all are the only enduring verities, there is no doubt as to where the gain will be.

It is a fortunate thing that in this world's war, there are lined up on the side of justice and freedom representatives of all the great world's powers. When these are bound together in political and commercial union, not only is their own peace assured but the peace of the world. This is the consummation devoutly to be wished. Our regret for some of the neutrals is that they will not share in the glory of that great day.

A Western Problem

There is a problem in Western Canada of a peculiar difficulty. In one group of townships in Saskatchewan there are settled side by side some hundred farmers. These represent a dozen different nationalities. Very few are English speaking. The problem is to unite these people and to Canadianize them. The only solution is the public school, taught by a Canadian teacher. A large consolidated school used as a social centre will be more helpful than the little one-roomed building used only for teaching purposes. But the school large or small, the essential thing is that teachers with Canadian sympathies and outlook be employed, and that they mingle with the people, acting for the time as leaders in matters that are Canadian. No province can spend too much in order to get teachers so qualified

Pessimist or Optimist

These are the two classes of people one meets with every day. It is a glad chance that brings the optimist along, with his bright face and hopeful word. It is an evil hour that brings the pessimist, with his word of woe and his dismal countenance. During war times the two types are much in evidence. Have you heard the optimist? "We are going to win sure! Old England can't be beaten! Don't you see how Germany was beaten after the first two weeks! If they can't take Verdun, what hope is there of reaching Paris? With Russia on the East, and the solid allied front on the West, with Italy holding back Austria in the South, what chance have they?" And so it goes.

On the other hand the pessimist complains of our lack of ammunition. Every hundred yards of front trench lost for a day is a disaster. "German cunning and preparedness is too much for us! Our navy bungles things?" And thus for an hour at a time.

Now every one should be optimistic, even if only for his own sake. If he regards the comfort and happiness of others he should be doubly optimistic. Optimism is based in faith and in reason. Because we have a just cause we can exercise our faith, because we can estimate men, forces, and resources we can use judgment. In both cases the result is the same. It is no vain enthusiasm which makes Christians in all parts of the Empire join in hymns of confidence; it is no vain boasting which tells of the power of the navy and of the development of the great army.

Let it not be forgotten that the hand-maid of true faith is reverence, and the hand-maid of reason is thoroughness. And so, to the music of the churches, is added the music of the forge. There is something fitting in reminding Englishmen everywhere to-day of the words attributed to the great Cromwell—"Have faith in God, but keep your powder dry!"

Manitoba and Her Prohibition

The people of Manitoba have every reason to be satisfied with the first month's workings of the Manitoba Temperance Act. Reports from all quarters are of the most encouraging kind. Police authorities say that there has been a great decrease of offences, so much so, that on a recent week-end in Winnipeg there was not a single arrest for disorderly conduct.

Merchants and bankers state that there is a marked improvement in the way in which people are meeting their obligations. Every sphere of life and every line of commerce are reaping their rich reward, and what has been so splendidly commenced in Manitoba is fast finding favor throughout the Dominion.

The Government is to be congratulated on the splendid provisions made for the enforcement of the act and the people on the readiness on which they have harmonized with the new conditions.

Have you, too, said "Why can't I have the charm of pink cheeks—the kind where color comes and goes."

Copyright 1916
The Andrew Jergens Co.

Read "the color secret" below if you would gain the charm you have longed for.

The girl who wanted more color

The secret she learned is one you, too, can use to give your cheeks the lovely glow—the radiant complexion you have longed for.

The girl to whom a pale, colorless complexion is really becoming is one in a thousand.

The rest of us *must have* at least a touch of color—and if we are to possess *all* the charm of that radiant, velvety skin—one you love to touch—we must have the kind of color that "comes and goes."

It is a dull, sluggish skin that is keeping so many from having this charm. And just as long as you allow your skin to remain lifeless and inactive, this charm will be denied you.

To change this condition, your skin must be freed every day of the tiny dead particles so that the new skin will form as it should. Then, the pores must be cleansed, the blood brought to the surface and the small, muscular fibres stimulated. You can do this by using regularly the following Woodbury treatment. It will keep the new skin which is forming every day, so healthy and active that it cannot help taking on the radiant touch of color you want your complexion to have.

Begin to-night to get its benefits for your skin

Use this treatment once a day—preferably just before retiring. Lather your washcloth well with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap. Apply it to your face and distribute the lather thoroughly. Now with the tips of your fingers work this cleansing, antiseptic lather into your skin, always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. Then finish, by rubbing your face for a few minutes with a *piece of ice* wrapped in a soft cloth. Always be particular to dry the skin well.

If your skin happens to be very thin and rather sensitive, substitute a dash of ice water for the application of the ice itself.

The first time you use this treatment you will begin to realize the change it is going to make in your skin. You will feel the difference at once!

Use the treatment persistently and before long your skin should show a marked improvement—a promise of that greater clearness and freshness as well as the lovelier color which the daily use of this Woodbury treatment will bring.

Woodbury's Facial Soap is the work of a skin specialist. A 25c cake is sufficient for a month or six weeks of this treatment. Get a cake to-day.

Send to-day for "week's-size" cake

For 4c we will send you a "week's-size" cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. For 10c, samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder. Write to-day! Address The Andrew Jergens Company, Ltd., 666 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.

Tear out this cake as a reminder to ask for Woodbury's to-day at your druggist's.

For sale by Canadian Druggists from coast to coast.

When Sollie Took the D.C.M.

By Edith G. Payne

MOSES FINBERG, secondhand clothing merchant, had just stepped down from his right-hand window, after having placed a large sign over a pile of woollen hose. He smiled and chuckled and rubbed his plump hands. The cardboard sign, in great red watercolor letters, said:—"Try our brand of Everwear Hosiery. Men, Women and all Children wear it. It covers a multitude of shins."

"That should ought to bring in some trade yet," he said, half aloud, and then whistling, drew the step-ladder aside. As he returned to the counter, however, his good humor changed to righteous wrath, for there was his son, Solomon, leaning idly on his elbows reading a newspaper.

"Nu!" exclaimed Moses, "Nu Sollie! There you sit reading at that stuff and them vests and pants of Olinsky's not pressed yet!"

The son rose reluctantly and folded up the paper, yawning the while. Then he sighed.

"Listen to the feller, yawning and groaning like he was tired from a heavy day's work already, and it not noon yet!"

Moses concluded this remark with clucking noises in his throat, indicative of deep disgust.

Sollie cast a weary glance at his parent.

"Ya, fader. Always it is pants and vests! Once can't you change your tune?"

"I got to think of vests and pants. It is my business, ain't it? I'm a successful business man; but what would I been now if I'd fooled away——"

"Other things there is in the world besides second-hand clothes," interrupted the youth. "For instance,"——

"Oi, Oi! He's going to talk now about joolry. Nothing he likes but tinkering with watches like his uncle, Isidore!"

"That's what I want to do, but always when I speak of it, you go up in the air——"

"Sollie, I am surprised you should talk like that! You are the only son what I got and already trade so bad, ain't it? If you had some pep once and hustled round and brought your old fader in more trade, we could maybe get that house up on Hillcrest, and your ma and Becky could get in with a nice set already."

Sollie muttered something indistinct.

"Da, da, Sollie! Mad it makes me to see you so discontent all the time! No capital—yet he wants a joolry business. And Rosy Riesenthal, the fine daughter of old Abe Riesenthal, what made a fortune in second-hand clothes, so struck on you, and you with nodings to say by her but always thinking of that Mary Czwerki."

Sollie gave a passing glance at his rather handsome face in the mirror behind the counter. Moses, as he spoke, was busily occupied in putting price tags on a pile of underwear, and did not see the flash in his son's black eyes. If there was one subject more than another which Sollie did not care to discuss with his parents, it was his childhood's sweetheart.

Sollie controlled himself with an effort, closing his lips firmly. If Mary was a farm girl newly come to live in town, was that any reason why they should guy him about her, and call her "hayseed" and "Miss Rube." She was pretty and good-hearted, which was more than could be said of Miss Riesenthal, whose face was so overloaded with powder and rouge that you wanted to get a knife and scrape it off. Sollie and Mary had gone to school together, and Sollie remembered gratefully how little blonde-haired Mary, with her great laughing blue eyes and rosy cheeks, had always "stuck up" for him when the other kids called him "Sheeny." That was fully five years ago—the time he had spent a year out on his Uncle Jacob's homestead, when Moses Finberg had had pretty hard sledding to get along in town.

"You got somedings up your sleeve, Sollie," said Moses, suspiciously looking up suddenly and catching a queer expression on his son's face.

Sollie hesitated a moment. Then pulling a folded document out of his inner coat pocket he threw it across to his father.

"Read it," he said succinctly.

The old man frowned perplexedly, then picked the paper up, pulled his old horn glasses down from the top of his forehead, where they commonly rested, on to the bridge of his nose, and painfully spelled out the contents of the note. After slowly reading it twice over Moses drew in his breath quickly and glanced sharply at Solomon.

"Nu, Sollie! What nonsense is this? Are you—are you going for a soljer already?"

"That is my intentions," replied Sollie, gravely.

"What—to fight over in Yoorup?"

"Ya."

"Schnorrer! Ach Gott! What a boy I got! He goes and leaves alone his poor old fader——"

"They want more men."

"Maybe they do. I need a man right here in my shop. Now I must hire one, eh? I must spend out some more money on account my son he's gone to fight."

"You ain't the only one what has to. War is an expensive business."

"Stoi! You fight for Canada oder Russia?"

"Canada, of course. But, anyhow, it is the same."

"When did you—enlist?"

"Last night."

"Ach Sollie! Leetle Sollie!"

The old man's voice broke. He began fumblingly to gather up a pile of vests.

"I will go now and press them, fader," said Sollie, gently. He folded up his regimental document and replaced it in his pocket.

"When you tell mamma," observed Moses, "you break her heart."

"Not so! Women ain't such fools, fader. I told her last night."

"You—told her?"

"Ya—I came home late and she was sitting up. I been trying all morning to get up nerve to tell you, too."

"What did mamma say?"

"She said I did right. She said she and Rebecca would help you in the store here."

"Ach, my business she will go bust! You are my right hand. You save me clerk's and bookkeeper's wages; you know all the goods, all the books, all the——"

"Becky can keep the books now. She went by the business college and got her certif——"

"Oi Oi! But a girl——"

"The girls and women in England and France, they are trundling trucks and taking fares on the street railways, already! Nearly all the men's business they do. My sister, Becky, is a smart girl. Right away quick she shows you what she can do."

And Rebecca did. On a morning in February—six months after her brother had gone—she might have been seen mounted upon the tall stool in the little dingy office, deftly adding up columns of figures and checking off entries in the day-book. She was a pretty little Jewess, a "real stylisher," as Moses was wont to say, proudly. "She saves me so much money what you can't guess, too, since she come in," he would add. "Since Kosher meat has went away up and wiener schnitzels ain't to be et now more than once on a day. I tell you we ain't so well fixed like we once was!"

Mamma Finberg, a pleasant-looking little woman, with common sense written all over her, was skeptical, however, of her daughter's ability to cut down expenses, alone, so she herself had taken over the selling end of things and now presided behind the counter, where she haggled and argued and drove shrewd bargains with all and sundry who came in to purchase.

"Hang up that pink combinations," said Yetta, this morning to her husband, "the one what has shrank from forty-two chest measure to thirty-six. I ain't got time. I want to go down by the store and get some more garlic for the dinner." She hurried into her street attire. But it was not to buy garlic she was in such haste. Each morning, at 10.30, she hurried away thus on one pretext or another.

She had done it ever since Sollie's brief but regular letters had ceased coming. He had not written now since Christmas. It was to intercept "Postie" that Yetta compromised with her conscience and stole away down to the corner of the block each day at the same hour, for should a dread official-looking missive happen to be amongst the Finberg mail, she wanted to open it first.

"Poppa has such a weak heart," she would say to herself. "And Becky thinks such a lot of her brother it would kill her if the news didn't get broken gently."

It was a long time—nearly an hour—before Yetta returned home. Moses had hung the pink underwear in the window, in an artistic position between a lavender-hued bathrobe and a yellow-and-blue set of pyjamas, and then he had cleaned and pressed three pairs of trousers, and lighted the gas stove in the basement for dinner. He had filled the kettle and called Rebecca down to peel the potatoes. Still Mamma Finberg had not appeared.

At length he went to the door and peered up and down the street. She was coming! He could see her stout form waddling along about a hundred yards away. But she came on slowly.

"Mamma is cute like one pet fox," said Moses to himself, as he anxiously awaited his wife. "Fooling me she thinks she is, every day. But I guess yet I know for why she runs off and then comes back so innocent saying: 'Oh Poppa, I met the postman and brought your mail.' Oi Oi! The old man ain't a fool yet. Gott! I hope nodings has happened with that feller, Sollie!"

"Poppa, you go right in," called out Yetta, sharply, "standing there in your bare head and no coat on yet!"

Obediently Moses sidled into the shop again.

"What—what's the news?" he asked, wetting his lips, his eyes fixed keenly on his wife's face, as she came in.

"Da da! News? The Crown Prince of Germany is dead again. That feller has nine lives, like a cat!"

"No, no—I mean——"

"And the British say they got the Kaiser's number at last. I always knew it anyway. It is 666, ain't it? And the Russian Bear has went back into his winter quarters, for he came out once and seen his shadder, and it gave him the pip, so he——"

"Ach Matushka! The news! The news of Sollie—our leetle Sollie! Did you maybe get a letter?"

Yetta had been throwing off her hat and coat as she spoke. Now very suddenly her mood seemed to change. She pointed backward with her thumb, silently.

"It's all right," said Moses, "I sent her down to cook the dinner. What is it—for Gott's sake tell me!"

Yetta looked backward to ascertain that the sixteen-year old girl was indeed out of sight and hearing. Then, with an odd look, which was more puzzlement than fear, she drew a letter out of her ample dress-pocket.

"I put it in here after I read it," she said. "I read it over so many times, but yet I not know what it's about. It's—"

"Is it from Sollie?" demanded the old man, seizing the square blue envelope with its triangular red mark.

"Ya—but half of it is blotted out."

"Censured," explained Moses, fixing his horn glasses into position.

"Censured, is it? What's that mean?"

"It means another feller high up has to read the letter already before it goes away on account should there be any inflammation that the enemy would like to get, he don't get it. See?"

"Sollie's other letters they were not like this one," remarked Yetta, half incredulous.

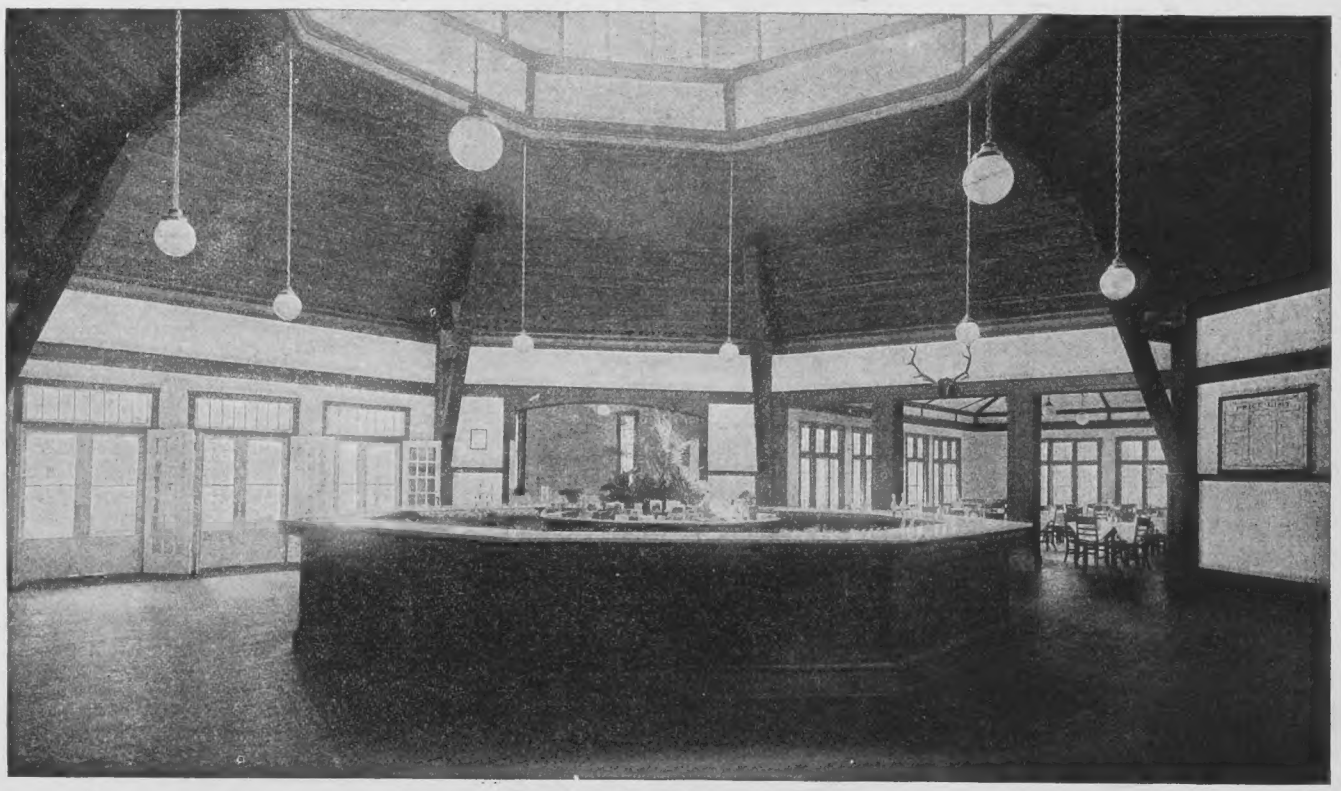
"No, the feller had sense not to try and give army secrets away. But here—did you ever see such a note? I can't make it out! Call Becky to read it."

"No, no! Say nodings to her Poppa. I—I'm afraid—we're in trouble about what Sollie has went and did. I——"

"What did he did?" demanded the old man, still holding the letter in his trembling fingers, and trying to read it.

"He—he's taken a D.C.M., he says."

Yetta's voice was a mere whisper.



Pavilion Interior, Kildonan Park, Winnipeg

"Give it to me, Poppa, and I'll read it. So nervous you are you better sit down."

"No, no. I can stand. I'm all right. What—what has he did, you say?"

"Listen then, Poppa. He says: 'Dear Mamma, I am at * * * in * * *. I took the D.C.M. at * * *, and was a prisoner for * * * weeks, but am now on my way home with a party of other invalided men. Don't worry about me. I will be all right. We are at the port of * * * waiting for the next ship. Love to all. P.S.—I am bringing home my D.C.M., but don't tell nobody.—Sollie."

"What's a D.C.M.?" inquired Moses, squinting up his eyes.

Yetta sank down upon a counter stool, shrugged her shoulders, shook her head and sighed, gloomily.

"Always from a baby that Sollie loved bright things. He couldn't keep his hands off them," she said.

"Joolry is it, maybe?"

"Diamonds—that's what 'D' stands for. And he says, 'Don't worry about me.' Now, for why should he say that? In some of them castles and things over there he maybe finds a lot of joolry, and they get after him and put him in prison, and he finds his way out and escapes to that port. Then he is still afraid they will catch him, so——"

"Ya, but Sollie is clever. So long he gets away once with the goods he's all right, understand me. But wait till he gets home I maybe don't give it to him! I take that feller across my knee. It will be a lesson for him not to steal no more stuff, and disgrace us."

Moses had been combing his long whiskers with his fingers, his anger rising steadily.

"Now Poppa, mad you are getting! Keep cool. In war it is not called stealing. It is looting. I will go ask Uncle Izzy what a D.C.M. is."

"Na, na! Always your foot you put in it. Say nodings to nobody about it!"

"Not even Becky?"

"Not even her. When he gets home we take that D.C.M. stuff and go and bury it till the trouble blows over, for if that there stolen goods, understand me, is found on the premises up we all go to the law court and we be lucky if we get off with a hundred dollar fine. Nice elegant reputations for us, eh? And me, Moses Finberg, been in respectable business here for twenty years. All on account my son has to go and turn dip already!"

"Nu, Poppa! Always a big imagination you got."

"Stoi! It is the truth. Ruined we will be."

"Oh, surely not, Poppa. It——"

"I tell you, ya! You will maybe got to take in washing again. Me, I will got to be a knight of the push-cart once more, and holler: 'Rags, bones, bottles!'"

Moses continued to grouse on in this strain for some time. Yetta picked up the letter again and began to read it, examining each minutest word and sign. At length she gave a sharp exclamation.

"This here letter was writ three weeks ago!" she cried.

"So?"

"And postmarked twenty days ago. It has been delayed."

"He says he was waiting for a ship."

"To come home on."

"Ya. Well—get your wits to work! He must have come on the same ship, eh?"

"Just what I was thinking. It takes about twenty days to come from where he is. So I guess maybe,——"

Just as she spoke a motor-car horn blared musically at the door.

"Ha, Poppa! Here's a sporty customer. Get him to buy that ulsterette with the plaid lining, oder the checked golf suit and show him them new ties."

Yetta spoke hastily, pushing Moses forward. She was again the keen woman of business, her maternal anxiety thrust momentarily aside.

Moses, who had been wiping his spectacles with a greasy silk handkerchief, pocketed both, and advanced briskly to the door, bowing low.

"What can I show you, sir?" he asked, as a man entered and closed the door behind him, "I got every kinds of stuff in stock—all new first-class second-hand goods. I would like to show you—— Gott!"

At the same instant Yetta screamed shrilly:—

"Sollie, Sollie!"

"Hello Mamma! Hello Fader!"

Solomon Finberg, blithe and saucy, brown, and lean as a young panther, stood before his parents, his white, beautiful teeth showing in a broad grin.

"Ha, Fader! You would try to unload some of that junk on me, eh? Mamma, for Gott's sake leave me a little breath, yet. Where's Becky?"

"Pst! Sollie, what's this I hear——" began Moses, nursing the hand which had been wrung by Sollie's left one.

"He is wounded!" cried Yetta, noting for the first time that her son's right arm hung in a sling.

"I'm all right. It's my shoulder not healed up yet. Where's Becky?"

"Here!" cried Rebecca from subterranean depths, and then came the sound of her sharp little heels on the steps.

"Hello Kid! Gee you're some young sport, ain't yuh? Got garlic all over yourself. Come kiss me." said Sollie.

"Sollie—did—did anyone see you come home? And where have you hid—that—" began Moses, in a whisper.

"Now Poppa, never mind yet, about that," chided Yetta.

Sollie glanced from one parent to the other.

"Can the mystery stuff," he said, "Whatcha talking about anyhow?"

Suddenly Rebecca shrieked. She had been examining her brother's tunic admiringly.

"He's got the D.C.M.! Mamma, Poppa, look! Oh! Say, he's a hero, our Sollie is! Look!"

The young miss seized the medal pinned to her brother's coat and began to dance up and down excitedly.

"Sh—Becky!" interposed Sollie, bushing. "Cut it out."

"How did you win it?" demanded Rebecca. "Tell us, quick!"

"Oh—it ain't much of a story. Me and two other fellers hid in a stable loft with a machine gun and peppered a company of Germans across a canal and kept 'em from getting over. They couldn't find our range for hours and when they did the danger to our troops was over, and so we didn't care. It gave our troops three hour's start on the road to V——. But Gee! They burned the stable under us lads! I was the only feller left, able to crawl away and I crawled some I tell yuh! Do I smell dinner cooking?"

"La—a hero he is, and so little he cares, he talks about dinner!" exclaimed Becky, admiringly.

"Maybe he's starving already," interposed Yetta. "We'll get the story right, from him, after he eats. Come."

"By the way, I thought I told you about it—didn't you got my letter? Us men were delayed at Quebec, but——"

"Just got it," and Yetta held up the missive.

"What did Fader say when he hears how I got a D.C.M.?"

"I——" Moses began, after an uncomfortable pause.

"We——" and Yetta stopped suddenly, ashamed to go on.

"Honest, Sollie, you handed it to us," said the old man, candidly. "We thought you got into a scrape already, for you told us not to worry and to keep quiet about it and so on."

Sollie laughed easily.

"You and Mamma got to learn some things yet," he said airily. "Always it is buy and sell, buy and sell. This here is a honor what I earned it myself and I didn't got to press pants oder run a pawnshop to get it, either!"

Then his mood changed to one of chagrin.

"Nu, don't mind me! I didn't mean to insult your business, Fader."

They all went down to dinner, leaving the shop clerkless for once. How Sollie did eat!

"Well, if I sure ain't a dub!" he exclaimed, "I forgot to show you these. Look!"

He stopped in the middle of dessert and thrusting a hand into his pocket drew out a dozen gold pieces of a large denomination, and cast them upon the table before his sire. The old Jew's eyes glistened.

"Schnorrer! Gott! Help, help!" cried Moses, "It is years since I seen it, so much gold! Mamma, am I awake?"

Sollie took up a gold coin and spun it toward his sister.

"I guess twenty dollars buys you a new dress, eh?"

Rebecca gave a squeal of rapture, as she clutched the shining disk.

"A Englishman gimme them," explained Sollie resuming his pudding. "I got just so many more in a belt around my stomach."

"A Englishman? For why?" demanded his mother.

"Well, I saved him from being blown to mincemeat by a shell. I carried him two miles to a reserve trench, and he gimme the belt. He was dying anyhow, he said. I didn't like for to take it. But he made me. He died after."

"Poor feller!" exclaimed Yetta, "And it is English gold. It can soon be changed, though."

Moses was fingering the yellow pile, lovingly.

"What you intend to do with it?" he asked eagerly.

"It is for you," said his son.

"For me?"

"Ya. Didn't I told you? With the rest I get married and set up in a little joolry business. I lost two fingers off my right hand, but——"

"Two fingers!" cried his mother, paling. "You never told us——"

"Now you must go and propose by Miss Riesenthal," cried Moses, slapping his son on the back. "Right away quick. You should strike while the iron is in the fire."

"How proud she will be of you!" declared Yetta. "A fine rich girl, too——"

"Miss Riesenthal nothing!"

Sollie rose from the table and brushed the crumbs from his tunic. Then he reached for his forage-cap.

"Where you off to with such a hurry?" asked Moses.

"I'm off to propose by Mary Czwerki A fine daughter-by-law she makes you, and maybe I bring her back to supper. Ta ta, folks! Cheer up. It's a long lane what gathers no moss."

Mince Meat Recipe.—Two pints of lean beef that has been cooked and ground, 4 apples, 1 pint of currants, 2 pints of raisins, 4 pints sugar, 1 pint molasses, 1 pint vinegar, 1 pint cider, 1 pound citron, 1 nutmeg, 3 tablespoons cinnamon, 2 tablespoons cloves, 1 tablespoon allspice and 3 tablespoons salt.

A Stimulant

And a Sorry Friend to Many Systems.

"Coffee acts as a stimulant to me. I can for a time accomplish more, but then I am dull, spiritless, nervous, weak and irritable. (Tea, also, is harmful because it contains caffeine, the same drug found in coffee.)

"Coffee acts like a slow poison on my father, giving him inward pains and a feeling of being generally upset. He used to be very fond of the beverage, but its continued use made him ill.

"It is several years now since we had the first package of Postum, and we have been using it ever since, to our very great benefit.

"A lady friend who is the wife of a clergyman, was almost a nervous wreck from the use of coffee. She finally began the use of Postum; in six weeks she had lost her former nervousness, had grown plump in the face, and her health was better than it had been for years. She is a splendid advertisement of Postum, and is most enthusiastic in its praise, telling her callers of its merits and urging them to try it." Name given by Canadian Postum Co., Windsor, Ont.

Postum comes in two forms:

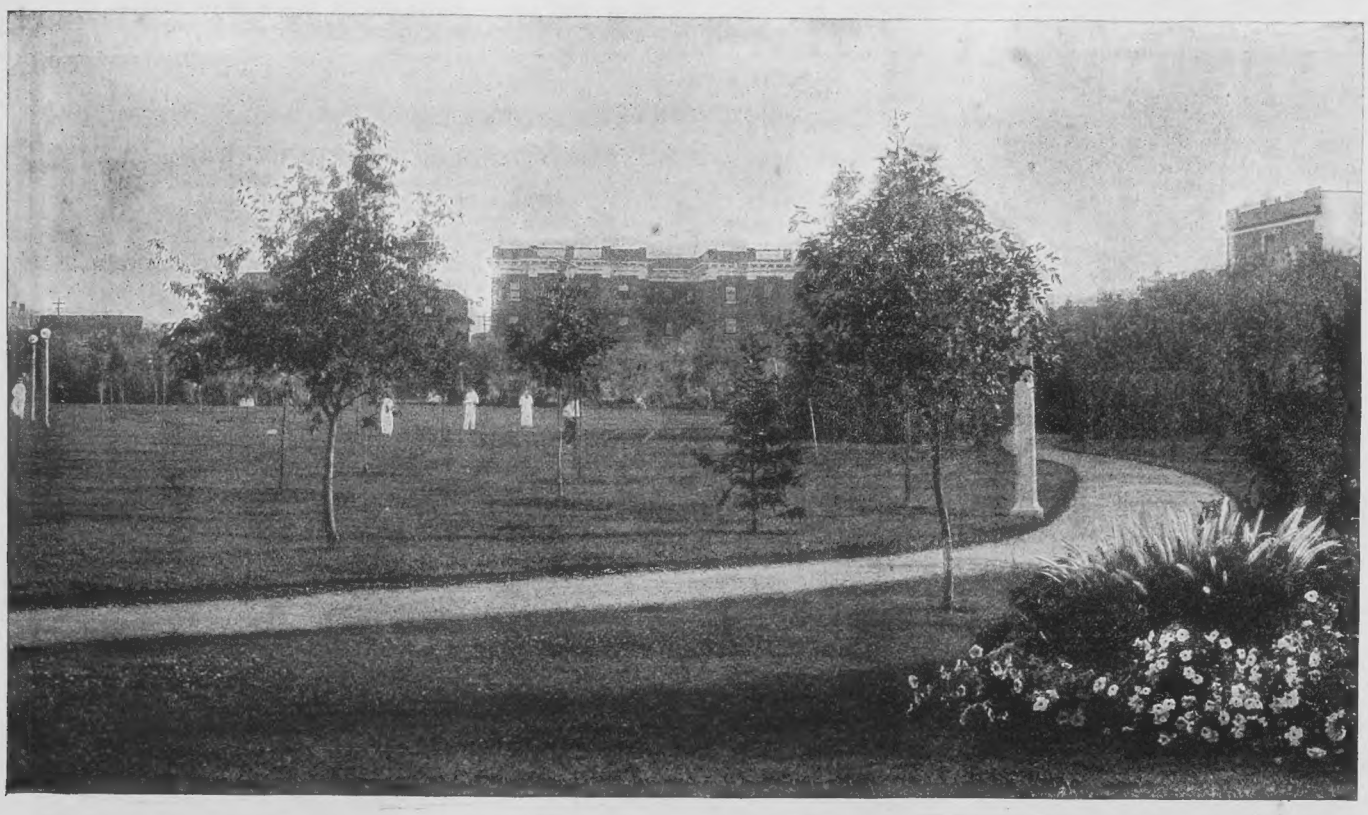
Postum Cereal—the original form—must be well boiled. 15c and 25c pkgs.

Instant Postum—a soluble powder—dissolves quickly in a cup of hot water, and, with cream and sugar, makes a delicious beverage **instantly.** 30c and 50c tins.

Both forms are equally delicious and cost about the same per cup.

"There's a Reason" for Postum.

—sold by Grocers.



Tennis Courts, St. James Park, Winnipeg

Singing Bob

By W. R. Gilbert

SINGING Bob and Lily Steve had been friends since first they came into the camp, both having made their entrance upon the same day, and having grown intimate over a glass of something hot. Perhaps the total difference in the appearance and in the nature of the two men drew them together; anyway, they were seldom apart. They worked upon the same claim, shared in everything, and spent their leisure in taking long stretches over the surrounding country.

Singing Bob was a big, burly, handsome man. The sun had tanned his skin to the color of the red earth, from out the setting of which a pair of eyes, blue as the summer sky, and heavily fringed with long, misty black lashes, laughed continually. He was careless in his dress, as diggers as a rule are; but for all that nothing ever seemed to hang ungracefully upon his magnificent limbs. His blue shirt, as a rule, was stained with earth and torn with pushing through the undergrowth in the pine woods. His long, brown wavy hair was pushed back from his broad brow, and fell almost upon his shoulders.

He had earned his name through his voice; he sang like an angel, clear as a bell, flexibly as a lark; he could trill and shake in a way which would have made many an educated singer envious. He could have made his fortune as a concert singer, but perhaps he had sufficient reasons for avoiding civilized parts; most probably he had. However that might be, he came to the diggings, and gave his fellow gold-seekers the benefit of his musical talent.

Taken all through he was a rough sort of fellow, with off-hand manners, and a loud voice. When he laughed one feared for the upper half of his head; he opened his mouth so wide it seemed as though it must come off, and showed a double row of teeth which would have made a dentist despair. He was a popular man in the camp, because he was perfectly fearless and perfectly good tempered.

Lily Steve was a very different man. He was small in stature, below the medium height, and with all that conceit and self-esteem which is so usual with very little men. His face was pretty. The sun seemingly had no power to tan his pink and white skin. His hair was golden, as were his short beard, and moustache. His clothes were always spotless, even after a hard day's work in the gulch. Apparently the earth had no power to soil him.

It was to this general spotlessness that he owed his name, "Lily Steve". Diggers are quick to take notice, and name a man from any little peculiarity he may possess; and in a diggers' camp cleanliness is a decided peculiarity. They tried to laugh him out of it at first, but as Singing Bob said, "It was a matter of taste. Lily Steve was doubtless fond of washing; p'r'aps—who could tell?—it reminded him of something in the past. Some men like as not got drunk to bring their fathers and mothers back to their memory and the days of their youth generally; for his part, he thought it was a good plan to let folks run their own affairs. There were more objectionable things than cleanliness. He liked the smell of the earth about his things; upon his own shoulders a perfectly spotless shirt had a lazy, uncomfortable, all-over-alike sort of appearance, which wearied his eyes; but upon Lily Steve it was different. To have one perfectly clean man in the camp conferred a distinction upon it, which, no doubt, would make other camps envious. Like as not, they'd be for copying it, but it would not be the real thing—only a base imitation; they'd have the comfort of knowing that."

So Lily Steve was simply nick-named and left in peace. He had a bold champion, who towered head and shoulders above the rest of the men in the camp, and whose aim was sure—that may have had something to do with it.

"Hunter's Pocket," as the settlement was called, was in a fairly flourishing condition; not so flourishing as to bring hundreds flocking to it, but with a reputation which daily increased the population. There was one long street, with two branches which struck off crosswise, a rough chapel, a store, and lastly an hotel.

Paradise Hotel scarcely deserved its name. True, there was plenty of light in it, and plenty of spirits, but neither was celestial; one thing alone justified its ambitious misnomer—the presence of a goddess.

Mariposas was a beauty, there was not the slightest doubt about that; tall and slim as a young pine tree, lissom as a willow, graceful and agile as a wild deer, her eyes large and dark, her skin softly ruddy as a peach which the sun has kissed passionately, her lips full and red, the upper one short and slightly lifted, showing even when she was not laughing a faint gleam of her white teeth; the under one cleft in the centre like a cherry, her nose short and straight, her chin gently rounded, her little head set firmly and proudly upon her white throat, her burnished brown hair falling in wavy masses to her knees, and caught in at the nape of her neck with a ribbon—such was Mariposas, the Goddess of the Paradise Hotel, the darling and pride of Hunter's Pocket.

Who was her father and who was her mother no one appeared to know. Some said that, so far as paternity was concerned, she was indebted to one, Jim, who had been found dead in the bush, shot through the heart, some seventeen years previously, with the infant clasped in his arms; but as for the mother—about her everyone was perfectly ignorant.

However, the child was adopted by the camp, fed and clothed from a general fund, and in time installed as presiding Goddess of the Paradise Hotel. Here she dispensed drinks to the thirsty, refused them to the inebriated, sang snatches of songs to the company, and even, when in a specially gracious mood, danced to them.

Singing Bob and Lily Steve were at work on their claim; there was silence between them only broken by the sharp sound of the picks as they came in contact with the quartz, and the chattering of a jay-bird which had settled upon a mound of the red earth, and was watching operations with his head cocked knowingly upon one side.

It was a curious sort of silence, one that they both apparently noticed, for now and again they would glance at each other, then without speaking go on with their work again. It was not that they had no time for talk, for the picks were lifted but laggingly, and often rested upon the ground while they took a survey of the surrounding country.

Seemingly both found more beauty to

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the right, where the settlement lay, than to the left, where the pine-crowned hills lifted themselves up high towards the blue sky. Perhaps the scorching sun which blazed down upon them that hot January afternoon made their thoughts turn longingly towards the Paradise Hotel, and the cool drinks which were being dispensed there. Singing Bob put down his pick, lifted his arms high above his head, leaned slightly backward, and stretched himself; then stooping, picked up a bit of quartz and looked at it thoughtfully, passing his shirt sleeve across it once or twice. The sun shone down upon it, making the iron pyrites glitter and the gold crystals sparkle. He tossed it from one hand to the other, then let it fall.

"Plenty of gold here, Steve," he said, slowly.

The other man started and turned—their eyes met; there was a curious, questioning, anxious look in both.

"Plenty," he answered.

"Enough to make a man rich in a couple of months if he worked honest," he continued.

"Yes," the other said, curtly.

"There's some as would give a good price for this claim," Bob continued, meditatively. "It's my 'pinion it's a pocket, and a deep one; if we was wanting to quit we'd be able to raise a tidy sum on it."

"Yes."

"But we ain't."

"No."

"And if one of us," Bob said, speaking still in an abstract sort of way, "had found the life distasteful, and wished to leave his partner—if he hated the dirt, and the hard labor, and had friends as he'd like to go home to—the other would be willing like as not to pay him a good round sum for his share of the claim; but, looking anxiously at his companion, "there ain't either of us feels like that?"

"No."

Bob heaved a sigh, took up his pick again, let it fall, then, seating himself upon a heap of earth, took up the fragments of quartz which sparkled with sprays of native gold, and crushed them into atoms with a hammer.

"Some men," he said, softly, glancing at Steve, and catching his eyes fixed upon him, "have a hankering after England when they've made something of a pile, and the sweetheart they left there—we didn't leave any sweetheart?"

"No."

Bob sighed again and went on:—

"And some want to see the father and mother?"

"Yes—mine both died years ago."

"Just so," with attempted cheerfulness; "we're different, we're enough for each other."

No answer this time. Bob looked at the fair, pretty boyish face; it was pink all over, pink as an honest, genuine blush could make it; he turned away, and sighed again. The jay-bird on the earth heap strutted up and down like a sentinel on guard, chattering noisily and screaming now and then; the wind blew from the pine woods, bringing the pungent smell with it; the evening was very warm. Steve let fall his pick, brushed a few earth specks from his shirt, washed his face and hands in an unconscious sort of way, then looked at his partner.

"I'm going to turn it up for to-day," he said.

"Ah!" Bob returned slowly, "Well, I'll put in a bit more work, I think."

Steve lingered a moment as though he would have said more with a little encouragement, but Bob was so deeply engaged in his work that he felt a sort of delicacy in disturbing him, and turned away, walking slowly and thoughtfully, as though undecided about something. The jay-bird watched him go, then came nearer to Bob, pecked at his shirt sleeve, pulled at his red handkerchief, and took other liberties, keeping his sharp eyes on the handsome face and hammer alternatively. Bob glanced at him, smiled and sighed at one and the same time, then let his hands fall idly between his knees.

So he sat for some time, then looked round. He wanted to say something, and there was no one to say it to. Thought scarcely unburdens one's mind, speech is always a relief. He looked at the earth, the sky, the quartz, and finally at the bird. There was something so human about the little creature that he decided to make him his confidant.

"You see," he said, gravely, giving the bird his whole attention, "it's like this: me and Steve, we've been partners since we came to this here Hunter's Pocket. He being a bit weakly, and having habits which isn't usual in these parts, I've been obliged to stand up for him and fight his battles, so to speak, which, naturally, makes me a bit partial to him—being partners, you see, we've been used to share everything, luck and all. But there's sometimes a thing happens to a man when sharing can't be the order of the day; that time's when a man falls in love."

The bird shut his eyes for a moment, then turned them up and looked sentimental, as much as to say, "It's the same with us."

"You see," Bob went on, slowly, "Steve hasn't said anything to me, and I haven't, so to speak, mentioned the fact to him; but there it is, we two partners have set our hearts on Mariposas, and the question is: Who'd make her the best husband?"

The bird grew restless; perhaps he thought that was a tame ending to a love story. Doubtless he had expected that Bob would at least wish to fight for the girl. He hopped away with one bright eye turned around to the digger, then changing his mind, perhaps feeling a bit curious, came back, and began pecking at the blue shirt again.

"Which'd make her the best husband?" Bob repeated. "Not," with a shake of his head, "that I can say she's given either of us 'casion to think that she'd take us into partnership; but if I thought that Steve would suit her better than me and make her happier, I'd cut my throat before I'd say a word as might disturb her."

The bird intimated by a low, guttural sound that this was a most laudable sentiment, then, perching himself upon the digger's leg, nestled up to him.

"Steve's clean, and Steve's a gentleman," Bob went on, stroking the bird softly with one finger. "He'd treat her like a lady always, speak gently to her, and not offend with any rough ways; but he's weakly, he couldn't protect her 'gainst rudeness or insult as I could; he couldn't love her as I could. Great God!" bringing one hand down heavily upon his knee, while with the other he held the bird in a firm, gentle clasp, "how I'd love her if she'd have me!" His face flushed, his great breast heaved, the red blood crept up under his bronzed skin, his blue eyes grew tender, then he lifted his voice and sang:—

Mariposas, Mariposas, idol of this heart of mine;
Mariposas, Mariposas, all the love I have is thine.
Could I tell thee how I love thee, wouldst thou laugh or smile at me?
Mariposas, Mariposas, say, what would your answer be?"

He paused a moment, then sang the same words again. They had come to him as a sort of inspiration some few days before; previously, as he gravely told himself, "he had not known he was one of those darned poet chaps". He was a little ashamed of the weakness, but found the constant repetition of the poor verse, adapted to the tune of a camp hymn, very soothing and comforting. The words softened his nature, and almost brought the tears into his eyes. They made him blissfully miserable, and in this misery he took a melancholy pleasure, as some do in picturing the scene of their own death-bed, the leave-takings, the last touching words they will breathe, and the quiet, happy smile which will set their lips as they hear the angels calling, and see the gates of Heaven open.

Having tired out the patient bird, who backed from his hand, ruffling all his feathers the wrong way, and hopped away, he rose from his seat, then turned quickly as a low ripple of laughter fell upon his ears.

Such a vision met his gaze as made his great frame tremble. Mariposas, with a teasing smile upon her beautiful face, was standing just behind him; she had been a listener to his idiocy.

"That's a fine song, and no mistake, Bob," she said, standing some little distance from him, and flashing defiant glances at him from her dark eyes. "The lady'd be obliged to you for making her name so public. The magpies'll be calling it out to-night."

She paused; he had no word to say, but just stood before her drinking in her beauty, longing, yet afraid, to fall down and worship her.

"Where's Steve?" she said, sharply, stooping down to the bird, who was examining her shoe-lace minutely.

"Gone home," Bob said, finding his tongue. "He'll be at the Paradise by this time likely. Did you want him?"

"One's always pleased to see Steve," she said, eyeing the stained clothes of the splendid specimen of manhood before her with great displeasure. "He keeps himself decent." She paused again. Bob had nothing to say; he looked down at his own clothes and sighed. "Well," she said, sharply, after a moment, "have you nothing to say for yourself?"

"No," he answered humbly. "Some can keep clean, some can't. If," sheepishly, "I had a wife, now——."

"A wife!" interrupting him. "D'you suppose any decent woman would undertake you? Not she."

His expression grew quite hopeless.

"You think not?" he said, so sadly that her heart might have been touched. "Well," stooping down and picking up his tools, "I've feared the same myself. It's a bad job, but somehow," looking himself slowly over, "the earth seems to have a spite against me."

"Steve can keep clean."

"Yes," agreeingly, "it's curious, but that's so. You're quite right. Steve's the better man of us two."

She tossed her head and blushed rosy red, but neither agreed not disagreed with him.

"I'm going back now," she said, after a little pause. "I came for a walk to get a breath of fresh air. It isn't often I'm down in the gulch—it's not an inviting place. Are you leaving work now?"

"Yes," Bob answered; "but I'll wait awhile till you've gone. You'd not like to be seen walking with me."

He spoke quite simply, and scarcely understood why she pouted her pretty lips—putting it down as meaning that that she certainly would not like to do. He stood watching her, then suddenly she turned away.

He watched her, hoping that perhaps she would turn her head; but she did not. She went slowly, though, and suddenly sat down on an earth-heap. He wondered why she was resting. He went to her. She was holding one foot as though it pained her, but her eyes laughed round at him and her cheeks were as red as a rose.

"Is anything the matter?" he asked.

"No," she answered, while her lips twitched amusedly; "at least, nothing much; I've sprained my ankle. I shall have to stop here till it is better."

"Can't you walk?" he asked, looking troubled.

"No," she answered shortly.

He stood by her side, scarcely knowing what to do. He could have taken her up in his arms and carried her as easily as though she had been a baby. The very thought of holding her so made him tremble; but, then, she would never let him.

"I wish Steve were here," he said.

"Why?" sharply. "What could Steve do that you cannot?"

"Steve could help you; you wouldn't mind him, he's clean."

"Steve couldn't carry me."

"No, that's true. Steve's but a weakly chap, but"—loyally—"he's clean!"

"Go and fetch someone to help me."

"And leave you here alone? Not I." He looked down upon her, at her lovely hair, at her laughing eyes; then he looked at her white dress. "Will it wash?" he asked, touching it.

"Oh, yes."

"Then let me carry you."

Her eyes sought the ground, the smile round her lips grew merrier; she began pushing the loose stones about with her fingers.

"May I?" he said, eagerly.

She looked up with defiant eyes. "Well, I suppose I must get home," she answered.

He waited for no more, but caught her up in his arms and held her closely clasped. For a moment he paused while he battled with, and conquered, an inclination to stoop and kiss her, then, turning his face from hers, he swung away towards the huts.

She smiled to herself, and laid her

head down upon his shoulder; she could feel the mad beating of his heart, and it made her own beat faster.

"Bob," she said.

"Yes," he answered, keeping his face steadily turned away.

"Look at me," she said, authoritatively. "Why do you look away? Am I so ugly?"

He turned slowly, looking down upon her face, at her lips, scarce an inch from his. "So beautiful," he said; "so beautiful. It is best that I do not look at you."

"Am I heavy, Bob?"

"Heavy? No!"

"Put me down if I tire you."

"Tire me!"

"You've turned your face away again."

"I must."

"Why, Bob?"

He held her a little closer, and answered with another question: "Did you ever see cherries growing?"

"Yes, Bob."

"And did you ever notice that folks put nets over them to keep the birds from pecking them?"

"Yes, Bob."

"Do you think they'd be able to resist the temptation of touching them if they could see them looking so tempting, so sweet and beautiful if they weren't protected?"

"I dare say not."

"Well,"—he turned and looked at her or a moment—"I'm like the birds, and your lips are the cherries. I mustn't look or I shall be tempted."

She flushed all over her face and neck, then into her eyes laughter stole.

"Did it ever strike you that perhaps the cherries were made for the birds to peck?" she said, half nervously.

He looked at her once more; the bronze color faded from his face, his great chest heaved.

"Mariposas?" he said, gently, questioningly, "Mariposas!"

She grew pale and frightened, she had only been playing with him.

"Let me down," she said, "I can walk now; let me down, Bob."

"But your foot?"

"Let me down."

He lowered her from his arms gently; she stood firmly upon both feet, there was no vestige of pain in the expression of her face.

"Thank you," she said, demurely, looking up at him and laughing as though something amused her. "Are you going on to the Paradise? Wait a little while; let me go alone; folks'll talk if they see us together; most outrageous ideas get into some people's heads when they've not much to think of."

She tripped away, Bob standing watching her. Almost he expected to hear a little cry of pain and to be called to her help, but seemingly the ankle was quite well.

He watched her out of sight, then his eyes wandered over his own person—his clothes seemed more earth-stained than ever; his shirt, that had been clean that morning, was splashed with liquid mud.

"She's right," he said softly, "no decent woman would marry a dirty fellow like me."

He stood hesitatingly, then turned away towards his hut. There he got water and scoured himself almost savagely, then changed his clothes, and somewhat sheepishly, if the truth be told, made his way towards the Paradise Hotel.

It was pretty full; everyone had knocked off work for the day—the whole camp was spending the evening convivially—they hailed Bob with delight. Someone thrust a pewter pot into his hand, bade him drain it, and give them a song.

Bob looked round at the presiding goddess.

"If it's quite agreeable to all, I'll be happy," he said.

His look asked for Mariposas' permission.

She did not answer for a moment, but looked him all over; he felt himself coloring.

"You've not been working to-day, have you, Bob?" she said.

He blushed painfully, and, their attention thus drawn, the whole camp noticed his spotless cleanliness.

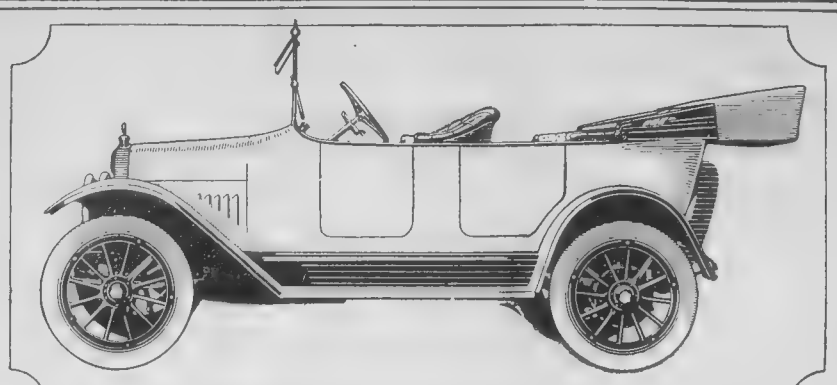
"Yes," he answered.

"Then you've been getting married, or going to a christening since?"

"No."

"Then it's sweethearting you are?"

He looked her full in the face. "Yes,"



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HEAD OFFICE - - - WINNIPEG

he answered, "that's it. I'm sweetheart."

There was a chorus of good-humored laughter at this. They thought he was joking, all but the girl; she knew better, but she did not mean to spare him.

"Then you must go away from here," she said. "We won't ask her name; but, like as not, she'd prefer that you should spend your time with her. When you're married and want to get away from her nagging, you may come back."

The men laughed, they thought it was a good joke.

"Shan't I give you the song?" Bob asked, humbly.

"No, thank you," the girl answered, Steve is going to sing with me."

"Steve!'

He looked at his partner and smiled. when he held the girl he loved in them, and tried to think she was there still.

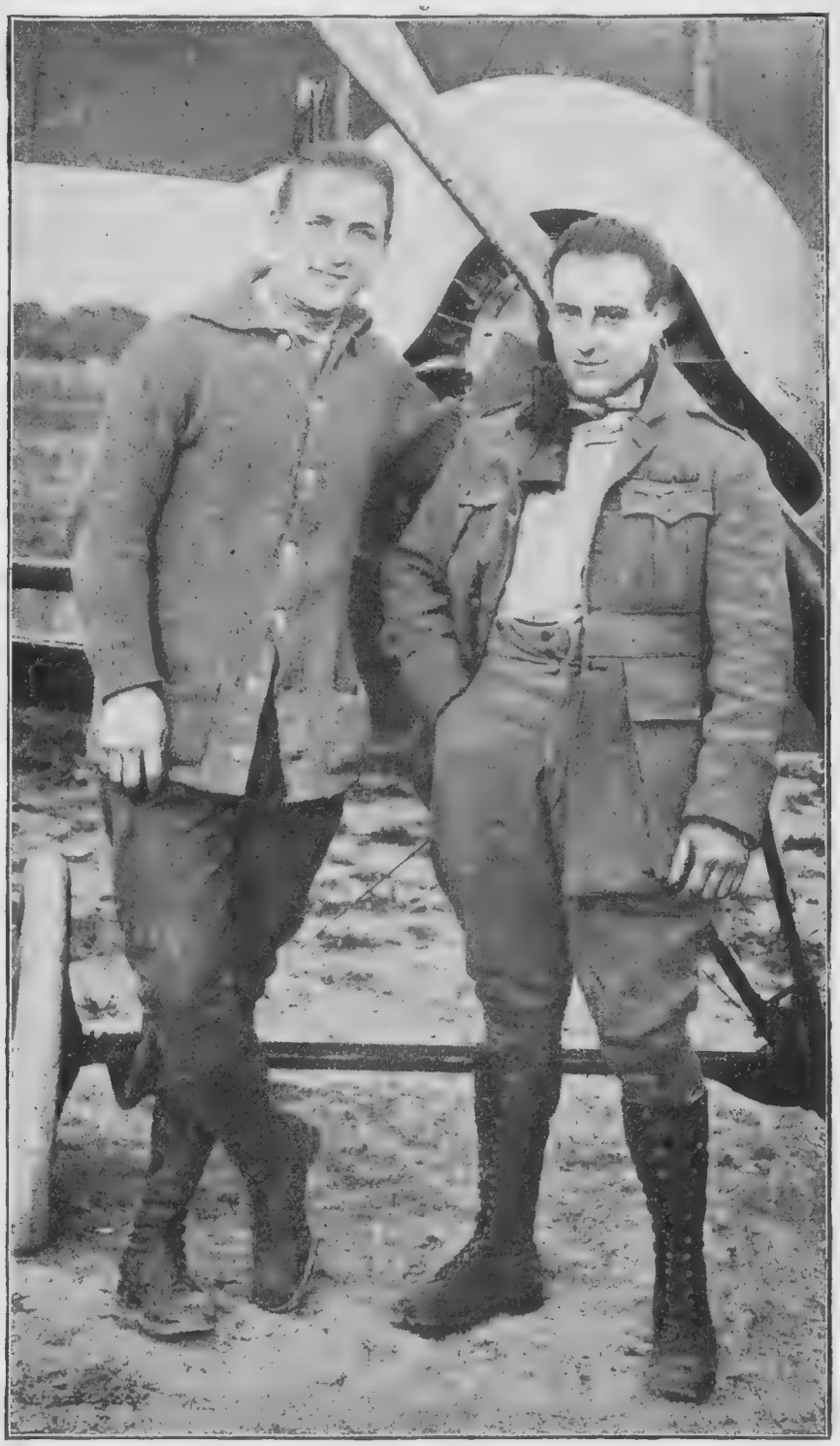
About midnight Steve came in. Bob opened his eyes and looked at him. Something about his footstep had struck him as unusual; generally it was light, now it dragged; his face, too, was colorless, and in his boyish eyes there were tears.

Bob rose slowly and went to him.

"Anything wrong, Steve?" he asked, laving his great hand upon his partner's shoulder with a touch gentle as a woman's.

Steve dropped his face upon his hands.

"She won't have me," he said. "I asked her to-night; she had been so kind, singing with me, walking a little way with me; I thought it meant that I might speak. She must have known that I loved her."



Georges Carpentier, the famous French pugilist, and Lieutenant Navarre, the "Fokker killer," who has just brought down his sixteenth German warplane. The airmen are standing in front of Navarre's machine, and it will be noted that the Lieutenant has tied around his neck, his talisman, a lady's silk stocking. Lieut. Navarre is a popular idol and favorite, the bringing down of sixteen German aeros being quite a record for one aviator. He is familiarly known as the "Fokker killer," the nickname being quite a distinction. Carpentier is now a trained aviator and skillful pilot, and can manoeuvre his machine in the air as well as any other pilot in the flying corps.

Steve had a voice about as melodious as the jay-bird.

"Then I am not wanted?"

All the men looked at Mariposas, waiting for her to speak. They thought in some way Bob had offended.

"No," she said, "not here. Good night, Bob; give my love to your sweetheart."

He went out slowly, and back to his hut. He could not understand how he had offended the girl—what made her treat him so. It never crossed his mind that it might simply be wilfulness. Once or twice he sang his little love song over to himself; then he closed his eyes, folded his arms as they had been folded

"And she refused you?"

"Yes."

"Try again; perhaps she wants you to try again."

"No, she says her heart is not her's to give."

"Does she?"

Bob went cold, and pale, too. He wondered who it could be that she loved; there was none worthier than Steve.

"If it had been you," Steve went on, "I could have borne it; but see how she treated you to-night. I shall go away from here, Bob."

"And I, Steve."

It was little they slept that night, and

before the next evening everyone knew that Singing Bob and Lily Steve were going away from the camp. Perhaps, too, they half guessed the cause.

They had done very well, and their claim sold for a fair price. They would take quite enough away to start in some new way.

It was the night before they had settled to leave; Steve had gone up to the Paradise to say good-bye to Mariposas. Bob said he couldn't and wouldn't, but sent a message by his friend. He was sitting alone, half wishing that he had gone just to see her face and hear her voice once more, when someone lifted the latch of his door, and the subject of his thoughts entered the hut.

He rose quickly, then stood still, not knowing what to do; she broke the silence.

"So you were going without bidding me good-bye?" she said.

"Yes," he answered, huskily, for now that she was there, so near to him, it seemed harder than ever to go. "Yes, I thought it best."

"Why?"

"Because I loved you, because I love you."

"You never told me so."

"No, Steve loved you. Steve is a better fellow than I, and—you said that no decent woman would take me. Steve told me the other night that he had asked you to be his wife, and that you had said no, that your heart was already given, and so we are both going. I could not stop and see you belonging to another."

There was silence. It had begun to rain; the heavy drops pattered against the window, and a rising wind rattled the door.

"It is better that I go," he said. "I shall start now in some other way of life."

"You and Steve?"

"No, Steve will go back to his people; he has relations."

"And you!?"

"I have no people. I have no one belonging to me, not a single soul—I never shall have."

"You are quite alone in the world?"

"Quite."

"And that sweetheart you spoke of?"

He did not answer, he only looked at her: she colored and faltered.

"It is not well for a man to live alone," she said, unconsciously quoting. "Bob," coming a little nearer to him, "do you remember that day that you carried me?"

"Is it likely I could forget?"

"And you thought I was hurt, but I wasn't. Bob"—softly—"I wanted to be taken in your arms."

He did not speak, he did not understand—why had she wanted him to take her in his arms?

"And they are so strong," she went on, "they held me so comfortably. Bob—since you are going away, since after to-night I shall never see you again—take me into them once more."

He took a step backwards.

"But the man you love!" he said.

"Bob! Must I ask you twice?"

He paused no longer, he threw his strong arms around her, lifting her in them.

"Now," she said, a shy smile creeping over her lips, "kiss me once—we are friends, parting for ever."

He bent his head; he kissed her, not once, but fifty times.

"Great God!" he said, hoarsely, "how can I go? How can I part with her now?"

"Is it hard?" she said. "Poor Bob," touching his face gently with her slender fingers, "have I made it harder? I must go now and you must go to-morrow; put me down."

He did not obey, he held her close.

"Who is it that you love?" he asked.

She looked straight into his eyes.

"Is it fair to ask?" she answered. "And does it matter—you go to-morrow?"

"Yes, I go to-morrow."

She reached her arms upward as she had once before; she lifted herself a little in his embrace, and laid her cheek against his.

"Take me with you, Bob," she whispered. "It is you I love!"

"Mariposas!"

"Are you glad?—then kiss me again."

A Sad Case

I have the sweetest dolly,
Her name is Belle Marie;
She came here on my birthday
From Paris o'er the sea.

But she's no comfort to me,
They keep her locked away,
For she's so very lovely
She'd soon be spoiled at play.

And so on my next birthday
A rag doll I will choose;
Because it's hard to have a child
Who is too nice to use.

What The Cross Does

By the Rev. A. T. Guttery

Now what does the Cross do for sin? It brings it to judgment. The root principle of the Cross is holiness. You say it is love? Yes, but it is

Love That Slays Sin

It is love that strips sin of all its disguises and masks. Calvary is sterner than Sinai. I had rather be condemned by Moses than by Jesus. The most awful condemnation is the condemnation of love. A committee finds fault with my policy, and I am not a ha'-porth the worse. But if the woman who bears my name and gives me her love condemns me for being false to my husbandhood, then I am condemned with a great condemnation. At the Cross love condemns. I never see what sin is until I stand at the foot of the Cross. All the thunders of Sinai never move me. But when I see my Lord dying, and I hear His sob, and nature trembles, and I know He hung there for me, then I know what sin is, and, thank God, I hate it at last!

Not only is sin judged at the Cross. It is forgiven. Christ forgives sin, and forgives it at the Cross. The Cross is His throne. I am not going into any philosophical or theological argument. I say Christ forgives my sin. I know it. With me it is not a conclusion, it is a conviction. His forgiveness is enough, and it is the only forgiveness that is enough. It lifts the load, it cleanses the conscience, it illuminates the reason. When the priest forgives, I say,

"Stand Back! Who Are You?"

When the Church forgives, I am grateful for her charity, but I am still discontented. But when He forgives I can go in peace—in peace—and sin no more.

IN THIS MATTER OF HEALTH

one is either with the winners or with the losers.

It's large a question of right eating—right food. For sound health one must cut out rich, indigestible foods and choose those that are known to contain the elements that build sturdy bodies and keen brains.

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Grape-Nuts is a concentrated food, easy to digest. It is economical, has delicious flavor, comes ready to eat, and has helped thousands in the winning class.

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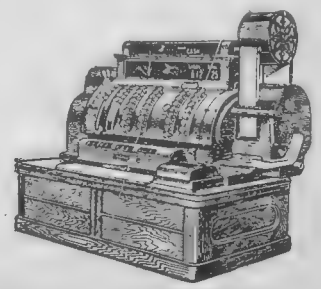

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The Panther's Claw

By H. Mortimer Batten

PART II—Chapter V.

I HAVE told you how, tortured by his own conscience, Sam Ravenstone became a changed man in the brief space of five months. During that five months he had learnt the utter folly of playing the fool. He had been a wild shaver, even as wild shavers go in the mining camps of the north, but now he had bidden adieu to the gambling den, the drinking saloon, and the dancing halls. That part of his life was finished, he was determined now to live straight, and for all this he had to thank his young partner. Had it not been for Frank Ward, the brand of Cain would have been upon him. Sam Ravenstone had received a fright which would last him his lifetime, and the last five months, which had made a man of him, were to prove the saddest he would ever know. But this terrible experience had taught Sam a second lesson, almost as great as the first. They had taught him the meaning of the word partnership, and in the north the bonds of partnership are stronger, even, than the bonds of brotherhood.

So much by the way. Sam and Frank were now sworn partners, and would remain so for life. In time they would forget, or almost forget, the experience that had made them such, but the man who sows his wild oats is sure some day to behold the fruits thereof.

There was one who would not forget. That one was Halman, the Indian. Though an unbroken savage, his ideas of justice were keen. Moreover it is a law among the Indians that when a man is struck by another, and cannot retaliate, his manhood is gone. It may be years ere he seeks his vengeance, but so long as he lives is determined to seek it ere he dies, and to redeem his manhood by fearlessly returning blow for blow, all is well with him.

Halman, however, had more than a mere blow to avenge. Sam Ravenstone had struck him, with all injustice, and had left him to perish miserably in the snow. That another man had rescued him did not matter—even though that other man was Sam's partner. Halman believed that Sam Ravenstone had meant to take his life, and believing this he had sworn to kill Ravenstone ere he himself crossed the great divide.

When Halman returned to his people that spring, away back in the land of many rivers, he told his story to the warriors of his tribe, and a great indignation rose up among them. "The man owed me money," Halman told them. "Money that I had worked hard to earn, and when I asked him for it he struck me senseless, without a word, and left me to perish by the wolves."

"This act cannot go unavenged," cried an old warrior. "Halman is a mighty hunter among us. In a year or two he will be our chief."

"Rest assured, brothers," answered Halman, "I, myself will avenge it, ere three snows are passed Ravenstone will be led into our tepees, a captive. I have spoken."

The months slipped by, and Sam Ravenstone, by his marvellous abilities as a traveller, made money hard. Either as a canoeman or as a dog driver he was far above the average, and now that he lived straight and clean the money teamed in faster than he had ever imagined, while Frank Ward, in spite of his youth, was quickly winning fame as a capable man of the trails. Between the two of them they had more records for hard travelling to their credit than any other woodman of the northern forests.

Eighteen months were past. It was early spring one day, while Sam sat alone at the shanty, he was surprised to see an aged Indian beach his canoe by the landing stage below, and come hobbling up towards the clearing. He was evidently very old. He walked with a slight limp, and with the stiffness of many summers. Hobbling up to the verandah he addressed Sam in a weak and shaking voice. "Are you Sam Ravenstone, the Portage Agent?" he asked. Sam answered him, and the old Indian hobbled a few paces nearer. He had evidently some sort of business to do, so Sam bade him to squat at the

BEAUTIFUL MINAKI

One of the most picturesque spots in which to spend a holiday is undoubtedly Minaki, whose environments are of unsurpassed scenic beauty and health-giving proclivities. It is situated 114 miles east of Winnipeg and 335 miles west of Fort William on the line of the Canadian Government Railways.

The Inn has accommodation for three hundred and fifty-five guests, and is situated in a beautiful natural park. Every room has an outlook of exceptional attraction, a view over woodland and water vistas from every room in the entire structure. The utmost care has been taken to leave undisturbed the natural beauty surrounding the Inn. The many densely-wooded knolls and lookout points in the vicinity afford shaded, cool places on warm summer days.

The Minaki Inn is so situated that the prevailing west wind affords complete coolness on the hottest summer day, and brings with it, not only the health-laden aroma of the spruce, balsam and pine, but also an invigorating element from the thousand miles of open prairie to the west. The altitude is sufficient to warrant immunity or to immediately relieve sufferers from hay fever, and the cool nights assure complete comfort to the tired and overworked, or a necessary change in the rocks, waters and woods, to the resident of the cities and towns of the prairie.

The Minaki Inn has been the first facility provided in exclusively summer resort hotels in Western Canada, and the enterprise shown in providing this facility is the confident expectation that city residents will gladly welcome and patronize this charming resort, which takes second place to none other in Canada. With ready access from Winnipeg, there will no longer be any necessity of sending the family to a remote resort, where through stress of business or disinclination for the long journey, business men will no longer deprive themselves of frequent short or long vacations, and will be constantly in touch with their business or family.

verandah edge while he brought meat and coffee.

The Indian ate hungrily, but in silence. He had evidently come a great distance, for his wretched clothing was in rags. When he had eaten and was filled he handed Sam his pipe. Sam filled it, lit it, and handed it back to him.

"Speak now, little brother," said the white man. "I am listening."

The Indian did not speak, but he took the battered scarf from his neck, and unfurling it he displayed several wonderful samples of gold bearing quartz before Sam's eyes.

"Gee!" cried the Portage Agent. "Some samples those! Where did you get them from?"

The Indian did not answer. Sam knew that the man had struck the pay streak, and was aware of it. Here was luck, if you like.

VI.

The Indian sucked at his pipe for some moments then he said: "You famous as great traveller?"

"I suppose I am," said Sam. "I wouldn't mind going anywhere if there was gold like that at the end of it."

"Gold there," answered the old Indian. "It creep up the hillside, like great snake. Plenty gold, but long way away."

"Where?" questioned Sam.

The old Indian looked at him keenly. "Promise just to give me share," he stipulated, with usual Indian cuteness.

"I promise that," said Sam, "We'll have it all down in writing." And going into the hut he wrote in a sheet of paper: "The bearer has found gold. I am financing him. I agree to pay him a one-fifth share, according to common custom." Then he signed it.

The Indian took the sheet, pretended to read it, and then, like the simple child of the forest he was, he pinned his faith in the white man's word and thrust the sheet into his wallet.

"Gold in Land of Many Rivers," he stated finally, blowing a long whiff of smoke into the air. "Jingo!" quote Sam. "That's a long way off. Two months' journey at least. You take me there?"

The Indian shook his head. "I too old," he stated. "My son take you there. Him meet you at city landing stage daybreak to-morrow. That do?"

"It's a bargain," said Sam, shaking the old Indian by the hand. "We'll be there."

That Indian was not so old as he looked. It was Halman! Unlike most Indians, he was a born schemer and plotter. He had twice the brains of most of his tribesmen. Where he could not win by strength, he would win by strategy. Sam Ravenstone had made a bad enemy.

That night was a busy night for Sam and Frank, but they worked with energy, for they knew that they had something good on hand. Promptly at sunrise they arrived at the main landing stage, their long birchbark canoe piled up high with food and equipment for the long journey into the unsurveyed. And there, awaiting them on the landing stage, was a strapping warrior, a shade past the prime of manhood, but in the bloom of his hardihood.

The three shook hands, and the Indian took the place at the stern of the canoe. He was to be the pilot. Many unknown lands would they see, many untraversed rivers would they navigate, ere they again beheld the haunts of white men. But at the other end, somewhere in the heart of the unknown, lay gold enough to build a second Dawson, and ere the next snow came they themselves would be gold kings!

Little did Sam guess, however, that the strapping warrior who was to be their guide was the broken brave he had talked to yesterday. It was Halman, the Indian. Sam did not recognize him, because one Indian of the far back forests is much like another to the white man's eye. He had never known the man well, and seldom seen him by daylight. Most of their dealings had been by the light of the moon. Frank did not recognize him because they had met but once before, and then they had met in the darkness and parted at dawn. Halman was unrecognized. His great plan was to succeed. Once again his people would realize his cunning and cleverness.

VII.

The weeks past by in a long succession of toil. Creek after creek was negotiated, watershed after watershed crossed. They travelled silently and steadily, as Indians travel. Not a moment was wasted. From daylight till dusk they pursued their way, and so they came at length to the Land of Many Rivers.

It was a wonderful region of pine-capped ridges and great limestone buttes towering to the sky. A new alertness and watchfulness now possessed the Indian. For days past he had toiled as apathetically and mechanically as a machine. Now, from time to time, his eyes would scan the shadow with a new watchfulness. He was in the land of his own people.

"We are nearly there, little brothers," said the Indian at length. "One more portage, and our long journey will be ended."

Sam and Frank broke the silence with a loud "hurrah." The canoe fairly shot down the next line of rapids, but they reached a point where the creek narrowed, becoming more rapid every yard, and here it was necessary to shoulder the canoe and progress on foot till the worst part of the rapid was past.

They were so used to it that it took but a minute to shoulder the kit, but ere Frank had dragged the canoe out of the water he was horrified to see their Indian guide wheel in his track, and strike a terrible blow at Sam's head with the rifle. Sam dodged in the ace of time, but even as he dodged, two other Indians appeared from the bush immediately behind him, and closed upon him.

Frank grasped the state of affairs in an instant. There was treachery of some kind afoot. But the boy did not go to the rescue. Like a true woodsman, he kept his head. He stepped back into the canoe, gripped his paddle and shouted to Sam to shake himself free and join him.

Sam possessed the strength of a panther, ere their guide could join in the fight he had sent his two new opponents staggering, and almost at a single bound he gained the canoe. Skilled in the art of quick launching, his right foot shot the frail craft far out into the creek, and Frank was ready with his paddle to "take the helm."

But ere ten seconds were passed they realized that they had escaped from the frying pan into the fire. What was the plan of the Indians they did not know, but they knew that, as sure as winter follows summer, they would be swept to their doom unless they could again effect a landing.

VIII

The current caught the birchbark as though it were a straw, and some moments elapsed ere Frank could pull her nose down stream. Next moment they were racing at terrifying speed between the jagged teeth of the limestone crags. There was nothing for it but to attempt to "shoot" the rapid. To land a second time was now too late. They had gone too far. They must now race on with the tide, and trust to luck there was no waterfall. Only luck indeed, combined with marvellous canoemanship, could save them, for Sam was without a paddle.

The boy saw the danger, and realized it. He was not afraid. If his skill could pull them through, they would live. If not, he would have done his best, and his partner and he would "go out" together, as they had many times sworn to do.

"Hold on, Sam," cried the boy. "I guess this is our last joy ride."

"I guess it is, sonny," answered Sam. "But we'll put up a fight for it."

And so they raced on. Was it to their doom?

(To be continued and finished in August issue.)

In buying an incubator the purchaser should first consider the size of machine suitable to accomplish the work necessay for the flock kept. Many makes of incubators are on the market giving satisfactory hatches. When they fail the difficulty can usually be traced to some deficiency in the flock, such as inbreeding, breeding from immature stock, disease, insanitary quarters, or the care of the eggs and the handling of the incubator.

Williams'

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Touch your brush to it and you have a lather like whipped cream—a lather that stays, holds its moisture like a sea fog and makes the razor's work a pastime.

Whether yours is a once-over or a repeat, the result is the same—no bite or sting; no hard, dry feel.

Therefore, don't say "shaving soap" to the dealer. Say *Williams'* Shaving Soap.

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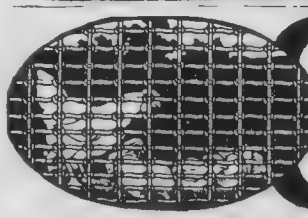

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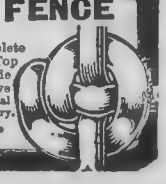

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Queen's Dessert
A Pure Vanilla Eating Chocolate

Little Miss MAIDEN CANADA

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At times during heavy bombardment the army commissariat becomes so disorganized that ordinary food is unprocurable for days.

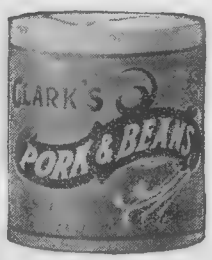
During such times as this the value of a convenient and concentrated food that may be carried and handled easily, cannot be over-estimated.

Queen's Dessert Chocolate answers all the requirements of such a food. It is the most nourishing and wholesome chocolate manufactured. If you are unable to obtain this chocolate in your locality, write us, we will see that you get it.

Sold in 5c. and 10c. sizes.

A-62

Clark's Pork and Beans



The value of BEANS as a strength producing food needs no demonstration. Their preparation in appetizing form is, however, a matter entailing considerable labor in the ordinary kitchen.

CLARK'S PORK AND BEANS save you the time and the trouble. They are prepared only from the finest beans combined with delicate sauces, made from the purest ingredients, in a factory equipped with the most modern appliances.

THEY ARE COOKED READY—SIMPLY WARM UP THE CAN BEFORE OPENING

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The Young Woman and Her Problem

Pearl Richmond Hamilton

Her Visit Home

The little foreign mother tied her head shawl nervously and hastened out to the waggon in front of the barn while her husband harnessed two clumsy oxen. They were both unusually anxious as if an event of importance would soon take place. Yes, they had good reason to be excited, for their eldest daughter who had been in the city two years had written she would arrive on the morning train for a week's visit.

When the father and mother climbed up to the seat the back of the waggon box was alive with boys and girls dressed in the best suits and frocks that their mother could find in the two-roomed shack.

Two hours later, parents and children climbed over waggon wheels and sideboards and gathered in a group before the station door as the train stopped, while one passenger stepped down and walked toward the surprised family. The father rubbed his eyes as if doubtful of the honesty of his vision and the mother stepped back bewildered. A tinge of disappointment clouded the faces of both. Then they realized that the lady in white boots and silk stockings was really Mary—their Mary. She held out her hand gloved in white silk, then suddenly pulled the gloves off lest the caloused hands of her mother might soil them. Her face white and pink with drug store lotions and her pencilled eyebrows contrasted sharply with the brown and red complexion of Nature's coloring on the faces of the younger ones.

For a moment all stood as if paralyzed. The evolution of the healthy immigrant girl in her old-fashioned dress and head shawl of two years ago into the artificial fashion figure of exaggerated style and boldness, was too much for the honest minds of the family to comprehend. Mary looked toward the train as if ready to return at once. But the strange, queer, disappointed feeling for the moment soon gave way under the strong bond of family attachment. For, after all, mother love is the strongest conquering power in this big, wide world, so Mary followed her mother to the waggon and climbed up to the seat, and the eyes of every wondering youngster were fixed in target attention on her white clad feet dangling half-way between the seat and the bottom of the waggon box as the team of awkward oxen lumbered slowly out of town.

Mary at home for a week was the centre of attraction to the whole neighborhood. The girls in their teens listened in amazement to her tales of life in big city homes, the streets and the fine stores. She seemed like a queen from wonderland as she sowed seeds of discontent in the fertile minds of those restless, ambitious friends of her childhood. They looked at her big white hat with its rose plume and the rose silk dress and the bracelet watch on her wrist and they, too, wanted to go to the city and become a fine lady like Mary. Mary was a domestic in somebody's home, and she had a salary of twenty-five dollars a month, but when Mary wanted to visit home she had saved only enough to pay her fare and had nothing left with which to buy little gifts for her mother and the brothers and sisters.

At the end of the week Mary returned to the city. Somehow she left her home saddened and wiser than when she came—and the seeds of discontent in the girlhood of that particular community soon grew into a harvest of restless, useless chaff that blew cityward only to be threshed and dumped in social garbage cans.

Maggie and Her Pets.

The Big Sister Movement

During the month of June an important organization in Winnipeg was started through the efforts of Mr. Billiarde, judge of the Juvenile Court; Mr. Rice, representing the Hebrew people of the Province; Father Patton, from the Catholic Church; Staff-Captain Simms, the Salvation Army man, who works in the jail and police station; and Mrs. Copeland, recording secretary of the Local Council of Women. The organization is known as the Big Brother and

Big Sister Society. In Eastern Canada and the States a sweeping wave of preventive work is aiding the courts through the work of this splendid society. Private Catholic and Hebrew Societies have for years been represented in the Juvenile Courts of the States, caring for the cases involving both boys and girls of their creed and race. Mrs. Wm. K. Vanderbilt spent two years before the Big Sister Society was organized, in personal daily attendance in the Children's Court, studying conditions of environment and causes that led to the arraignment of girls and the methods most likely to retain them.

Her attention was directed in particular to young Protestant girls as the Catholic and Hebrew girls were so kindly looked after by their own people.

Mrs. Vanderbilt's investigations early proved that the work of reclaiming wayward girls would secure the best results if done entirely in an individual way, rather than through the more or less complicated good offices of an institution or society, as such.

Her initial experiences showed conclusively that the personal attention of an individual was the most important factor in achieving the desired end—that of reclaiming those too weak in moral stamina to help themselves, or those, in the majority, who are victims of environment and improper guardianship, more accurately termed parental delinquency."

Having in mind this idea of individualism, Mrs. Vanderbilt herself assumed the role of Big Sister to girls. But she almost immediately found that undertaking involved more work than any one woman could possibly do. She then enlisted the assistance of other society women, until now hundreds of women are engaegd in caring for girls. Each Big Sister interests herself in one girl.

Similar societies are now formed in Chicago, Minneapolis, Milwaukee, St. Louis, Denver, Portland, Seattle and other cities in the States. Toronto is accomplishing splendid work with the Big Brother and Big Sister societies and recently their representative came to Winnipeg to urge us to organize. For several years the writer of this page has advocated this idea, as our readers will remember, for it has often been discussed on this page. Individual work produces splendid results.

When the organization was launched last month the executive board was chosen from Catholic, Hebrew and Protestant organizations. The executive works through all the denominations and social service societies in the city.

Each denomination will have its committee appointed to take care of boys and girls individually.

Mr. Rice, who at present is at the Big Brother and Sister Convention, was appointed six months ago to look after the Hebrew boys and girls and men and women who might be brought up in court. So successful has he been in the work that he was anxious to see all the denominations in the city in the work that he urged this organization.

It is the desire of the executive to see branches organized throughout Western Canada.

When every careless wayward boy and girl in Canada has a Big Brother or Big Sister interested in him or her, there will be little need for jails and courts.

When a delegation of women met last winter at the Central Police Station to ask for a police woman, the writer of this page said that if every woman in the organizations represented there would take an interest in just one girl there would be no work among women at the police station. As the delegation there represented seven thousand women—imagine what it would mean to girls in Winnipeg to have seven thousand women interested individually in them.

The Big Brother and Big Sister movement is a long needed method of social service work and I trust it will reach every boy and girl in Canada who needs encouragement. May it level the barriers which have been arbitrarily raised against unfortunates for centuries. They are of the same flesh and blood that we are. Many have done wrong because they have not had a chance to do right. The Big Brothers and Big Sisters will give them a chance.

Mr. Billiarde, the president of the organization, is the right man for the position. As Judge of our Juvenile Court he has had valuable experience for this work.

Do We Know Our Language?

She was a beautiful girl from Norway. While in Winnipeg all who met her admired her, for she was most attractive in personality—and wonderfully clever.

Just before she left for her old country home she turned to a friend and asked in anxious sincerity this question: "Why do you people use the same words all of the time for similar meanings? You English-speaking people have a beautiful language yet you allow it to go to waste. You have so many words for similar ideas yet you go on using a few abused words for everything. The English language is wonderful, but you do not know it."

She herself had an unusual English vocabulary and we listened to her most fascinating conversation with respect. This little foreign lady created in us a desire to learn our own language.

One new word a day with its meaning would increase our vocabulary three hundred and sixty-five words a year.

Before breakfast learn one new word, then use it in the conversation as much as possible that particular day was the advice of an old English master of literature.

The Harvest

Written for The Western Home Monthly by T. L. Neish.

We have reaped of the soil
  But not of the soul,
And my place and thy place are marked with our toil—
  We never went wooing, we just paid our toll.

And the land that did wait
  For ever so long,
For my kind and thy kind her spirit to mate,
  Has watched at our coming and seen us go wrong.

We have built with our gains
  A house here and there.
'Tis my place and thy place, the product of brains;
  But not of her spirit, and we hardly care.

And the land that would give
  All that we would take,
For my mind and thy mind to feed on and live,
  Has sighed that her children are not of love's make.

For we do not believe
  That she is so kind
That my child and thy child she'll mother like Eve.
  Our fear of her winter has made us so blind.

And the land that would take
  Us in her embrace;
That my life and thy life would be of her make,
  Just cannot if we will not smile in her face.

Had we only just thought
  What she had to give,
Then my plow and thy plow would never have wrought
  This shame of her ravishment done while we live.

Let us clothe her and deck
  Her with acres of trees;
That my farm and thy farm may help her to check
  The wind we will otherwise curse on our knees.

Then the land will be home
  For us and our kin.
And my child and thy child she'll claim as her own,
  When forever and ever we've covered our sin.

And the land will pour peace
  Forth on to our way.
While my life and thy life she'll weave in her years.
  Forever she'll bless us, forever we'll stay.

THE DISH THAT BELONGS TO JUNE

Puffed Wheat and Rice—the bubble grains—seem to belong to summer. They are light and airy, dainty and inviting.

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Fritz's Farewell

By Bonnycastle Dale

I want to write directly to my kind readers of this well established magazine. Personally, and sometimes with Fritz, I have visited most of the towns and cities of the great prairie provinces. I know your rolling landscapes, your wide shallow rivers, your prairie hills and woods. In many a place where your happy homesteads dot the scene I have hunted before your coming, when the "chicken" jumped from every trail and the ducks nested on every slough. I could not find these hunting places now, your good cultivation has ploughed and drained the most celebrated spots and the wild fowl have gone ahead of the plough to find nesting places in the far north. I want to write to-day more especially to the maids and mothers, I know my work is more interesting usually to the brothers and the dads, but to-day, when our hearts are full of anxiety for our absent ones braving the desperate enemy, I want to write to the women. I want to trace, if possible, why our lads enlisted.

Our work last fall lay amid deep marshes and drowned lands, photographing the wild fowl. Fritz was in his glory. Up every morning before daybreak. Off to distant wild rice fields in search of mallards, or, with the Redflex in the bow, he and I paddled silently along the wild rice channels photographing the ducks as they leaped quacking from the thick cover. All these many months the cruel war had raged and I had endeavored to teach the lad that, as I could not go I might be able to help in other ways, but I never even hinted that he should go, this was a matter that he should decide with his own conscience. Week after week we got the papers, their columns filled with noble deeds and heart wracking losses. In

Fritz putting away his dear old canoe

the little village, from which our motor boat brought the mail, the lads were talking of enlisting.

"Three of the boys are going to the frontier to enlist," said Fritz one night over the camp fire.

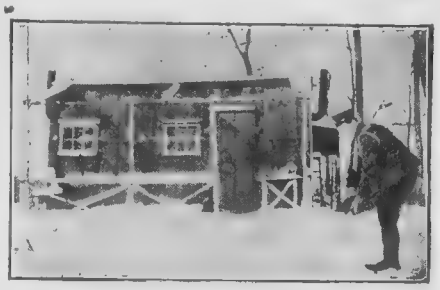
"Good for them," I answered, and I knew from that fateful moment I was going to lose, for a time, the faithful Fritz.

Day after day we proceeded with our most interesting study, night after night, when our eyes were not too sleepy, we read the papers,—War! War! everywhere. Actions done by the enemy more fearful than the tragic pictures in "Paradise Lost," cruelties practised more dreadful than anything in history—all this while the lad held his peace and I did not mention "enlisting." Suddenly, one night, he turned to me and said:

"I think I will enlist," and his kind eyes sought mine for an answer. For a moment my heart was so full I could not trust myself to speak, then I said: "You must judge that matter for yourself, laddie, if you think it is your duty, do it." He gave me no answer, and soon he was far from war's horrors, safe in the "Land of Nod."

We wrote to the O.C. recruiting for the artillery, where so many of our friends were drilling and soon came the answer "to report for inspection." Christmas Day with all its sacred memories and remembrances from many friends (our little home camp was fairly filled with hampers and baskets of goodies) came and went. On the third day after (the 28th) Fritz drove to the frontier town and came back at night a soldier of the King.

Many were the talks we had before he reported for duty. He had the right view of enlisting—you see the dear lad was born in England and the Hun was attacking his natal land. He is a true Canadian, but this British strain helps, I think, in the ultimate decision to enlist —for it is actually "home" that is being attacked. He thoroughly understood he was not joining the ranks because of the pay—all soldiers receive money, not as a reward but as a means to pay their debts, all true Canadians are fighting for the Empire—not for the trip, not for the money, not for the Great Adventure. No! no! A thousand times no. They are fighting for home, for mother and sister, for sweetheart, for God and the right.



Fritz clearing the path to the shore

Now came those sorrowful hours, and those glad ones too, when we were busy getting the lad ready for departure. His sunny nature seemed filled with rejoicing that he too was going with the many village and county friends who had joined, and who would soon see absent friends now serving in the ranks. Alas! he had to bid farewell to one inanimate comrade of many a dangerous trip—his good old canoe. I pictured him as he covered it with cedar brush beside the home camp shanty. Many the mile, through rain and shine it had carried he and I, while we collected the adventures you have been so good as to read about us these long years past. Only once had either of the canoes failed him—when he broke through the thin ice and it —being without its airtanks—sank beneath him; but we loved them both, as faithful friends are loved. It is remarkable the feeling with which one regards his canoe—it is so true to respond to every stroke of the paddle, it wards off each wild wave which attacks us, it is so much a piece of every camp scene that finally we become very much attached to it.

Well! time had arrived for the last meal in the "Shanty," Fritz must leave for the battery to-day. Outside, a wild Nor'wester hurled the snow with such violence against the exposed building that Cecil (Fritz's young brother) said: "I wonder will it blow it over." The alarm had just rung out 4:30 a.m. on this rude December morning, the night was pitch black and the wind roared through the trees like wood demons. I dared not let the lad go yet, the blizzard and the darkness made the trip from the island to the mainland a first and

Good-bye

needless danger—to be avoided. With nervous hands we got the simple meal—all the time the storm seemed to increase instead of diminish—then Fritz buttoned up his tunic, put on his warm service overcoat, adjusted his bandolier and was Gunner Fritz, of His Majesty's Heavy Artillery, ready to bid good-bye to all he held dear in this part of the world—for a moment the sun shone through the blizzard and he said "Good-bye" and ran down the path and out onto the snowcovered ice of the lake. As if in waiting up leaped the blizzard and shut out first the distant shore, then the islands in midlake, and, last of all, our soldier boy—at times through the

thinnest of the driving snow I could make him out, then I lost him and the brighter eyes of the wee lad caught him—finally, to our relief, we saw him make the shore safely—and it was three days before we heard how his pacer broke her way through flank high drifts for thirteen miles in safety—the lad said in one place he picked up a soldier and promptly got floundered in a soft drift—they drew the sleigh out, came back and took a part of the horse, stumbled back for the rest, put it all together, started, and promptly stuck again.

Now came the part in the soldier's life the regiment dreads, waiting for overseas orders. Twice the little lad and I (he is going to be your Fritz if you kindly continue reading my stories of our work) drove in to say the final farewell, once the countermanding order did not come until within a few hours of the appointed time, but the lads were getting excellent drilling and marching, their health was first class, and finally the day was set, and kitbags were packed and haversacks filled, then the hour was set for the triumphant march to the train, home leave was given, the men returned to the armories. Alas!—four short!—measles! The medical officer commanding the district promptly wired countermanding the departure and—saddest blow of all—the troop trains dashed through the station, laden for the transports. Now came thirty days of drilling and well concealed discontent. It was only because the battery reserves were a fine lot of chaps that they did not go on the rampage, for nothing breaks a company more than continual delays. The infantry poked all sorts of fun at them, but their friends lavishly entertained them, until I began to fear there were more dangers at the hospitable boards of our oldtime friends than there was afloat or aboard — as Fritz was actually getting fat. There were no accidents, nor were there any misdemeanors, the worst thing that occurred was a sentry named "Jacko" falling into the wet ditch—just as an officer came along. "We go Tuesday!" cried Fritz breaking into my room—what joy was expressed by the lad, even while the news came as a severe blow to me—you know, dear readers, we are always ready, and never ready, for that last sad moment. Now came dinners and dances and banquets and parades — I must tell you of the banquet. All were seated at the festive board, laughter and jokes were supreme; the sergeant was noticed to rise quietly and leave the room and to return with an ominous yellow envelope—another delay, another troopship missed.

Every batteryman came instantly to attention as the captain rose in his place at the head of the table and opened the fatal message, and read, amid the most intense silence the following cablegram:

"Owing to the submarine activity in the Atlantic I request you send over Gunner Jacko to dive for them.

"(Sgd.) Official Inspector."

Instantly such a roar went up that the infantry on the street outside stopped to listen, every eye was turned on the poor sentry who did the ditch diving act and he, and everyone, breathed more freely once the joke was disclosed.

"When do they go?" was on every one's lips. Kits were packed to bursting, the men were drawn up for final parade, the bands were coming, the torches flaring on the dark windy streets. All the town was abroad. "Here they come," cried an urchin and out of the armory marched the Battery Reserves. We crowded out into the mud to see them pass by—first the long steady lines of the escorting infantry, then a band with torches playing "The Maple Leaf," then more long lines of the khaki clad infantry, then another band with wind-drifted torches—then the Battery—there was Fritz! with head held high and swagger stick swinging, stepping bravely out and searching with faithful eyes the dense crowds of cheering citizens. "He sees us!" screamed Cecil at my side, indeed he did, so we fell in and marched along the road to the station, the bands filling the air with "Keep the Home Fires Burning," and "Never Let the Old Flag Fall." Into the waiting colonist car the boys passed and a perfect forest of hands went up to the windows—again and again we clasped hands—cheers rang out, bands played, the dear ones to be left behind stiffened their faces, and kept back by heroic effort, the close pressing flood of tears—the engine whistles, the conductor calls "All aboard" and amid a chorus of farewell calls the train starts—and Fritz passes beyond your ken and mine—for a time.

The Girl Traitor

She was a waitress in a popular restaurant. One time she came to see me at my home but her air of superiority was so marked, her dress so conspicuous in its exaggerated style, and her makeup was so artificial that I did not feel I could recommend her for a position.

Like many of her kind her first ambition is to trap her manager. When she has succeeded in this all of the other girls in the place are at her mercy. She comes to her work at no regular time and goes when she pleases. The other girls do her work and take her snubs. Her fingers sparkle with jewelry and her expensive clothes she wears with that "I am It" air.

Last month she bought a suit for fifteen dollars. After wearing it a few times she sent it to a well known laundry to be cleaned. When it was returned she claimed that they had not taken a spot out—the suit was ruined absolutely. After fussing about it for a while and informing the laundry that she paid thirty dollars for the suit she prevailed upon the manager to phone to the laundry. He was afraid to refuse her orders, so he called up the manager of the laundry. As the laundry did all of the linen for this particular restaurant it could not afford to lose the business so the thirty dollars was paid to the girl for the penalty of leaving an impossible spot on a fifteen dollar suit. She laughingly advertised her trick among the other girls, impressing upon them her opinion of her own cleverness.

This is just one everyday incident of the girl traitor that makes it mighty hard for decent wage earning girls to make good.

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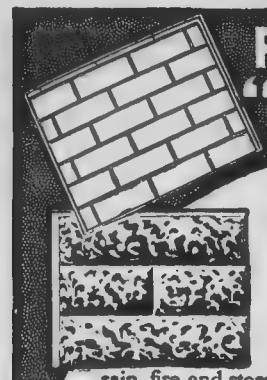

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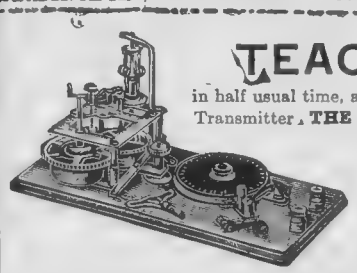

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Quiet England in War Time

By Aubrey Fullerton

IT IS gratifying and steadying to us in the busy West to know that in the home-land things still go well and calmly. Even in wartime there is a quiet, peaceful England. It is not England of the cities—of which, naturally enough, one hears most these days—but England of the country parts, away from the Zeppelin raids and labor strikes. Some of the country, such as that of the seaboard counties facing the North Sea, has had its excitements; but in the south and west, rural England is still undisturbed. There, as everywhere, the war is keenly felt, and is being constantly talked about; but it is creating less commotion, and arousing less visible activity, than in those other parts where the atmosphere is almost entirely military and quiet a thing impossible.

There are, for instance, the two south coast counties of Sussex and Dorset, whose geographical situation gives them a measure of war insurance. One cannot imagine a panic in Dorset like that in York when Scarborough was raided; and while the green fields of Sussex run to only the Channel's width from mainland Europe it is the friendly coast of France, not any enemy land, that fronts them. There is no immediate reason why either Sussex or Dorset should be over-nervous.

Between these two seaboard counties is another not so immune from excitement. Hampshire is more directly concerned in the details of war management, for Portsmouth, its capital city, is not only a military stronghold but the headquarters of the British navy. The great admiralty yards at Portsmouth are now constantly filling and emptying of ordnance stores, and the magnificent harbor is alive with navy traffic. Here, if anywhere, is war-time bustle.

Something of this busy interest is reflected, of course, in Hampshire's neighbor-counties on either side, but it wears away as one gets into the remoter parts. It is not a matter of location only: there is, besides, the nature of the country itself and the character of the people. For this is at once the very heart of rural England and the oldest of it, where the lay of the land and more than a thousand years of history have combined to make a present-day life unlike that of any other part. War-time could hardly mean the same here, under any conditions: but it is particularly interesting to contrast the conditions that we know obtain generally just now with the normal life and habits of these south coast counties that are so near to England's war-cloud and yet so far from its alarming gloom

Dorset and Sussex are quiet. They are always quiet, always pleasantly restful and comfortable. That is not to say that they are unmindful of the war, or that they have not been touched by it. It is true that the English farming districts have not done as well for Britain's fighting forces as rural Scotland has done, but they have made a much better showing, proportionately, than the English industrial districts, and have sent away so many recruits that the ranks of farm workers have been very seriously depleted.

Sussex itself has given of its ablest men in such numbers that, as an emergency measure, it has exempted boys over twelve from attendance at public school, in order that they may work on the farms. That is how the war, in a most direct and painful way, has come home to rural England.

The effect has been to accentuate the quietness of the whole countryside. Even in normal times there seemed a comparative scarcity of men, who had a way of being about their farming when one passed through, and now, of course, what seemed to be has become a fact. Things go smoothly enough, but soberly. There is a hush that comes not only from the hills but from the hearts of the people. Yet there is no panic, no disquieting excitement.

It is not to be supposed that these quiet places see nothing of the soldiery, when all the rest of England sees so much

In Poole, Dorset

In the Saxon Village, Wareham, Dorset

of them. There is coming and going of the men in khaki, and every village, after a year and a half of the war, has its soldier heroes. There are campaigns for recruiting, and frequent drills for home defence. Along the coast, too, there is national policing, for here, as on her other coasts, Britain is on the watch. Yet the fact remains that the people of the south counties are largely free of that military obsession that prevails in some other districts, and in the heart of their farming country the war is as little a nightmare as it is possible to be.

If now the unexpected should happen, and the foe should come down or up the Channel upon, say, the coast of Dorset, it would be but history repeating itself. For so came the Romans, the Saxons, the Danes, the Normans and in later times the Spaniards and the French. The south coast is historic ground. Marks of the several early occupations may be clearly traced at many points. Thus Wareham, in Dorset, which was originally a Celtic town away back in the Bronze Age, has the unmistakable layout of a Roman camp of the first century. So with Dorchester, twenty miles west. Then the Saxons came, and to this day Wareham has a quarter known as the Saxon Village.

Not a town in England has had a stormier career than this same Wareham, which knows, from its own baptismal experience, what raids and wrack of war means. For a century and a half the Saxons and Danes fought over it, till old Canute laid it in ruins about 1015, and from that time it knew no lasting peace for another six centuries. It is to-day a pleasant town of some two thousand people, whose life has been so very quiet and almost sleepily peaceful that it may not have occurred to them even yet to connect the possibility of a German raid with their long list of raidings and plunderings in the ancient past.

It is, of course, a far cry to the time of the Danes and King Canute. Some of the village folk in England, who remember things, are now likening the Kaiser to Napoleon, but it is doubtful if any of them have gone back to the Danish war-lord for a comparison. Yet Canute was a terror along this south coast. He came down upon it with a navy outfitted after the best eleventh-century fashion, and landed in Dorset, at the old port of Poole. In his wake came destruction and ruin.

In after days the south coast saw goings-on that had nothing to do with war, but were almost as stirring and quite as romantic. Bold, adventurous smuggling, in which the whole populace connived, became one of the standing industries of both Dorset and Sussex; and when the palmy days of smuggling finally passed, piracy and privateering came in. One naturally wonders what sort of recruits the old-time filibusters would make to-day for the British army and navy, as compared with the Sussex farmers who have gone in their place.

Reminders of war-time are never far away, whether Kitchener's men in khaki are around or not. There is, for instance, a series of Martello towers at Eastbourne, built at the time of the Napoleonic war. The south coast was then in mortal fear of invasion, and the government of the day sought to allay that fear by the erection of what at least looked like a means of defense. The towers were placed along the coast from Eastbourne to Kent, and several of them are still standing. But the Sussex people know right well that, whatever their value may have been a hundred years or so ago, they are of no protection against to-day's Napoleon.

The fascination of this untroubled, rural England is due not to its green fields and miles of hedges alone, but very largely also to the number and variety of its old-fashioned hamlets and simple cottage homes, from many of which have come good settlers to the Canadian West. It will be a pity if modern improvements shall ever take away the charm of these quaint places. To be sure, country life cannot afford to be out-of-date and uncomfortable for the sake merely of being

Typical Cottage in a Sussex Village—the South Downs in background.

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picturesque, and there can be little doubt that many villages and farm houses in England have been as wretched to live in as they have been pretty to look at. Low, thatch-roofed cottages, ivy-covered and tree-embowered, with stone walls in front and old gardens behind, make very pleasant pictures, but it is impossible that their living conditions should be healthful or even convenient. They cannot much longer remain, and some of the towns are already being renovated and modernized: but it may be hoped that some of the characteristic features of English country life will not be displaced.

Meanwhile it still is possible to see in Sussex and Dorset the kind of quaint and quiet beauty that all the world loves and England has especially revelled in. In the real country of these south coast countries there lingers, with strange persistence, the simplicity of former times. Here is such stuff as the best English poetry has been made of, and the kind of life and lore from which the best English tales have sprung. It is quiet England.

Inevitably the question recurs: what must the war mean to places and people like these? It is very well to be so often told how the great cities are feeling it, and how they are responding to its insistent demands in a hundred and one different ways, but these peace-loving country folk of quiet England—what of them? It goes without saying that, if for no other reason than through the offering up of so many of their men, they feel it too. But it is not the same to them. It could not be the same. In those fair south counties that have known so many war-times in the past, the dwellers of to-day are now accustomed and habituated to peace—to peace of mind, nature, and state—and it is not easy for them, even after these many months, to think in terms of war. They are incapable of panics, and despite everything the turmoil seems a long way off. So it is that in the midst of war there is a quiet England.

The modernizing tendency in rural England—a row of new dwelling houses in Eastbourne

Country Boys Who Goes to Town

The remark is often made that country help and country men, generally, are worked harder and receive less recreation than workingmen in the city.

Although this contention has often been denied, the testimony of witnesses before the Bay State Railway's Arbitration board clinches and drives home the refutation in a most fervent manner.

After Twenty Years in the City

Listen to this: Motorman Morse recounted his experience. Mr. Morse said that he went to work for the company 21 years ago and had had no vacation since except for a week's tour of duty when he was a member of the militia. He said the coat and vest he was wearing were bought seven years before at a cost of three dollars. He had not had a whole suit of clothes outside of the necessary uniforms since he began work. In a whole year he takes about four days of rest. He works all the rest of the year, Sundays and week-days alike. His wife does nursing, to help out with the absolutely necessary expenses of the family.

How now, grumblers? Here's a city man who, by working 361 days of each year yet fails to earn enough to pay his family expenses! Would you take his place? What are the city's theaters, moving pictures, art galleries, lectures, entertainments to him? As sealed books into which his wearied mind and tired eyes never glance. How many country workers are ready to swap situations with him?

Money Does Not Go as Far as in the Country

Another man testified that he could earn $1,040 a year by working 12 hours a day and seven days in each week. When asked what recreation he took he said he hadn't been to a theater for 20 years and that his routine, month in and month out, was "work, eat and sleep." Remember, these are sworn statements before a legally appointed board of investigation.

Does $1,040 a year seem a pretty fair income and do some of you imagine you could soon get rich by its savings? Let me say that rents in the neighborhood where these men must live in order to reach their work on time are usually from $18 to $25 a month. This motorman testified that nine per cent of his pay went for insurances in order to try to have the family safe from immediate privation in case of the deaths of any of them. Fuel, light, food, clothing, uniforms, union dues, doctor's bills, the hundred and one little expenses unavoidable with any family soon eat up even a much larger income than this man earned by working all the time except what was used for eating and sleeping.

Any bids for this man's situation?

Town Men Shelved in Their Prime.

The case of the man of fifty or over who loses a situation in the city is, indeed, desperate. It is young men who are wanted. The man of fifty is considered an old man. Not only is his case hard if he loses his job but it is a precarious one, anyway. With a hundred, yes, a thousand eager, young fellows ready to take, at a smaller wage than he, with a family, can work for, any job they can get, the position he holds becomes a coveted one and is often wrenched from him when he needs it most. Furthermore, he finds it almost an impossibility to secure any further employment and is often driven to desperation by his plight. I know, personally, a man of about fifty who lost his situation; his wife forced into the industrial arena and his sons and daughter, curtailing their school days, also started in to work. One can imagine how he must envy his rural brother who, at a decade beyond him, in years, still holds his own in the world of active workingmen.

These are not imaginary delineations. Every one is an actual occurrence and their sum could be multiplied by a large number and not overrun the limits of truth.

E. E. Kelso.

To attempt to replenish a large flock yearly by natural incubation is not to be considered and will prove unprofitable from the fact that the hens should be laying for the three weeks occupied in incubation. Then, too, by setting eggs laid by hens of a broody strain, one will build up broody rather than laying strains.

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Simply get an ounce of othine—double strength—from your druggist, and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than one ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double strength othine, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.

Belgium and the Belgians

By N. Tourneur, Thundersley, Essex, England.

LIKE the plains of Egypt in the North of Africa, the plains of Belgium in the North of Europe seem to have been the battle ground of the nations from time immemorial. Fifty years before the Birth of Christ, Caesar declared the Belgi to be the very bravest of all the tribes of Gaul that he had encountered with the legionaries of Rome. And the story of Belgium since the days of that great Roman has been one of almost constant warfare and dispute.

Her original inhabitants were Celts, but in the 5th and 6th centuries they were conquered by the German tribes of Batavia and Friesland to the north, and in time came under the dominion of the Counts of Flanders. In the end of the 14th century when this powerful family expired, the county of Flanders or modern Belgium passed to the Dukes of Burgundy, and on the fall of Charles the Bold came through Maria, his heiress, to the Austrian Emperor Charles V. During all these centuries Flanders surpassed the other countries of Europe in industry and commerce, and her great towns, Ypres, Bruges, and others, sturdily upheld the rights of their citizens against the tyranny of their suzerain power, pouring out both treasure and human blood in their resistance.

It was after the abdication of Charles V, when Flanders passed into the hands of Philip II of Spain, that the long and terrible war of the Reformation broke out, the resistance for civil and religious liberty being waged on Dutch and Belgian soil. Then Holland or the northern province of Flanders, the Netherlands, obtained her independence, but Belgium to the south remained under Spain and the Catholic church. In the eighteenth century the little country suffered in a savage and cruel fashion once more during the wars France waged against Austria, to which power Belgium had again passed. On the French Revolution becoming successful in 1790, the country declared its independence, and though under Napoleon it was incorporated into France, she resumed her freedom along with Holland as the United Netherlands after Waterloo, 1815. In 1830, however, on the Dutch seeking to abolish the Belgians' language, suppress their religion, and dominate the country, the Belgians rose in arms, drove the Hollanders out, and became independent again. Prince Leopold of Saxe Coburg was elected king, and from that day to this the little country has sustained her freedom.

Under the able rule of the late King Leopold Belgium made immense strides in material prosperity. Her industries, particularly the mining districts of Hainault, Liege and Namur, progressed by leaps and bounds, and the production of coal and iron almost rivalled that of Great Britain or Germany. Canals and railroads were constructed. Extensive and valuable fisheries employed a large population on the coast. Belgium became the most densely populated country in Europe, and her folk the most hard-working and contented.

Most notable, however, was the extraordinary success of her agriculture. The kingdom smiled with small farms and happy homes. Outside of the grimy and rather squalid mining and manufacturing centers Belgium was (one cannot say "is," at present) a veritable garden—the garden of Northern Europe. The neat whitewashed dwellings and outhouses, the trim miniature fields with their double hedges of elders and trees, the orchards and fragrant flower gardens—when one recalls it all now, wrecked and trampled, devastated by the invaders so ruthlessly and wantonly in the mad quest for dominion, a feeling other than of sorrow overtakes one.

Farming in Belgium is, or rather was, the staple industry. In many instances the farm has descended through four centuries of forbears to him who now owns and tills the ground—if, there, he and his folk still remain, through war's vicissitudes.

Each house is or was detached, and surrounded with large apple and pear and walnut orchards hedged by box, holly, or blackthorn, where the cows are brought to feed every morning and evening. Usually the farmhouse is of one story only, and thatched or slated, containing four rooms: one for meals and general family life, one for the dairy, and preparing the food for the cattle and cows, and the others for bedrooms. The old fashioned oak furniture is brightly polished. Tin and pewter and copper utensils shine on the walls of the living room, that is whitewashed. Outside the garden is gay with dahlias, hydrangeas, wallflowers, roses and other flowers, which, if war had not burst over the land, would be shown at the nearest provincial center.

Nothing spoils the greensward outside, for everything is kept in its place. The ditch and manure heap are not to be seen, for the liquids are carefully led into covered tanks away from the farmstead, for fear of illness ensuing, and the manure is kept under shelter also. In the cow-shed stand five or six big cows, the constant care of the farmer's wife or eldest daughter, who gives them abundance of green fodder in summer and in winter straw, hay, and a kind of warm drink mixed with carrots, turnips, and rye. Hence, the Belgians' cows yield from 15 to 20 quarts of milk daily.

The fields are usually square, and seldom more than two acres, and tilled with the spade and the plough. Round the field, and a foot outside, it runs a strip of grass about four yards wide. Lower again, a hedge of elder is planted, and cut every 7 years, and finally the field is enclosed by a ditch bordered with trees. Thus are got rich grass, firewood, and timber for building.

The Belgian farmer's aim is, or was, to produce flax and butter, not cereals. Buckwheat is grown, and immense quantities of flax for exportation. Each farmer cultivates tobacco for his own use. Among other crops he grows are hop, hemp, chicory, and poppy, turnips, beetroot, cabbages, peas, oats, and all kinds of clover. Bees and silkworms are assiduously cultivated, and the breeding of horses and cattle have attained wonderful perfection. Marshes are drained, and every inch of available soil turned to utmost use by a system of spade culture, and most liberal manuring.

The farm hand is worked as hard, and lives as frugally, as his employer. Alas, again one ought to put "was"—for the Belgian countryman like his brother of the town has died so numerously in defence of his king and freedom. Rye bread, potatoes, beans, buttermilk, occasionally meat and bacon formed the usual fare. Chicory was the constant drink, and other beverages were kept for Sundays and festivals.

Europe has known no harder and better worker than the Belgian husbandman.

That Which Counts

"The Mansion," by Henry van Dyke, describes the experience of a wealthy man who prided himself on his carefully calculated benevolences. In fact, everything he had done was "to be seen of men" and with the expectation of immediate returns on his investments. He laid up his treasure on earth, never doubting that he was making a good record in heaven.

One night he has a vision. He is taken to the heavenly land and sees the mansions prepared for the followers of Jesus. When he comes to his own, behold! it is a poor, mean, little miserable hut. The angel tells him that it is builded of such material as he has provided during his lifetime! To the question, "What is it, then, that comes here?" the angel answers: "Only that good which is done for the love of doing it. Only those plans in which the welfare of others is the master thought. Only those labors in which the sacrifice is greater than the reward. Only those gifts in which the giver forgets himself."

The larger the cage in which your bird pet spends its time, the healthier and happier it is likely to be. In fact, if you are obliged to take your choice between an ornamental cage and one that is roomy, choose the latter without hesitation. Gilded bars are only a mockery when they enclose a bird whose drooping feathers and dejected air tell that he feels himself a prisoner.

Classified Page for the People's Wants

If you want to buy or sell anything in the line of Poultry, Farm Property, Farm Machinery, or if you want Help or Employment, remember that the Classified Advertisement Columns of The Western Home Monthly are always ready to help you accomplish your object. Cost 3c word, minimum 50c. Cash with order.

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FREE FOR SIX MONTHS—My Special Offer to introduce my magazine "Investing for Profit." It is worth $10 a copy to anyone who has been getting poorer while the rich, richer. It demonstrates the real earning power of money, and shows how anyone, no matter how poor, can acquire riches. "Investing for Profit" is the only progressive financial journal published. It shows how $100 grows to $2,200. Write now and I'll send it six months free. H. L. Barber, 550-20 Jackson Blvd., Chicago. 12-1-17

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100 CONSOL BOND ENVELOPES and 100 Noteheads printed to your order $1.00 postpaid. Randall's Printery, Manna, Sask. T.F.

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MISCELLANEOUS

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NOT LIKE OTHERS—Questions, birthdate, 25 cents; psychics developed; dreams interpreted. Nellie Lewis, psychologist, Silver Lake, Oregon. 7-16

J. D. A. EVANS, Teacher of English Composition, etc., Crystal City, Man. T.F.

Uncle Sam on Dogs

The dog in the country is a useful and pleasant adjunct to the farm if he is properly controlled and cared for, but when neglected, may readily become a carrier of disease to stock, in addition to gaining opportunity to kill sheep and destroy gardens and other property. Dog ordinances, as a general rule, have been intended chiefly to curb the dog's power of doing harm by attacking, biting, killing or running sheep or stock. The part that he plays as a carrier of diseases to animals only recently has been recognized, according to the Department of Agriculture.

Of the diseases carried to stock by dogs, the foot-and-mouth disease is probably of the greatest interest at this time. In this case the dog acts as a mechanical carrier of infection. The dog which runs across an infected farm easily may carry in the dirt on his feet the virus of this most contagious of animal diseases to other farms and thus spread the disease to the neighboring herds. In infected localities it is absolutely essential, therefore, to keep all dogs chained and never to allow them off the farm except on leash.

There are, however, many other maladies in the spread of which the dog takes an active part. Rabies, hydatid, ringworm, favus, double-pored tapeworm, roundworm, and tongueworm are often conveyed to human beings in this way. It occasionally happens also that the dog helps fleas and ticks in transmitting bubonic plague or the deadly spotted fever.

Prevention on the farm consists in so restraining the dog that he cannot get at carrion or raw viscera. Viscera should be boiled before being fed to dogs and should never be thrown on the fields. If not cooked and fed, viscera and carcasses should be burned, buried with lime, or so disposed of as not to be accessible to dogs. Proper feeding of the dog is essential, and the owner who does not feed a dog properly has no right to keep one.

Of the external parasites which dogs may carry to animals, fleas and the various kinds of ticks are both troublesome and dangerous. The remedy is clear. The owner must keep his dog clean, not merely for the comfort and happiness of the dog, but to prevent it from becoming a carrier of disagreeable and dangerous vermin. These reasonable measures, important to the stock on the farm, have a direct connection with the health of the family. Where ringworm or other skin diseases break out among the children, or the worm parasites develop, it is well to determine whether a dirty or uncared-for dog may not be carrying infection on his skin or hair, or be conveying disease from carrion directly to the food and persons of his friends. Even if no one is infected with disease, the folly of allowing a dog to remain dirty and have the freedom of a home where personal cleanliness and hygiene are respected, is apparent.

No surgical operation is necessary in removing corns if Holloway's Corn Cure is used.

The Philosopher

DOMINION DAY

Dominion Day next year will be the fiftieth anniversary of the confederation of the old Provinces known as Upper Canada and Lower Canada—now Ontario and Quebec, respectively—and Nova Scotia and New Brunswick into the Dominion, which, starting with those four, now spans the continent with nine Provinces. When the Dominion, which has since grown to six times its original size, thus entered into life on July 1, 1867, a century had elapsed since Pitt and Wolfe had secured Canada to Great Britain. By the Treaty of Paris, signed in 1763, four years after the death of Wolfe in the taking of Quebec, the British flag was raised over half of North America, France making over to Great Britain all her possessions and claims on this continent, excepting only the territory of Louisiana at the mouth of the Mississippi; but the Canada of that time made only a small part indeed of this continent. What a panorama is presented by Canada from Cabot's first planting of the British flag upon the shores of this continent, down to the first Dominion Day, when, as Sir John Macdonald said, the British North America Act "laid the foundation of a new nationality," and thereafter through five decades of wonderful growth and development to these days when Canadian manhood is giving such glorious proof of itself in defence of human freedom and progress.

THE NOBLE DEAD

These are days when, as the casualty lists grow in volume, anxiety in many a Canadian home gives place to the certainty of bereavement, while to thousands comes the painful news that loved ones are wounded or missing. That the brave men fighting for Canada and for freedom and for the future of humanity, those who have made the supreme sacrifice, those who have suffered wounds, and those who are still fighting the good fight, or on their way to the front, are all enrolled as heroes in the Book of Life—for no man can do more than lay down his life for humanity, and Christianity can ask no higher service—this is the thought in which the stricken hearts, the sorrowing homes, must find consolation.

"Tears may be ours, but proud, for those who win
Death's royal purple in the foeman's lines;
Peace, too, brings tears. Amid the battle din
The wiser ear some text of God divines."

WHY THE WAR GOES ON

The future peace and progress of the world depend upon the destruction of the German idea of world power built on the ruins of other nations. Germany seeks now to preserve this idea. She is willing to agree to a peace, on terms which will mean the yielding up by her of a portion of what she has seized, for the chance to preserve the idea of German world power, and to prepare all over again to realize that idea. Germany is ready to recoil now, so as to prepare to leap forward later on; and she wants to recoil on terms which will mean the preservation in Germany of the belief in the glorious invincibility of German arms. With the German people still possessed by that belief, the ruling caste of the German Empire, if they could secure now the peace they want, would bend every effort to preparing to do, say in 1924, what they attempted so confidently to do in 1914. The Allies are as anxious to end the war as men can be; but they are even more anxious to keep their male children of to-day from having to engage in a more terrible war than this a decade or two from now. That is why the Allies are fighting on. That is why they will listen to no talk of peace from the assailants of civilization, who on every front stand on foreign soil. The Allies are fighting to establish so convincingly that the whole German people will recognize it, that the dream of building German domination upon the foundation of the ruins of other nations crushed by German might is a dream that can never be realized.

HELP STRICKEN SOLDIERS

Things that are almost incredible are being achieved in the way of alleviating the sufferings of the men wounded and maimed in the war, in restoring them to health and in providing them with artificial helps to supply, as far as possible, the place of parts of their bodies of which the war has deprived them. Never before has medical and mechanical ingenuity and resourcefulness been carried to such lengths. Many of the devices in successful use are nothing short of marvellous. A great deal of information in regard to all this is set forth in a special bulletin which has been issued by the Military Hospitals Commission of Canada, of which Sir James Lougheed is president. Included in it are papers by Professor Jules Amar, director of the Laboratoire des Recherches sur le Travail Professionel, of Paris, another by Dr. Armand Deltenre, director of the Belgian Army Medical Service at Rouen, and one by Dr. Bourillon, of Paris, on the vocational re-education of injured soldiers. Indeed, the men of the medical profession in Great Britain, in France, and in Russia (including also the Belgian) are rivalling one another in their devotedness to this great work, and in the amazing results they are achieving. One of the most interesting and important papers in the bulletin is by Dr. C. K. Clarke, of Toronto, on the means of dealing with the men who in this war have become subject to mental and nervous troubles. The Hospitals Commission is giving attention to all these branches of its work, and the Granville Canadian Hospital in England is the Canadian headquarters on the other side of the Atlantic for instructing wounded and maimed Canadian soldiers, on their recovery and after they have been supplied with such artificial aids as they need, how to make the most of their powers.

MOUNT EDITH CAVELL

In the years to come monuments to Cavell may be erected in more than one Canadian city, as in other centres of population throughout the Empire, and, indeed, outside the Empire as well—is there not one already in Paris? When the murderous militarism which took her life is conquered, and the humanity for which she died, leaving an example which will be an inspiration to future generations, is triumphant, monuments will be erected to her memory. One memorial she will have in the snow-clad summit in the Rocky Mountains which has been named in her honor—a turret rising to the altitude of 11,000 feet, a superb peak towering into the heavens, where her deathless fame belongs.

THE KAISER'S PERSONAL RESPONSIBILITY

The title worn by Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg is an imposing one—Imperial German Chancellor. But the wearer of that title is appointed—and dismissed—by the German Emperor at his own will and pleasure, and is responsible only to the Emperor. He is the Emperor's mouthpiece in the Reichstag, which is an assembly greatly restricted in speech, and has no real power at all. When the Chancellor speaks to the Reichstag, it is his master's voice that is heard. His name will live in everlasting infamy, coupled with the phrase, "a scrap of paper." A notable character drawing of the man is set forth in the book "Germany Before the War," by Baron Beyens, who was the Belgian Ambassador at Berlin when Germany began the war, having held that post for several years. Baron Beyens shows that William II—ever since he made it plain by his dismissal of Bismarck from the Chancellorship, when he became Emperor, that he was determined to have only Ministers who would do his "divine" will subserviently—has chosen Ministers eager to adopt his ideas as their own, and who, if they ever thought of offering suggestions that had originated in their own minds, would never do so otherwise than as if it were he who had inspired them. Baron Beyens makes out a strong case against the theory that the Emperor has been the mere tool of a militarist caste, or war party.

BRITANNIA RULES THE WAVES

The latest issue of the British Navy List contains, for the first time in many months, a veritable legion of names of ships—thousands of them—beginning with H. M. S. Abelard and proceeding in due alphabetical order to H. M. S. Zylpha, the last in the long array. As to how full and complete a catalogue it is, that is as it may be. Certainly it is a formidable list of names of a formidable multiplicity of vessels, constituting a totality of sea power under the British flag greater than Nelson could ever have dreamed of. And the Navy is constantly growing at a prodigious rate. If our enemies could see a list of the warships under construction, at various stages from those just begun to those all but completed, they would open their eyes in amazement. The British fleets are more than ever before "bulwarks of man's liberty."

FABLES FOR INDIAN MOHAMMEDANS

Some highly interesting particulars of the efforts made by German emissaries in India to arouse the millions of Mohammedans there to a Holy War against the British were given recently by Bishop Stileman at the meeting of the Church Missionary Society in London. The German propagandists in India—who were numerous, well supplied with money for their work, and thoroughly organized—gave out that one of the chief objects of Great Britain in entering the war was to gratify an old desire passionately held by the British people to possess the bones of the prophet Mohammed and add them to the collection of historic relics at the British Museum in London. But, you will say, making war against Germany would appear to be an extraordinarily roundabout way of realizing this singular ambition. Not at all. On the contrary, as the German emissaries went about explaining to the Mohammedans in India, it was the most natural course to take, because all the Hohenzollern tribe are direct descendants of Mohammed's sister, and are, therefore, deeply concerned in preventing any violation of his sacred tomb. It was further declared that when the Kaiser was at Mecca, not many months before the war was begun, he lay three days and three nights before the great shrine which is the holy of holies to all Mohammedans, and on the third night there came a voice from heaven proclaiming him "the Saviour of Islam," and bidding him "Arise and take up the sword." Another story which the German agents in India tried on the Mohammedans after the war began was that the Kaiser possessed a great flying machine, equipped with a magic lodestone of great power, in which he had travelled over Europe and captured, first, the President of the French Republic, next, the Czar of Russia, and, finally, King George himself, who naturally was extremely disconcerted when suddenly one night the Kaiser flew over Buckingham Palace and by the power of the magic lodestone drew the King bodily out of his bed and through the roof, in his nightshirt.

GERMANY AND ROYAL MARRIAGES

The report was current recently that the Prince of Wales had become engaged to an Italian princess. It is safe to say that the first thought which that report brought into the minds of nineteen out of every twenty persons who read it in the news of the day was the thought that whether the report was true or not it is at any rate certain that the Prince of Wales will not marry a German princess. One of the things which the war has destroyed is the marriage market for German princes and princesses. Of these products the German Empire has been extraordinarily prolific. There are in that empire kingdoms, principalities and grand duchies, twenty-six in all, each with its own reigning family which ranks as royal. All the component parts of the Empire are under the domination of Prussia, but each retains its sovereignty in respect of the royal standing of its hereditary reigning family, which has meant a constant stock of marriageable royalties in Germany, with the result that Germany has representatives in most of the royal families in Europe. The husband of the Queen of Holland is still a German, and so is the wife of the King of Greece. Hereafter, supposing that the numerous German royal families, or most, or any of them, continue to reign, their princes and princesses will hardly be looked upon with favoring eyes in any country, even in Turkey; though it is likely—(supposing again that the present dynasty were to continue on the Turkish throne)—that the Kaiser—(supposing he were still Kaiser, and the Hohenzollern dynasty were not deposed)—would cement his alliance with Turkey by an alliance between the Hohenzollern family and the Sultan's family. The question of religion would not offer the least obstacle, since the Kaiser (when in Turkey) has repeatedly declared himself to be the friend of Islamism; and the department of the Imperial Administration at Berlin which fabricates matter for dissemination throughout the different areas covered by its operations has had elaborate accounts published throughout Turkey of the Kaiser's conversion from Christianity to the faith of the Moslems, and of the impressive public ceremonies at Berlin when he made profession of his abandonment of the Cross for the Crescent.

THOROUGHGOING TREATMENT OF ALCOHOL VICTIMS

A notable piece of legislation was placed on the statute book of Ontario at the last session of the Legislature of that Province. Under that measure, any inebriate may avail himself of the treatment provided in all Provincial asylums for the insane. In order to obtain admission to such an institution, he may make voluntary application to the medical superintendent, while in a condition to realize the full significance of what he is doing. Once admitted, he may be detained as long as a year, but no longer, during which time he must conform absolutely to the rules and regulations of the hospital. The medical superintendent may release him in less than a year, if in his opinion such is the wise course to pursue. In cases where the victim of alcohol is so far gone as to be incapable of self-control, or of managing his own affairs, responsible relatives, or the family physician, may have him summoned to court. If it is then made plain as a matter of public record that he is

> "so given over to drunkenness as to render him unable to control himself and incapable of managing his affairs, or that on that account he squanders or mismanages his property; or places his family in danger or distress, or transacts his business prejudicially to the interests of his family or his creditors; or that he uses intoxicating liquors to such an extent as to render him dangerous to himself or others; or incurs the danger of ruining his health or shortening his life."

the law orders that the facts shall be reported to the Inspector of Prisons and Charities, who may have the inebriate placed in one of the hospitals for the insane, where he will be detained and treated, for a period not to exceed two years. To many victims of alcohol, and to their unfortunate relatives and dependents, such legislation is designed to bring the only form of remedy and relief that is, in many cases, possible.

Digging Up The Indian Past

By Francis J. Dickie

FROM those archaeological remains, which by their composition, have withstood the ravages of time and the elements, the people of to-day are learning, at least in part, how dressed those of hundreds and thousands of years ago; how they procured and prepared their food, hunted, made war, and played.

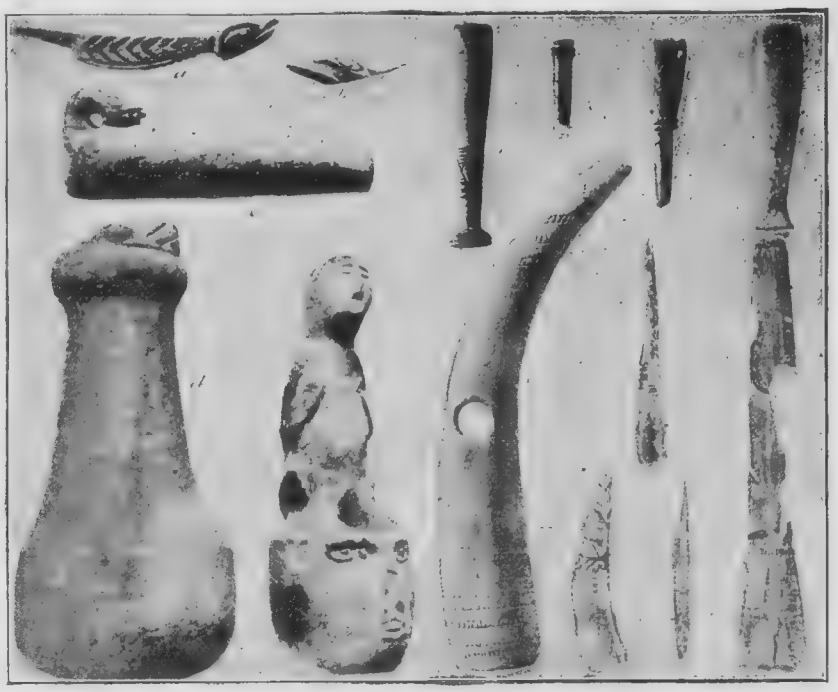
So important has this knowledge been deemed that large bodies of learned men are now busily engaged in all parts of the world digging and delving into the earth's surface, beneath the ruins of ancient cities and into the heart of mounds and mountains, in an endeavor to find new things that will give light on how the prehistoric man lived, moved and had his being.

In southwestern British Columbia extensive surveys have been made along these lines by the Canadian Government and a number of private individuals. For the following data and many of the things collected, herein reproduced, particular credit is due to Professor Harlan I. Smith, of the Canadian survey. And it is to his exhaustive researches, covering a period of many years, that the Canadian public owe what facts have been brought to light on the customs and culture of the early Indian residents of this district, who lived hundreds of years before the white men came.

The collection and data is doubly important as, from comparison with other archaeological remains, it is now evident that the general material culture existing herein in the past was similar to that of the natives of the interior of Mackenzie Land, parts of Yukon territory as well as the nearby interior of the State of Washington. Too, from what has been learned it is evident that the people dwelling in these districts were different in a marked degree from the natives of the Pacific coast, on the west, as well as the natives of the great prairies to the east.

For food and tools, the natives of this district, like all aboriginal ones, depended upon the natural resources of the country. From animals, birds and fish, came food, clothing and certain tools and weapons. The bones and antlers of the deer were made into such implements as adzes, chisels, knife handles, hide scrapers as well as needles and awls, while ornaments, such as beads and pendants were also manufactured from them. From the antlers were procured wedges, daggers, war clubs and artistics carvings.

In the procuring of animal food, weapons such as spears, arrow heads and knives, were made from the larger pointed stones that prove adaptable to chipping or being broken into the shapes required. Too, from the wild animals taken for food was secured clothing, but these, being perishable, have left no remains that would to-day throw light upon the styles in men's and women's dresses of the time before the white men came.



Art

Left Group—(a) animal form carved on dog halter toggle; (b) part of a pipe bowl of carved sandstone; (c) soapstone pipe with carved snake; (d) animal head carved on pestle; (e) human forms carved in stone.

Right Group—(a, b, c, d) incised pictographs on soapstone pipes; (e) pictograph on antler handle of digging stick; (f) incised design on tip of antler; (g) design on bone awl; (h) design on awl; (i) design on antler sap scraper.

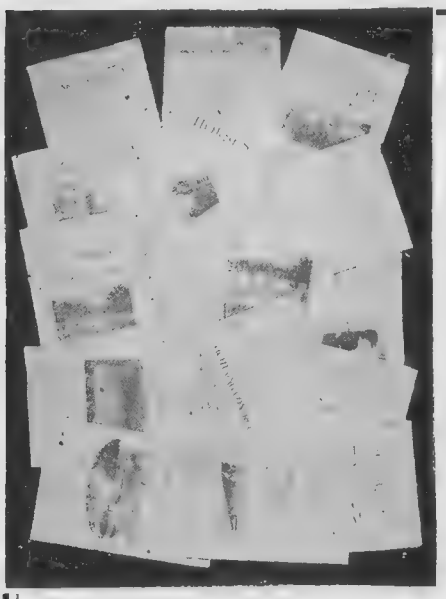
In the preparation of edibles and medicines, stone mortars and pestles were used extensively. In the line of art the natives seem sadly inefficient. Outside of a few rude carvings of pictorial and geometric design made upon bone and stone, nothing has been brought to light that shows the Indian had any leanings to the finer things of life. From the designs it would seem, however, that these redmen were the original cubists.

In war times many of the weapons devoted to the chase were made use of. In the case of war arrows the head was made barbed, after the manner of a harpoon. Once a wound was inflicted with one of them, it could be withdrawn only with great difficulty. In the way of hand-to-hand warfare the rounded stone, hollowed slightly in the centre to give a grip for a wound thong, was a singularly deadly and formidable weapon, with skull cracking possibilities far exceeding any modern slungshot.

Like all men, either ancient or modern, games and pastimes were an important part of the Indian's life. Out of beaver and woodchuck teeth came dice, pits being marked upon them with red ochre mixed with grease. The astragalus bones of the deer and the small hollow bones of certain birds seem also to have been used for gambling, but in just what manner it is difficult to ascertain.

Adornments were many and varied. Red ochre and many other minerals common to the country supplied the braves and belles with a large supply of different colored paints. These mixed with grease, to keep from being washed off with the rain, were used plentifully in body adornment as well as for painting on rocks. A few samples deeply buried in the earth have been unearthed. Elk and beaver teeth, bored through were worn as pendants. From the fresh water crustaceans came bracelets and

(Continued on page 26)



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What the World is Saying

The Hugest Interior Problem of the Teutons

The chief German economic effort now seems to be to make all ends meat.—Stratford Herald.

From "Efficiency" to Deficiency

Efficiency of men, the brag of Germany, is being turned rapidly into deficiency of men.—Montreal Gazette.

The Nephew of the Boer President

Oom Paul's nephew fighting for Britain is a splendid proof of national capacity for assimilation.—Halifax Herald.

The Efficiency of the Blockade

The British blockade has brought the German people within measurable distance of famine.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Kitchener the Great

Kitchener sleeps in a greater tomb than the Abbey of Westminster, and his monument is a nation in arms.—Toronto Star.

Both Ways

We believe that we can and should hit Germany as hard in the markets of the world as in the field of battle.—London Times.

The Kaiser's Concern

There is a suspicion that the Kaiser is less concerned with the threatened doom of civilization than he is with the threatened doom of the Hohenzollern.—Boston Transcript.

Increasing Privations in Kaiserland

The Saxons are to have "beerless days" as well as butterless days and beefless days. The Saxons may decide to have Kaiserless days if this goes on.—Brantford Expositor.

The Future Dark for the Crown Princes

The Austrian Crown Prince has been decorated by the Kaiser. As we view things nowadays this is one case where we should hasten to extend our sympathies.—Galt Reporter.

The Hun Doctrine of "Blood and Iron"

The Hun is only formidable when he thinks that he can be frightful with impunity. "Blood and Iron" is his doctrine so long as it is his iron and someone else's blood.—London Nation.

As to Self-propelling Mines

Hudson Maxim asserts that there is such a thing as a self-propelling mine. Hudson should have lived in this vicinity in the days of the Cobalt boom and he would be sure of it.—Ottawa Citizen.

Where the Kaiser Was Right, for Once

The Kaiser is perfectly right in denying that ships "of all nationalities" have been sunk by his submarines. Close scrutiny of the list shows that not one Swiss vessel has been torpedoed.—New York Sun.

Where the Nitrates Went

Germany has devoted to the production of ammunition the nitrates that, applied to the soil, would have enabled her to feed her people comfortably. Now she must pay the penalty.—London Daily Mail.

Four Million Women Voters in States

Four million women in twelve States will vote in the Presidential election. It is still uncertain whether the women having Provincial franchise in Canada will vote in Dominion elections.—Hamilton Herald.

The Lacking Proof

Germany's spokesmen, when they talk of peace, say that Germany is entitled to dictate terms because she is victorious. But if she were really victorious she would be dictating terms.—New York Tribune.

Swedish Women for Preparedness

The Evening Post reports from Stockholm that at the last election the Socialists, who oppose preparation for war, hoped to upset the Storthing's decision in favor of ninety days' training, but the women voters went predominantly for it.—New York Globe.

Mount Aetna Outdone

Mount Aetna is again active and there have been earthquake shocks in its vicinity. The volcano will have to rumble its hardest to attract attention this time. In the matter of noise and destruction man is outrivalling nature at its worst.—Duluth Herald.

What the Kaiser Rewards

Germany has sent instructions to its citizens over here to obey the laws of the state in which they reside. However, it seems that when one of them indulges in a bit of lawlessness and gets away with it, the Kaiser hangs a decoration on him.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

An Edinburgh Retort to a German Pastor

An amiable German pastor has declared that it is the German soldier's duty to "shatter the butt-end of his rifle on the enemies' skull." Either the Germans are now using rifles of an inferior make which break easily, or we are a harder-headed race than we have hitherto suspected.—Edinburgh Scotsman.

They Cannot Get to Germany

The Kaiser having ordered the members of the German Landsturm class of 1917, who are living abroad, to return home immediately, should now provide them with means of transportation. How are the Landsturmers in America, for instance, to get to the Fatherland. Even a submarine would be of no avail.—Quebec Chronicle.

"News" for Bulgaria

Bulgarian newspapers say that the Germans, having captured Verdun, are marching on Paris; that the Austrians are in Bessarabia, and are marching on Kieff; that the Turks have crossed the Suez canal and are approaching Cairo; that the Bulgarians have placed Prince Cyril on the throne of Albania; and that the German emperor is determined to occupy London before he makes peace. — Manchester Guardian.

The Boys at the Front

"Visiting some of the units which had borne the brunt of the shock and were quartered on farms to the rear, the correspondent found them playing baseball after a good night's sleep." This is the spirit of Canada in the Great War, and shows the confidence with which the men at the front face the enemy.—Peterboro Examiner.

The English Language in South America

The President of Paraguay has issued a decree providing for the study of English in the national colleges, the language to be given the same importance as other studies. Several years ago English was superseded in Paraguay's colleges by German. Its restoration to official and popular favor is significant at the present juncture. Germany is losing in South America as in other quarters.—New York Evening Post.

"Go Thy Way, Thy Son Liveth"

Writing to a father whose son has fallen at the front, General Logie recalls a text used in a sermon by Dean Harris when the General's son was drowned while attending the Military College at Kingston. "Go thy way, thy son liveth," were the words that brought comfort to General Logie. The thought that there is an immortal spark which cannot be buried on the fields of Flanders must greatly hearten those whose brave lads lie in the little graveyards behind the trenches.—Kingston Whig.

Bringing Germany to Her Knees

Every 24 hours that the blockade is maintained is a victory. The central powers are girdled with steel and fire; and the knowledge of that girdle closing in as the Russians advance, or as the Russians and British break, like the breaking of an egg, into the eastern border of Turkey, is the knowledge which is the key to all recent German strategy. Without undue presumption, when all the story is told, it will be recorded that it was the blockade of the British navy which finally beat Germany to her knees.—Ottawa Free Press.

July

How we came to pronounce July as we do now, with the accent on the second syllable, is one of the unsolved mysteries of speech. Named, of course, after Julius Caesar, it should really be pronounced to rhyme with "duly," and so our forefathers actually did pronounce it. Spenser, for instance, has the line, "Then came hot July, boiling like to fire," and even so late as Johnson's time the accent was still on the "Ju." It is one of the many words which would startle these ancestors of ours, spoken as we speak them now.—London Chronicle.

Peace Praters

On the side of the allies there is an unshakable conviction that the sacrifices they are making will have been all in vain if peace comes without a victory so complete that the terms can be dictated to Germany and her confederates.

It is more than presumptuous for the pacifists to try to stop this war. It is nonsensical. They have done a good deal of mischief by putting obstacles in the way of American preparedness, but happily they can achieve nothing more in their present enterprise than to make themselves ridiculous.—Providence (R. I.) Journal.

Germany's War Diet

The news that the German government has ordered crows, sparrows, starlings, roedeer and goats to be killed for food will be received with mixed feelings abroad and at home. "Crows" presumably are rooks, and rook-pie is not unknown in English country districts; sparrows and starlings are too numerous, and are not bad eating—I have tried them—but a good many go to a meal, and starlings are intensely bitter unless their heads are pulled off when they are killed. Goats used to be given at Alpine hotels as "chamois"; but everyone will regret the extinction of roedeer, to be killed in the breeding season, apparently, and still more of the stork, the friend of every child in South Germany, which brings the babies, according to German nursery lore. It would be a just punshment for his slaughterer if it were followed by a further fall in the birth-rate.—Westminster Gazette.

German Self-opinion

It is a hard lesson that the German people is now learning: the immense difference between the German and the foreign worlds of thought is being hammered in. This involves much pain. . . . One would have to despair of humanity if it were not for Germany. . . . All the qualities that are for us obvious conditions of educated life are not, as we had supposed, the common possession of human civilization, but a special superiority in what is German. Faith in mankind has been driven out of us, and self-confident pride in the brilliant and exceptional position of our people has taken its place.—Hamburger Fremdenblatt.

Proportional Representation

The city council of Calgary is preparing a by-law for submission at the December municipal elections to adopt proportional representation in the election of all municipal officers including the members of the school hospital boards. The P. R. bylaw is confidently expected to carry. Many of the leading public men both of the city and the province, of all shades of politics, have made strong declarations in favor of proportional representation. The fact that many of these men are members of the Alberta legislature makes it probable that the action the city of Calgary is taking will be followed by the province at no distant date.—Ottawa Evening Journal.

British Steadfastness

Other nations might run a war better, but there is none that could be better trusted to win a war. To be sure of this, you have only to consider what would happen to the Allies in the event of Britain deserting them, and then, on the other hand, what Britain would do if her allies deserted her. She would not stop. She would go on alone, as she had been known to do before, because she is united and tenacious, even in a mood of self-depreciation, or perhaps more so in that mood than in any other. Britain, denouncing herself as inefficient, is yet the greatest moral asset of democracy in Europe.—New York Times.

The Hyphenates

The hyphenated gentlemen who affect to believe that the theft of a few letters and the resulting inconvenience to Americans anxious to hear from home or from their friends and business patrons abroad are of a class with the Lusitania massacre and the sinking of ferry boats and hospital ships, are incapable of distinguishing the comparative moral enormity of murder and petit larceny. They are of about the same type of mentality that sentenced to death the Belgian men and women "hostages," who had been held as security for the acts of persons they could by no possibility control.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Instruction vs. Amusement

Educational work of any kind is slow and discouraging, and at times one is almost forced to the conclusion that mankind is quite contented with itself. At the farmers' institute meetings last Thursday, a mere handful gathered to hear an expert speak on two important branches of Canada's greatest industries. Yet on Monday night people came from far and near, and packed the opera house to the doors, to see a very fourth-rate company play Uncle Tom's Cabin. The world owes a great deal to the dauntless souls who continue to press on with the torch of learning, despite discouragements and disappointments.—Port Hope Guide.

Germany Made Ready Beforehand

Confirmation of Germany's responsibilty for the present war comes from many strange sources. In Canada we had evidence of it in the fact that the year before the war Germany was importing immense quantities of wheat from this country. Another instance was related recently by a witness before a United States Senate Committee having under consideration a water power bill. He stated that in February, 1914, six months before the outbreak of war, the Norwegian Nitrogen Manufacturing Company received an immense order for nitric acid from Germany for use in the manufacture of ammunition.—Charlottetown Guardian.

If Germany Had Waited Longer

A French writer declares that had Germany been content to keep silent for another twenty years, nursing her purpose and preparing for it, nothing could have prevented her securing mastery of the world. It was the conspiracy of a ruler and a race. Just as German princes and princesses had been adroitly placed on or alongside thrones throughout Europe, so in republics like France and the United States specially trained men were sent out to attain positions of influence—positions educational, political, naval, and military. The work of honey-combing and undermining was carefully done, so that on the great day France and Belgium could be betrayed and the United States reduced to a state of confusion which would render her efforts in any direction futile.—Cornwall Freeholder.

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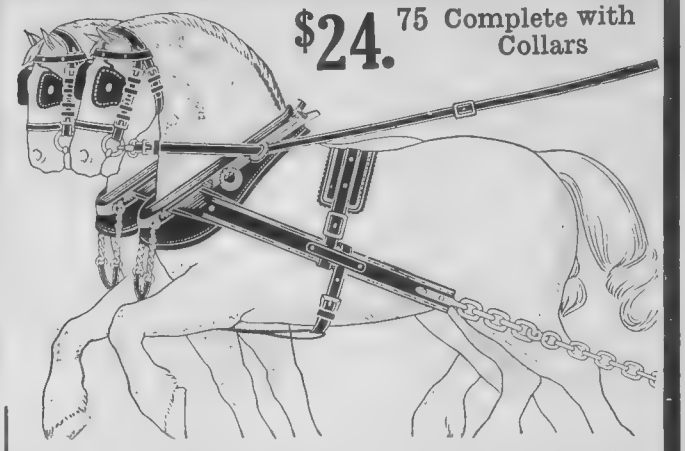

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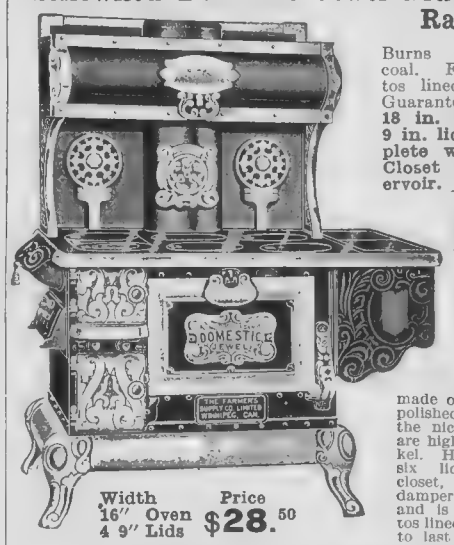

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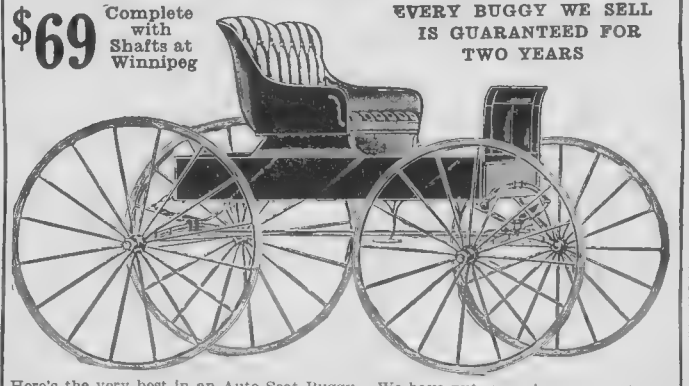

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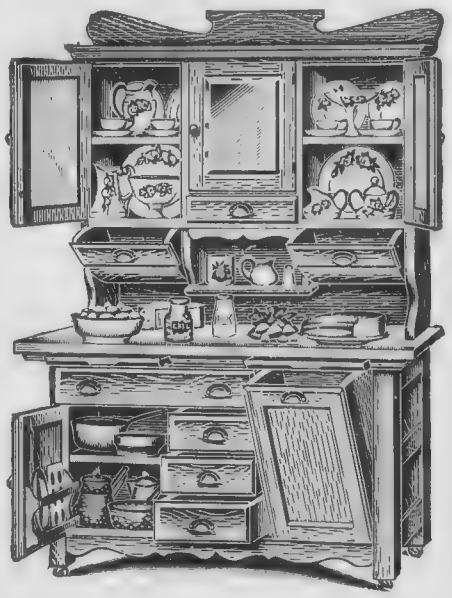
KITCHEN CABINET

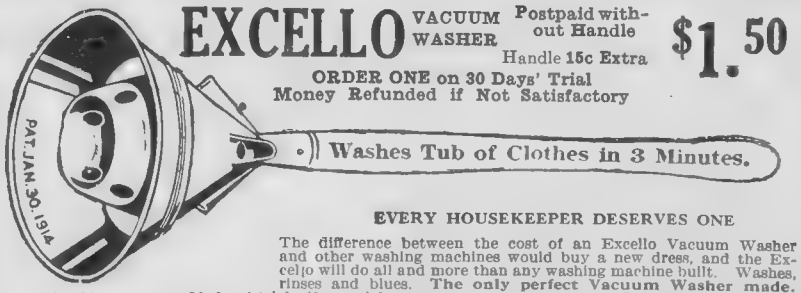


Compare it with what you have seen offered elsewhere at $25 to $30, and you will have some idea of the cabinet we are offering. Made of high-grade maple. The base is 48 inches wide by 28 inches deep, contains large pastry boards, long linen drawer, three smaller drawers, large tilting flour bin, large cupboard with rack and shelf. Panel ends and heavy corner posts. Top has two large china cupboards, below which are two tilting sugar bins; in centre a large cupboard with bevel plate mirror, 10x14, drawer and large shelf neatly shaped. Plate rail along top adds greatly to its appearance. Finished in natural. Regular $28 value.
No. 46—Kitchen Cabinet Bargain Price..... $21.65

EXCELLO VACUUM WASHER

Postpaid without Handle Handle 15c Extra **$1.50**

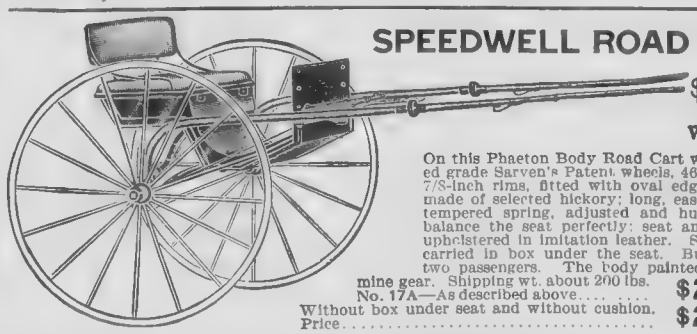
ORDER ONE on 30 Days' Trial
Money Refunded if Not Satisfactory



EVERY HOUSEKEEPER DESERVES ONE

The difference between the cost of an Excello Vacuum Washer and other washing machines would buy a new dress, and the Excello will do all and more than any washing machine built. Washes, rinses and blues. **The only perfect Vacuum Washer made.**
We ship this to you on 30 days' trial—if unsatisfactory return at our expense. It is shipped by parcel post and our price of $1.50 is delivered at your station. The Vacuum Washer will last a lifetime and you will be surprised at the amount of work it will turn out. Order by return subject to our 30 days' free trial offer. No. 762. **Vacuum Washer post-paid..... $1.50**

SPEEDWELL ROAD CART



$28.00 WITH BOX

On this Phaeton Body Road Cart we use selected grade Sarven's Patent wheels, 46 inches high; 7/8-inch rims, fitted with oval edge steel tires, made of selected hickory; long, easy riding, oil-tempered spring, adjusted and hung so as to balance the seat perfectly; seat and lazy back upholstered in imitation leather. Small articles carried in box under the seat. Built to carry two passengers. The body painted black, carmine gear. Shipping wt. about 200 lbs.
No. 17A—As described above..... $28.00
Without box under seat and without cushion. Price..... $26.00

BUY YOUR OIL IN STEEL DRUMS and save 25%

DO YOU DRIVE AN AUTO?

If so, use "FASCO" XXX Auto Oil. There is nothing to equal it on the market. Has highest fire test and will not carbonize. Light yellow in color.

In 45-gallon Barrels. Price	**$20.25**
In 30-gallon 1/2-Barrels. Price	**$14.40**
In 5-gallon Cans. Each	**$2.80**

No. 75 'Fasco' Steam Cylinder Oil

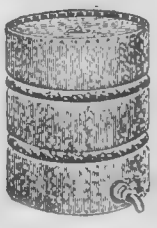
Made from Pennsylvania crude. Has 650 fire test. Nothing like it on the market. Order on approval. **Five gallons will last as long as seven gallons of any other brand.**

45-gallon Barrels. Price	**$21.60**
30-gallon 1/2-Barrels. Price	**$15.30**
5-gallon Cans. Each	**$3.20**

No. 76 'Fasco' Dynamo Engine Oil

A pale red oil, guaranteed the best engine oil made. For dynamos, motors and engines of all kinds. Has good cold test and high fire test.

45-gallon Barrels. Price	**$14.40**
30-gallon 1/2-Barrels. Price	**$10.20**
5-gallon Cans. Each	**$2.30**



Heavy Welded Steel Drum

Made of 16 gauge steel, corrugated in centre for easy rolling; fitted with tap. If ordered with oil deduct $2.00 off price of drum.

No. 33—1 gallons. Price	Barrel, 42	**$6.25**
No. 34—1/2 gallons. Price	barrel, 26	**$4.40**

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The nap is short and close
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Quality, designs and colorings are unequalled

If purchasers of this useful material for Underwear all the year round would buy THE BEST ENGLISH MAKE they would appreciate the comfort and durability which inferior qualities of Flannelette do not possess.

See the name "HORROCKSES'" on the selvedge every two yards. | ANNUAL Sale upwards of TEN MILLION yards.

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WEEKLY FREE PRESS AND PRAIRIE FARMER

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Enclosed find $1.25. Send me The Western Home Monthly and Weekly Free Press and Prairie Farmer for one year.

NAME .....

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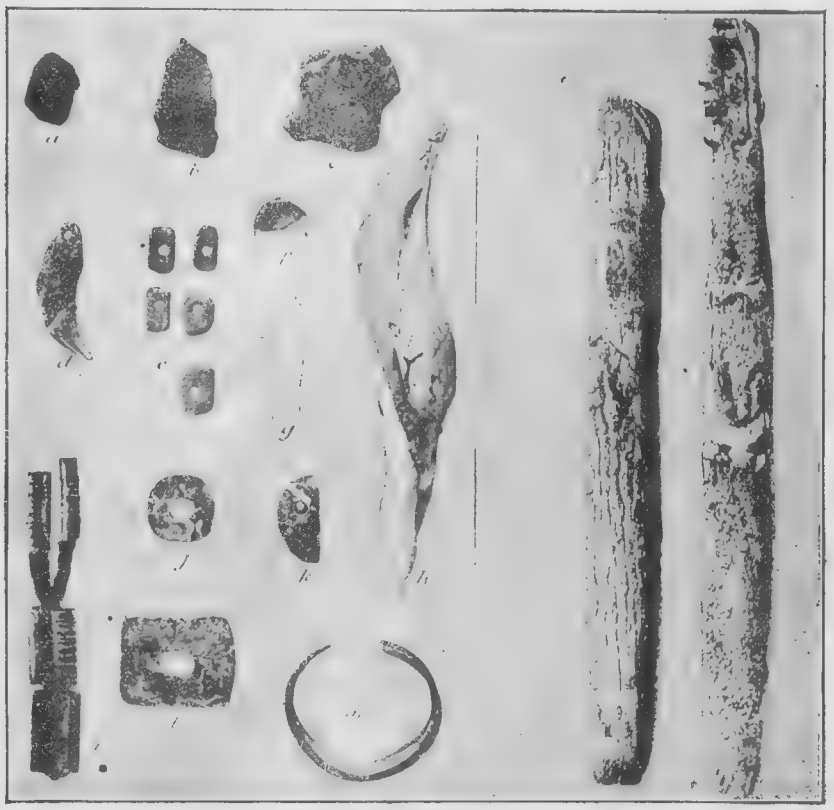
Digging Up The Indian Past

(Continued from Page 23.)

leglets of shells. Brighter colored and more capacious shells that could come only from the coast have also been unearthed from many graves showing that intercourse existed with the tribes along the Pacific. From the greater rarity of these shells it seems reasonable to suppose they were used as a sort of rude money, much as the many tribes throughout the central American States used wampum.

In all the objects exhumed and examined perhaps the most interesting to the average man is the short stemmed, tubular bowled pipe of sandstone. From the legends of the Indians of to-day and the strata from which the pipe was recovered it seems evident that smoking antedates by many years the coming of the white men. The leaves of a wild plant known as native tobacco was smoked. The leaves of the bearberry (uva uris) and the inner bark of the red willow were also consumed. Even to-day the Indians use the two latter to mix with the tobacco of the white men.

The evidence gathered and the tools, ornaments and other things collected seem to show that there has been practically little change between the inhabitants of a half dozen centuries ago and the Indians who greeted the first white men. And in material culture the Indian does not seem to have progressed with the advancing ages. In fact, what with the firewater and the diseases of the white men, it is questionable if the red man of to-day is as good a man as was his skin dressing, stone age forefather.



Ornament and War

Left Group, Dress and Ornament (a) red ochre; (b) yellow ochre; (c) green paint material; (d) pendant of perforated canine teeth of bear; (e) beads of bone; (f) perforated Pacific Ocean shell; (g) Pacific Ocean tooth shells; (h) shell pendant; (i) copper beads braided on cord; (j) copper pendant; (k) Galena pendant; (l) copper pendant; (m) copper bracelet.

Special Weapons for War—(a & b), bone clubs

A Message to Ministers from Gypsy Smith

"The spirit of the Lord God is upon me because the Lord hath anointed me to PREACH good tidings unto the meek. He hath sent to bind up the brokenhearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives and the opening of the prison to them that are bound."

The man who can say these words holds the greatest office in the world.

He represents God.

He bears the greatest message ever committed to a human being.

He possesses it and must tell it out. "Lift up thy voice, lift it up with strength, be not afraid. Say unto the cities of Judah, Behold your God."

There is only one book daring enough to say "Thus saith the Lord"—that is the preacher's book.

The preacher is

The Man With Authority

Let him be a good man, then all heaven is behind him. There is no limit to his work or the results of his work. He tells of light for those who sit in darkness, of strength for those who are weak. He carries comfort for those whose hearts are broken. He defies the open grave, for he preaches a Gospel which some day will split every tombstone and wipe every tear away, changing sighs into songs.

The preacher's message is one of hope, of light and joy because it is a message of salvation—salvation from guilt and power of sin.

The preacher must stand beneath the cross of Christ, the refuge for a lost world—his shame and his glory. He must be so hidden in the power and love and eternal mystery of that Atoning Cross that when he speaks those who hear will recognise the voice of God.

Oh, Brother Preacher, you are an honoured man, hidden in God, taught in the Sacred Place the secrets of God and His great loving and eternal purposes for men.

Your First and Last Business

must ever be to make that great mystery known—"To make all men see."

This must be done tenderly, lovingly, faithfully as in the presence of God.

The preacher should be the cheeriest and happiest of men. For with him there is no fear of failure—if he is faithful, God will see he is fruitful.

God has said, "So shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth, it shall not return unto me void but it shall accomplish that which I please and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it."

Believe in God.

Believe in your office.

Believe in your message—live, love, and preach with conviction, drenched in power of the Holy Spirit.

Then, you preachers may "Arise and shine, for thy Light is come and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee."

The Best Liver Pill.—The action of the liver is easily disarranged. A sudden chill, undue exposure to the elements, over-indulgence in some favorite food, excess in drinking, are a few of the causes. But whatever may be the cause, Parmelee's Vegetable Pills can be relied upon as the best corrective that can be taken. They are the leading liver pills and they have no superiors among such preparations.

The Beggar

By Margaret Pearce

And he cried and said: "Father Abraham have mercy on me and send Lazarus, that he may dip the tip of his finger in water and cool my tongue; for I am tormented in this flame."

* * *

"Ma sent me for a piece of ice for the baby; he's sick."

The statement was made in an awed little voice quite unlike the voice Martha Tently used when at play; but the "big man" of the little village of Shirley was always a subject of wonder and admiration to all the children in the place. He had lately arrived there to fill his dead father's place and he was newly rich. He eyed the small messenger a minute, to her consternation, and finally called:

"Lizzie, come here and see what this child wants and attend to her if you can"; then grumblingly under his breath, he said, "Always wanting something—always. Why in the name of peace don't all the idiots go to work and make something to live on instead of always begging."

Lizzie Walton came from the bedroom adjoining and fixed the little girl with a cold stare.

"Well, what is it?" her voice was as cold as the stare, and Martha felt turned to the ice for which she asked, but bravely she thought of the little brother burning with fever and repeated her quest. Albert Walton raised himself slightly on his elbow and said:

"She wants ice; this is the third request that has been made for ice in the last few days; the people round about here think we are made of ice. It makes the ice melt so to break it and it is expensive to haul it so far in the sun."

What he said was true; there had been much sickness that fall owing to the draining of his mill pond and the poor fever-racked people were too poor to hire ice hauled the 15 miles necessary.

Martha stood poised like a bird, ready to fly at the least notice; her little red hands showed the marks of hard work—young as she was; it was all her widowed mother could do to attend to the little boy who was ill and the biggest share of work fell to this child who ought to have been at play.

"Well, what would you do about it?" asked Mrs. Walton of her husband. "Of course we can't keep this up indefinitely, and they never offer to pay for it."

"I don't care if they did," growled Walton, "I don't want to be bothered with them anyway."

He let his head sink back on the pillow as though the task of denying the sick was a great effort but one that must be done. He was not a strong man, and while looking reasonably well most of the time spent much of his time in bed.

Lizzie Walton motioned the child to follow her and went to the huge refrigerator on the back porch and chipped off a piece of ice the size of a big man's fist; she handed it to the little naked red hand.

Martha took it in a doubtful way. She was surprised that the piece in her hand was so little and the piece in the refrigerator was so large. Mrs. Walton said nothing more, but slammed the refrigerator door and with a look filled with hatred for the world of poor folks on her face went back to her husband.

Martha scudded away home with her freezing hand clasping the ice tightly; she was so afraid it would melt before the precious little brother could taste it that she fairly flew over the ground. Doctor Yancy was bending over the crib and he it was who took the ice; his gaze met Mrs. Tentley's and he said:

"I am afraid we had disfurnished the kind people, they had only two hundred pounds; I saw it come in yesterday when I was at the store."

The woman smiled a tired little smile and she shook her head slowly expressing sorrow for the stingy.

"If you will shave some of the ice I will give it to him now," said Dr. Yancy, "then I will run across and telephone for some to be sent out at once."

The mother arose and did his bidding and when he was gone across the street she stood over the crib and cried, the little eyes knew her and the little arms reached for her, but she dared not lift him up; his face was wrinkled in pain and the moans he had split her ear and tore at her heart strings.

"My baby, my boy," she sobbed.

The doctor was returning and she wiped her eyes; his presence gave her confidence; he was faithful and he was doing all in his power.

"I will stay with him to-night."

Dr. Yancy turned his face to the strong light of the window; he was a little grey on the temples and it gave his noble face a tired look but the strong jaw and mouth showed no spirit of giving up; in that face Mary Tently saw her hopes realized and in the face of the woman before him the young doctor saw his dream of a home; a look as of a light leaped between them and they knew over this sick child that their souls were knit.

When the shades were drawn and the lamps were lit the doctor persuaded the woman to lie down while he sat and fought death till morning. He listened to the little sufferer's moans with grief in his soul and the wish that all big minds have in the presence of suffering—that he could take the burden himself; but when the first grey light crept in the window he knew that the fight was done and that he had been strong in his fight with his relentless foe; the baby stirred and opened his eyes to the doctor's face; a pale little smile meant for him, called a tear to the man's face and he stooped and fondled the sick child.

Stepping softly to her door he called the mother,

"All right," he said in a cheery voice; we win Mary; the baby will be well in a few days."

Then an unusual thing happened; he took her in his arms.

* * *

Many years passed and Ralph Tently was twenty-one—Martha was on the old maids' list, but she did not care—she was a trained nurse in a big city; Ralph was a rising young doctor; Mrs. Tently was Mrs. Yancy and all were doing well; in fact, Dr. Yancy was the best known surgeon in Austin.

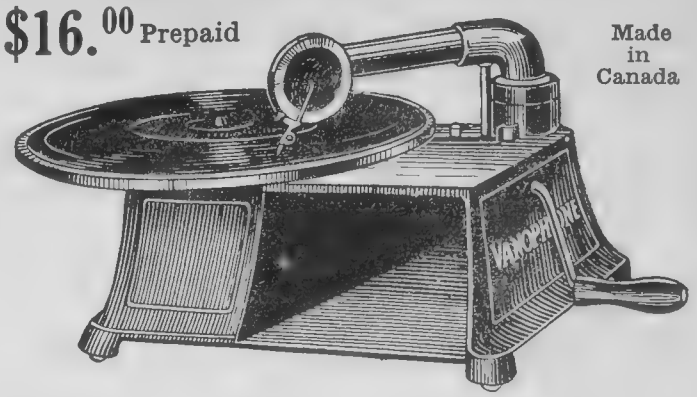
On a day when Ralph had come into

Feeding her Pet, a Highland Calf

The Vanophone A Modern Wonder in Talking Machines

$16.00 Prepaid

Made in Canada



The Vanophone is made of cast iron, very neat in appearance and small enough to be carried in a suit case.

The principal feature of the Vanophone is its wonderful tone quality which is equal to that produced by the highest priced machines. Can also be supplied in a beautiful cabinet—write for particulars.

Takes Standard Needles and Plays Any Size of Disc Record

Price of "Vanophone" prepaid to any point in Manitoba or Saskatchewan, $16.00.

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ALL THROUGH YOUR HOUSE DURING THE COLDEST DAYS IS TO BE HAD IF YOU INSTALL A

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WARM AIR

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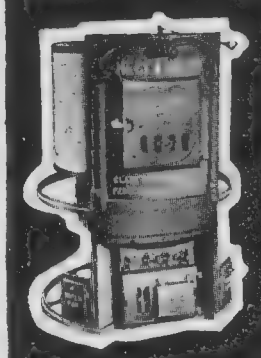

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Mrs. Goodwife says:—

"House cleaning time never finds me without a can or two of"

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Enamels **Lac-Shades**

"It can be used anywhere in the home for touching up or renewing worn out or shabby surfaces.

"It combines all the good qualities of a paint, enamel and varnish, and its glossy surface makes it a real 'clean up' finish.

"I don't have to buy a separate finish for furniture, woodwork, wickerwork or floors. Floglaze is suitable for them all and wears equally as well on floors as it does on woodwork.

"Old floors can be made to imitate hard wood floors by using Floglaze Ground Color, Graining-Tool and LAC-SHADES. Stairways and bannisters can be kept in good condition with its use.

"And there are thirty-six beautiful shades to choose from.

"It is indeed a handy allround clean-up finish that I simply could not do without." Every housewife should write for a color card and send ten cents in stamps for a sample tin to

THE IMPERIAL VARNISH & COLOR CO. LIMITED
WINNIPEG TORONTO VANCOUVER
CANADA

his lunch and they all waited on the surgeon, Mrs. Yancy was telling her children a story on the veranda of their home.

"Yes, Doctor Yancy sat over you all that night and fed you the ice Martha had brought, next morning there came out a delivery truck with a hundred pounds for you; we were afraid to send back to the Waltons for we knew we would not get any more, but the little they grudgingly sent helped you."

Ralph's handsome head was bent as he pondered the words; he thought of his great success as a doctor and the fame he yet would know through the goodness of the old doctor, his step-father; he thought too of the man who had sent the little piece of ice no bigger than a man's fist.

"Mother," he said, "that man did not know what a big thing he was doing for the world when he sent that piece of ice to save such a great doctor's life, did he?"

The smile that accompanied the words was a humorous one—as it should have been—for the truly great do not know their worth.

The mother returned his smile in a different way for she had travelled far and she knew the worth of this boy—also of her husband whose step sounded on the walk. Dr. Yancy was not very old looking yet and he walked with a firm quick step of the man who does things and has met success. When he had seated himself he addressed Ralph.

The two doctors went softly into the hall and waited; Mrs. Walton, with tear dimmed eyes met them and implored them to hurry. The great surgeon bent over the almost lifeless form, felt the pulse and waited a moment before he spoke.

"Blood" was the word that broke the silence and made death who looked on shiver in defeat.

"A quart of blood to save the life of Albert Walton." Who will let me draw from their veins a quart of their blood to transfuse into this man to save him?"

Mrs. Walton did not rise and hurry toward the doctor, neither one of his grown sons and daughters offered themselves but Ralph Tently asked quietly:

"Doctor, can you spare me a while?"

A light crept into the fading eyes of the great surgeon as he realized the sacrifice—all Ralph had planned to do in the next few weeks was forgotten. Dr. Yancy knew that he looked at a man roll up his sleeve and come forward.

Ralph was the begged and Walton the beggar.

The Wonderful Vanaphone

A representative of The Western Home Monthly recently called on Turner and Walker, 425 Henry avenue, Winnipeg, and had the pleasure of hearing the much heralded Vanaphone. Over twenty records, many of them by artists of world-wide fame, were played and in no single instance could any squeakiness be heard,

Had Weak Back and Kidneys.

COULD HARDLY MOVE IN BED.

When the back becomes weak and starts to ache and pain it is a sure sign that the kidneys are not performing their functions properly.

On the first sign of backache Doan's Kidney Pills should be taken and serious kidney troubles prevented.

Mr. Francis McInnes, Woodbine, N.S., writes: "I deem it my duty to let you know the wonderful results I have received from the use of Doan's Kidney Pills. For a long time I had been suffering from weak back and kidneys. I used to suffer the most at night, and some times could hardly move in bed with the pain. I could do no hard labor on account of my back. A friend advised me to give Doan's Kidney Pills a trial, and I am glad I did for the pain in my kidneys is gone; my back is strong, and I can perform any hard labor and get my good night's sleep. I only used three boxes of the pills."

Doan's Kidney Pills are 50 cents per box, or 3 boxes for $1.25; at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

When ordering direct specify "Doan's."

Major General Sir Sam Hughes Canada's Minister of War inspecting a Regiment of Canadian Indians.

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keeps your buildings from the costly, patched-up class. Not only ends those constant repairs that grow worse year by year, but retains for generations their value when first erected. Don't wait until your buildings have cost you twice their value in repairs. Pedlarize now with Pedlar's Corrugated Iron Siding. Easily and quickly put on. Booklet free. Write!

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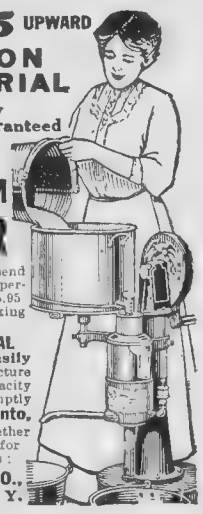

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Bowl a **sanitary marvel, easily cleaned.** Different from picture which illustrates our large capacity machines. Shipments made promptly from **Winnipeg, Man., Toronto, Ont., and St. John, N.B.** Whether dairy is large or small, write for handsome free catalog. Address:

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"WAVCURL" Imparts Beautiful PERMANENT CURLS. One packet sufficient, however listless your hanr. One testimonial says; "My hair soon became a mass of wavy curls." Result certain. Price 2s 9d. Special reduction for few weeks. Send 1s 6d only for large size 2s 9d packet.

The New Wavcurl Co., 67 Cromwell House, Fulwood Place, Holborn, London, W.C., England.

"Who do you think I have a summons to call on?" he asked. Ralph studied a moment and shook his head.

"Albert Walton."

The name caused no start for it came as a fitting climax to the story the mother had just told.

After a while, Mrs. Yancy spoke.

'What is the matter with him?"

"They don't seem able to tell," answered the doctor. "The doctors around Shirley have given him up to die, so Mrs. Walton writes and she begs and prays me to come."

"Will you go?"

The doctor looked long at his wife and both thought of the ice.

"I think I shall—if possible."

All the good that was in Ralph Tently came to his face. Even his mother and sister marveled, but the doctor made no sign, but long association told him the request the boy would make before it was spoken.

"Take me with you?" asked Ralph.

The doctor's jaw worked with emotion and he slapped the younger man on the back.

"You may go, my son," he answered.

A carriage met them at the station and took them to the Walton home; a shadow seemed to lay on every tree around the place. Everything was quiet; another time death waited to claim his victim. Would he do it, or was help at hand?

the music being distributed in a perfectly even volume in just the same way as on the high-priced machines with their special attachments. The secret is in the patented "Riceite" diaphram and the fact that instead of the usual flimsy sheet-metal base, a solid cast iron standard is used.

Band selections and fine orchestral parts are reproduced in a way that few would credit who have experimented with ordinary low-priced machines, but the supreme test is in the records of the human voice. There is nothing whatever of the metallic or tremulous waves that everyone is familiar with.

The wonderful little machine need only be placed on a table or on any solid foundation out of doors to do its work. Given a good record, it will certainly give results no less satisfactory than are obtained from an instrument costing ten times the money. If fitted into a cabinet, it can be removed and taken in a small grip to any point desired, and is really the only transferable cabinet instrument of the kind to be had that looks like a drawing room fixture and at the same time can with perfect facility be taken to the garden party or picnic.

It is certainly remarkable that such a high class machine can be obtained for the low sum of $16.00 and it is safe to prophesy a very big demand for the Vanaphone.

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"Chee-Poos-Ta-Tin," Oldest Member of Red Cross in Canada

By Max McD.

THE Red Cross branch on the File Hills Indian reserve at Balcarres, Saskatchewan, is unique in many respects. It has contributed over $1,000 to the fund, and, of its 130 members fully paid-up, 114 are Red Skins, the youngest, Earl Keewaydin, aged 2 months, the oldest, Chee-poos-ta-tin (Pointed Cap) aged 108 years.

The proudest of these is undoubtedly Old Pointed Cap. When the organization was first proposed the old Indian stood aloof, but after Inspector Graham had addressed the Indians at the File Hills Agency on the work of the Red Cross Society, Chee-poos-ta-tin came forward and said he wanted to join. He was received by the secretary and given a membership button which he has since proudly worn on his dirty, ancient, and rather dilapidated blanket. He is quite clear in his mind as to what is transpiring in Europe and expresses himself as "glad" to belong to an organization that is helping those who suffer for the people of Canada and Britain.

Pointed Cap is a Headman of His Tribe

Notwithstanding his great age, Pointed Cap was able to drive out for treaty payment last summer. He got out of the buckboard and sat near the tent of the paymaster smoking a good cigar which someone had given him. Pointed Cap is a headman, and as such his treaty money amounts to $15.00 a year. Last year, in addition to his treaty money, the Department of Indian Affairs presented him, through Inspector Graham, with a meat-chopper, designed to make government beef more palatable.

Regarding this old Indian a recent visitor to the File Hills Reserve writes as follows:

"When I went into Pointed Cap's home of logs plastered with clay the old man was asleep on his shake-down on the floor. A daughter was with him and also a very old squaw and another old buck. Outside, I had been introduced to Chief Hawk, a slim, keen looking Indian of middle age. I told the people not to wake the old man, but in a second or two he awoke of his own accord at the sound of our voices. His daughter, a buxom squaw, born in the year of the treaty, told her pre-diluvian parent that we were there, and he emerged from beneath the grey blanket with which he was covered, and sat up naked to the waist. He is blind; and notwithstanding his age has still a thick thatch of grey hair. His daughter said he insisted on lying unclothed. I gave him tobacco —a sack of Old Chum and a plug of MacDonald. The old man felt it all over very carefully, then putting it down, he waved his hands up and down two or three times and thanked me in a loud voice."

Saw First White Man to Enter Western Canada

Old Pointed Cap is remarkably well nourished and has a clear brain. He was born in the Cypress Hills in what is now Southern Saskatchewan, his father being a headman of the Crees and his mother an Assinaboine. The old Indian has very vivid recollections of encounters with the Blackfeet Confederacy, for many years deadly enemies of the Crees and Assinaboines. He remembers the coming of the first white man into Cree territory. "He carried a flag," said Pointed Cap, "and said he was a representative of the Great Mother across the big water and no hand was lifted against him." Though a man of war and the chase in his early life this bronzed old warrior has none of the marks usually found on the bodies of old Indians, and there is a marked absence of knife slashes inflicted often at the sun-dance and other brave-making ceremonies.

For many years "Chee-poos-ta-tin," as he prefers to call himself, has been blind. Attached to the door post and leading out about twenty yards into the grass is a rope. When the old man feels like it he finds his way along the rope to a restful spot at the door-front. Occasionally he loses the rope, and gropes about in the "dark," but he has never wandered very far away and some kind red skin has always brought him back again.

Gallant Red Man

Old Pointed Cap has always been noted for his love of the opposite sex. When nearly ninety years of age he rode to the Prince Albert country to sue for the hand of a young Indian maiden of whom he had heard. But she was not to be smitten and refused him. He then returned to his reserve at File Hills and consoled himself with a blushing young Indian of seventy years. Asked after a while how he liked his new squaw, he said she was not as good a worker as he thought she was. Socially and connubially she was a success, but industrially she was rather a failure.

"Chee-poos-ta-tin" has never embraced the Christian religion, but, before long, a messenger from the happy hunting grounds will come and fetch him. The old adage "the only good Indian is a dead Indian" has long ago been exploded, but when old "Chee-poos-ta-tin" has gone it can never be gainsaid that a good Indian is dead.

Showing Saskatchewan young Indians in khaki ready to do their bit.

Canadian Indians Go to War

By Francis J. Dickie

Probably the uniquest thing in connection with the raising of the Canadian army for overseas service are the various units of red men, the raising of which was begun upon the first of January, 1916. When war first broke out and Canada announced herself as an active participant, many Indian chieftains from various reservations came forward and offered men for service, but were refused at the time. Then, later, when Canada promised the Mother Country a half a million men, the government changed their minds, for every available man was needed. So on January 1st, 1916 word was sent out to all the tribes that Indians available for service would be accepted. The response was good.

Just as Tecumseh, the famous Indian warrior, one hundred and four years ago summoned his tribesmen to fight for Canada against the invasion of the United States, in the war of 1812, the Indians of to-day flocked to the colors. Of course the old panoply of feathers, paint, bow and arrow, tomahawk and scalping knife had to be dispensed with; but the new recruits seem quite adaptable to the khaki uniform and Ross rifle. The contrast of old and new is seen in the accompanying photograph taken at Regina, Saskatchewan, Canada, during the last week of May, just a few hours before the boys in uniform went on board a train on the first lap of the journey to the European battle ground. The older men are the fathers and grandfathers of the boys, those in war dress are famous chieftains; and they were very proud upon the occasion of their decendants going to fight for **The Great White Father.**

Spring Twilight

Singing in the rain, robin?
  Rippling out so fast
All thy flute-like notes as if
  This singing were thy last!

After sundown, too, robin?
  Though the fields are dim,
And the trees grow dark and still,
  Dripping from leaf and limb.

'Tis heart-broken music—
  That sweet, faltering strain,—
Like a mingled memory,
  Half ecstasy, half pain.

Surely thus to sing, robin,
  Thou must have in sight
Beautiful skies behind the shower,
  And dawn beyond the night.

Would thy faith were mine, robin!
  Then, though night were long
All its silent hours should merge
  Their sorrow into song.

—Edward Rowland Silt.

Doctors' Opinions of
CHIROPRACTIC METHODS
for the overcoming of disease as practised by DR. MUNRO

DR. G. H. PATCHEN, M. D., New York, says: **"Chiropractic removes the cause of disease more promptly, radically and permanently than any other known method."**

DR. A. A. GREGORY, M. D., Oklahoma City, says: "We know that most diseases are not curable by our ordinary method of medical and surgical treatment, while under Chiropractic acute diseases are cut short and aborted and chronic cases recover which have been believed to be incurable."

DR. R. K. SMITH, Boston, Mass., says: "The most severe case of renal colic I have ever seen was one I had attended with a dozen members of a great Boston Hospital. This case was recommended for an operation after all regular methods had failed, but before we could operate it was instantly cured by a single Chiropractic adjustment."

DR. CHAS. MAYO, Rochester, Minn., says: "Surgery will some day give way to something else. Preventative Medicine will replace surgery. And Col. Sol. Long, noted American attorney, adds: "That day is now here for Chiropractic is Preventative Medicine."

If you suffer from any of the following ailments or any others not mentioned send in a description of your case and learn how Chiropractic will affect you. Anemia, Aneurism, Angina Pectoris, Appendicitis, Acne, Billiousness, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Constipation, Diabetes, Dropsy, Diarrhoea, Deafness, Dyspepsia, Epilepsy, Eczema, Goiter, Gall Stones,Gastritis, Fever, Headaches, Heart Disorders, Hernia, Hysteria, Insanity, Influenza, Insomnia, Jaundice, Lumbago, La Grippe, Laryngitis, Liver Trouble, Lung Trouble, Neuralgia, Neuritis, Nervousness, Mumps, Piles, Paralysis, Pneumonia, Prolapsus, Pleurisy, Quinsy, Rheumatism, Rickets, Sciatica, St. Vitus Dance, Stomach Trouble, Tonsilitis, Typhoid, Spinal Curvatures, etc., etc. **HERETOFORE INCURABLE CASES PREFERRED.**

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Ruby-Throated Visitors

By G. W. Bartlett

ALOW continuous humming in the lilacs caused Bernard to look up from his book. He could see nothing but two quarrelsome sparrows in the topmost boughs. He had scarcely settled himself again in the hammock beneath the maples when the same sound, louder and nearer, brought him to surprised attention. To and fro, and in and out, among the scarlet-runners on the lattice, over and through the honeysuckle hedge, darted a radiant little creature, scarcely larger than a big dragon-fly.

When it poised before a flower, on the shaded side of the shrubbery, it was dark, with glimpses of white and red. But in the sunlight as it floated lightly from blossom to blossom, it glowed with the metallic lustre of some light fairy creation of the jeweller's richest and most delicate art-resplendent in blue, green, and gold, whose hues chased each other with the speed of light itself. "A humming bird!" said Bernard breathlessly, "and there is another!"

For a few minutes the boy watched the restlessly flitting creatures darting hither and thither, poising here and there on vibrant wings to extract honey from the flowers of the hedgerow. At first he thought they were extracting it with their long bills, but further observations with a glass showed that they used their long slender tongues for the purpose. He was also surprised to note that the ants and small flies in the flowers formed a considerable portion of the diet.

The birds darted forward, backward or to either side with equal facility and suddenness. A pair of angry sparrows flew into the hedge, followed by a raucous gang of neighbors from the eaves of the house. This undesirable company was not acceptable to the little visitors. With a lightning movement, Mr. Ruby Throat darted in. The nearest sparrow gave a squawk of astonishment and flitted a rod further on, apparently uncertain of the exact nature of his trouble. The next sparrow realized that the bushes were becoming rather too warm for comfort, and followed. Every time a humming bird darted in, two or three sparrows flew out; until all the rowdy crew took themselves and their squabbles to the kitchen roof.

He would never have found the nest, but for the neighbor's cat, a disreputable old grimalkin, who spent his nights in savage vociferous battles with his kinfolk, and his days in predatory warfare against the feathered inhabitants of the neighborhood. A huge, grim, battle-scarred veteran he was, with ears chewed back close to his head, muzzle lined and seamed with scars, and one great yellow eye gone forever in some sanguinary duel of his evil past.

Old Jowls soon detected the tiny nest in the thicket, and anticipated no serious opposition to a raid on the little home. When the disreputable old rascal set out on his fell errand, two irridescent spots of flame flitted and hummed among the twiners; but the cat paid no attention to them. He reached the tree, climbed leisurely up the trunk, walked carefully out a branch, then paused with nose working eagerly, his yellow eye glowing, the tip of his tail waving to and fro in excitement. An easy leap away, was another branch, and a yard above it a light swaying twig bearing the tiny nest. The twig would not hold him, but he might reach the nest by a bold leap.

As the invader gathered himself for a spring, there came a sound like an angry hornet, only louder. He thought it was a hornet, very likely; for he saw nothing, and felt only the stings—two of them—first in his ugly yellow eye, then in the great empty socket of the blind eye. Again and again, came the hum and the sting. Jowls was a proved warrior, but what courage could stand against such invisible terrible onslaught! The old ruffian leaped to the ground and fled. For the next few weeks he avoided that line of hedge.

When Bernard went to explore the nest, he took the precaution to put on a pair of heavy thresher goggles to protect his eyes. Well for him that he did. The valiant little guardians darted at him again and again, striking lightning blows at the glasses with their needle-like beaks. Finding these attacks unavailing, they at last desisted, but hovered on humming pinions two feet away, alert and watchful.

Though the boy knew the tree he had some difficulty locating the nest, so beautifully did the artistic little home harmonize with its environment. It was made of shredded leaf-fibre, neatly set on the outside with white lichens, till it looked like nothing so much as a punky knob on the branch. The inside was lined with light fluffy fibre, and in this nestled two white, translucent, delicate eggs, scarcely longer than a common bean; yet the two eggs nearly filled the nest, which was scarcely three quarters of an inch across the inside. Then to add the last touch of completeness, two leaves were daintily canopied together over the tiny home.

When Bernard had satisfied his curiosity, he retired to the screen of vines of the verandah. The parent birds having assured themselves that all was well at home, resumed their quest among the flowers.

As the young watcher observed the birds from day to day, he was surprised that he could never see either of them going to or from the nest. Day by day he tried to catch them in the act, but all to no purpose. At last, one afternoon, after he had taken a look at the nest, he resumed his post of observation and was scanning the row with an opera glass. A sudden rustle in the tree drew his attention, and to his astonishment the little bird hopped, from nowhere, on to the nest. All he had noticed was a downward rustle of leaves. He thought it over, and could find no solution of the puzzle, unless—was it possible that the birds flew to a height and then descended with a speed defying the power of vision! A few days careful following up of this clue convinced Bernard that his guess had hit the mark. In all their home comings they flew to some invisible height and dropped with lightning speed into the tree. They made their exits by the same route.

Ten days later the young birds were hatched. Strange, uncouth, little naked objects they were, about the size and shape of a very slender wasp! The parents were very assiduous in their attentions, and very fierce in their defence of the nest. That blatant lord of the backyard, the Leghorn rooster, ventured to lead his retinue of hens to this forbidden corner. Little notice was taken of the intruder, until after scratching about for a few minutes, he flew heavily into a low branch, and trumpeted forth a loud crow. Just what happened next, he probably did not know, any more than did the half-dozen hens who shared the panic and the rout.

Until the young birds were feathered, and able to fly uncertainly about in their queer reeling fashion, the front hedgerow was strictly guarded from the approach of bird or beast, capable of harming the little nestlings.

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Now readers, would you like a suit or pair of pants absolutely free! A most astounding offer is being made by a well-known English firm! They have discovered a remarkable Holeproof Cloth. You can't tear it! Yet it looks just the same as $20 suitings. You can't wear it out no matter how hard you wear it, for if during six months of solid hard grinding work every day of the week (not just Sundays), you wear the smallest hole, another garment will be given free! The firm will send a written guarantee in every parcel. Think readers, just $6.50 for a man's suit, and only $2.25 for a pair of pants, sent to you all charges and postage paid, and guaranteed for six months' solid grinding wear. Now don't think because you are miles away you cannot test these remarkable cloths, for you simply send a 2 cent postal card to The Holeproof Clothing Co., 56 Theobalds Road, London, W.C., Eng., for large range of patterns, easy self measure chart and fashions. These are absolutely free and postage paid. Send 2 cent postal card at once! Mention The Western Home Monthly.

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Milburn's Laxa-Liver Pills are 25 cents per vial, or five vials for $1.00; for sale at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

A Man's Price

"Every man has his price," said a cynical college student to a young professor.

He waited for a reply, and as the instructor said nothing, he asked, "Don't you think so?"

"If I did think so, I should hate to admit it," said the professor. "I could not very well accept that theory for all men without conceding it for myself.

"You remember the old fallacy concerning the Cretan who said, 'All Cretans are liars. If all Cretans are liars, this Cretan is a liar; but if he is a liar he is not to be believed when he says, "All Cretans are liars." But if he speaks falsely, and Cretans are not all liars, perhaps this Cretan is not a liar.'

"If I say, 'Every man has his price,' I may not be entirely right about all other men, but I have made a dangerous admission concerning myself."

"I wasn't exactly yearning for a review in logic," said the student. "I'd just like to know what you think of it as a practical proposition. Isn't the real difference between what we call a good man and what we call a bad man a difference in price?"

"I will answer you seriously, and I will say I do not think that is the whole difference. It may be a part of the difference. You and I, who have never had to face the terrible temptations that have overwhelmed some other men, may well judge them with charity, and pray to God that we may not be led into temptation. For as every stick or beam has its theoretical breaking-point, as you have learned in your study of physics, so I suppose there is not a man of us who has not a point of weakness at which, if tempted above measure, he would yield. In that sense it may be true—probably is true— that every man has his price."

"That was what I meant," said the student.

"I don't think it was," said his teacher. "I am sure I do not mean what I think you meant, nor what is commonly meant when it is said that every man has his price. I thank God that I have known men who held honor above all price, and who, in spite of human weakness, would have died before they would have betrayed a trust."

"It seems to me you contradict yourself," said the younger man.

"I do not think so," said his teacher. "I have conceded the theoretical breaking-point of every man's resolution, but I have not conceded that it will break, or that it does break. Very many times—oftener than not it does not break.

"I have trusted many men, and few have betrayed me. Although more of them might have betrayed me if tempted inordinately, still I do not think most of them held their trust at a price. This is my own confidence in myself, and in most men about me, that I am not holding myself for a price. And I have one other confidence, namely, that no man can set that price but myself."

"Doesn't the man who offers the price set it?"

"He does not. The man who prays to God to be kept from temptation, and who goes steadily about his duty, not valuing his honor in terms of anything marketable, is to all intents and purposes above all price. He ranks among the great and unpurchasable things of life, the love of God, the grace of Christ, the sacrifice of mother-love, the glory of integrity. And if he sells anything it is not honor, but himself.

"'Still as of old,
Man by himself is priced;
For thirty pieces Judas sold
Himself not Christ!'

"And so I don't believe that all men have their price. I don't want to believe it of myself or of my neighbors. I still believe that Satan lies, and that it is not true of Job nor of a good many men that 'All that a man hath will he give for his life,' nor yet for the things of life.

"Love and honor and duty are above all price, and I believe a good many men hold them so. I hope always to believe this, and I want to be one of those men."

The Flying Hours

By Miriam S. Clark

Twelve little birds fly by in a row—
Bright little birds are they;
Shining and free and as blue as can be,
And these are the hours of the day.
The sun shines warmly across their wings
As they flutter their way along,
And now and again, in their joy of things,
They carol a daytime song.

Twelve little owls fly by in a row—
Silent and dark their flight;
Gray little things with shadowy wings,
And these are the hours of the night.
But the last of them all, as he hovers low,
Is flushed with a radiant pink.
This is the good little sunrise owl—
I like him the best, I think.

Young People

A World of Trouble

A wee gray mouse on a pantry shelf
Sat nibbling her midnight tea;
A banquet meet for a princess to eat,
Yet sighed as she munched, did she,
And quoth, "Ah me! if it weren't for cats,
How pleasant this world would be!"

A tabby cat on a sunny step
Was lapping her morning tea;
She'd milk and mice and she'd ev'rything nice,
Yet sighed as she lapped, did she,
And cried, "Dear, dear! if it weren't for dogs
How lovely this world would be!"

A prudent pup in a hiding place
Was gnawing his midday tea;
"With silly kits to be scared into fits,
And sumptuous bones," mused he,
"Alack, alack! if it weren't for boys,
A heaven this world would be!"
—The Congregationalist.

Your Pet Birds and Their Care

The outdoor bird, flying here and there and everywhere, does not need the services of a manicure, but the house bird, whose only exercise is hopping from the perch to the swing, frequently needs to have its claws cut. If a bird is not tame you will need to use much care in capturing it, for all birds, and canaries in particular, are timid little creatures, and can be literally "frightened to death." The best time to catch the canary is when it is sleeping; but, if this is not convenient for you, catch it by covering its head, not by seizing its tail or body. To examine its feet you should place the canary on its back in your left hand, with your thumb at the base of its tail. Held thus the bird will not struggle, and you can trim its claws easily. As you hold the claw to the light you will notice the blood channel, which you must be careful to avoid. Although the work of manicuring is not really difficult, it is something of an ordeal, both for yourself and your pet, and it is well to remember that, as a rule, the need for it can be avoided by giving the bird a rough perch, which will tend to keep the nails short.

The most scrupulous cleanliness is necessary in keeping captive birds in good condition, and so your cage must not only be roomy but of such a sort that it can be cleaned easily and thoroughly. It is never a good idea to buy a secondhand cage. No matter how thoroughly you clean it, there is danger of some infection about it which will injure your pet, and make your piece of economy an extravagance in the end.

It is a good idea to put fresh sand in the bottom of the cage every day. If this is not convenient, place a piece of paper under the cage where the bird roosts at night, removing it in the morning. This will help in keeping the sand clean, and make such frequent changes unnecessary. The seed and water cups should be not only filled every day, but should be washed out. Once every week the cage should be sprinkled with insect powder and the perches scalded.

The younger your bird, the better your chances of taming it. It seems as hard to teach an old bird new tricks as the old dog mentioned in the proverb. It is not easy to raise a bird by hand, but those who perform that experiment successfully have no difficulty with the taming question. The bird which has taken its food from your fingers since it was too young to know the meaning of fear, regards you as its best friend.

In case you are trying to tame an older bird, do not keep the cage hanging on a hook out of reach. Let it stand on the table, so that the bird can see you and become acquainted with your presence. Put your fingers through the bars and your hand in through the door frequently, but be very gentle and deliberate in all your movements; the bird which once becomes thoroughly afraid of you is tamed with great difficulty.

After a time you can make the experiment of letting the bird loose in the room. If it flies about wildly at first, be very careful not to catch its excitement. If you are quiet and composed it will become tranquil after a time. Very often a piece of chickweed or lettuce placed in the cage will lure it home when the time of its excursion is up. If it shows no intention of returning, you must catch it, but do this very carefully, or it will be further than ever from taming after its taste of liberty. One of the best ways of catching a canary is to throw a handkerchief lightly over it before seizing it. There are a few birds which cannot be tamed, but their number is comparatively small. The chances are that, with time and patient effort, your pet will come to your whistle, perch on your finger, and show to the best of its ability that it has given you the entire love and trust of its little heart.

The parrot is more easily tamed than most birds. Perhaps because its strong beak is such a satisfactory weapon, both offensive and defensive. It shows none of the fluttering timidity of its golden-hued rival in the family affections. It perches on the wrist or shoulder of its master or mistress, and from this point of observation looks on all that is taking place with the dignified tolerance of a bird philosopher. We have known a parrot which was accustomed to accompany its bird mistress on her daily bicycle ride, perching upon the handle bars, and seeming to enjoy the scenery and fresh air quite as well as the other partner of the cycling trip. Another parrot would perch upon a cane and allow itself to be carried anywhere, never betraying any sign of insecurity in its exalted position.

Of course a bird which is allowed comparative freedom is tamed much more easily than one which is confined in a cage, but it is said that a bird chained to a perch or given the freedom of a room does not learn to talk as readily as one which is kept in close quarters; so, until Polly has mastered a satisfactory vocabulary, it is not advisable to be too generous in the matter of liberty.

You should remember that a parrot which is thoroughly tame in the way of being perfectly tractable where you are concerned, may be hostile and suspicious towards strangers. Do not encourage your friends to take any liberties with your parrot. Many an inquisitive forefinger, poked through the bars of Polly's cage, is given a crunch which the owner does not speedily forget. Then, too, parrots are of decidedly jealous dispositions, and often show resentment towards their mistress' friends by a vigorous nip. Just as you keep a fierce dog muzzled when strangers are about, it is well to keep Polly in the seclusion of her cage at such times when you have company.

An Adventure

But here is an adventure in a den of outlaws that is not fiction nor legend, but a sober narrative of fact. Audubon, the naturalist, himself relates the story as one of his experiences while on an exploration trip on the prairies of the upper Mississippi.

He had had a long march over the open prairie one day without seeing a single house. As night approached the distant howling of wolves warned him to reach the shelter of the woods before lying down to sleep. Soon after entering the woods he saw firelight, and approaching, found a cottage. He was happy at the prospect of shelter for the night and knocked at the door. A tall, rough-looking woman appeared, and on hearing his request allowed him to enter.

When he went in he found there was another guest, a fine-looking young Indian, who sat before the fire with his head bowed, paying no attention to anything. Audubon spoke to him in French, and the Indian turned his head, showing that he had an injured eye.

The old woman expressed great wonder and admiration over Audubon's fine gold watch. Watches were not so common in those days and were very expensive. Audubon, to please her, put the

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How to Win the Car

Every man and woman, boy and girl who reads the Canadian Thresherman and Farmer is heartily invited to enter our "Wheat Estimating Contest." The competition is open to everybody in Western Canada who complies with the rules and all who enter have an equal chance to win the car. Think what pleasure you could have touring the country with this beautiful, speedy and comfortable automobile. Someone will get it—why not you?

We will present this handsome "Chevrolet" automobile (1916 model) to the first reader of the **Canadian Thresherman and Farmer** who estimates nearest to the number of **Whole Kernels in Three and One Quarter Pounds** of No. 1 Northern wheat between 1st April, 1916, and 31st July, 1916. The contest is open to every bona-fide farmer in Canada, except residents of Winnipeg. This $725 car is all complete with Electric Starter and Lights, Mohair Top, Windshield, Ameter, Speedometer, Tools, etc., and will be delivered to the winner F.O.B. Winnipeg. The car is on view in this city now and may be seen at any time.

Contest Closes July 31st, 1916

About the Wheat

The wheat is a fair, clean sample of No. 1 Northern obtained from the Dominion Grain Inspector at Winnipeg. The wheat and bottle were taken to the Dominion Weights and Measures Office and exactly three and one quarter pounds were weighed and poured into the bottle, which was immediately sealed up in the presence of two witnesses. The bottle was then photographed and deposited with the Union Trust Company, Winnipeg, and will remain in their vaults until the contest closes, July 31st, 1916, when it will be taken out and counted by a board of three judges, none of whom are in any way connected with the Canadian Thresherman and Farmer. Everyone who sends in a year's subscription for the Canadian Thresherman and Farmer, either new or renewal, is entitled to estimates as explained. These estimates may be credited in whatever way desired, and you may send in as many estimates as you wish. Remember every additional estimate increases your chance to win the automobile. Estimate early and increase your chance of winning, for it is the first one that estimates nearest to the number of whole kernels that wins the car. Don't be afraid to try. One kernel may win you the grand prize. For further particulars, write to the **E. H. Heath Co., Ltd., Winnipeg**

Don't let this opportunity slip by. You have just one month in which to win the car. Send your estimates in now; then drive the Chevrolet home on August 1st. In previous contests of this kind one of the very last guesses taken won the prize. You have the same chance.

Someone will win this car—You can be the lucky person

This is a photograph of the actual bottle of wheat after it had been weighed and sealed. The cut shows it much reduced in size.

Estimates will be accepted as follows:

1 year's subscription at $1.00 gives you	3 estimates
2 years' subscription at $1.50 gives you	7 estimates
3 years' subscription at $2.00 gives you	11 estimates
4 years' subscription at $2.50 gives you	15 estimates
5 years' subscription at $3.00 gives you	19 estimates
6 years' subscription at $3.50 gives you	23 estimates
7 years subscription at $4.00 gives you	27 estimates
8 years' subscription at $4.50 gives you	31 estimates
9 years' subscription at $5.00 gives you	35 estimates
10 years' subscription at $5.50 gives you	40 estimates

Note—By taking out a subscription for more than one year you reap the benefit of a lower rate in addition to increasing your chance of winning the car by receiving more estimates. Subscribers who have already renewed their subscriptions may also enter the contest—their subscriptions being extended from the date they are due to expire.

Contest Closes July 31st, 1916

Address all communications to

E. H. HEATH CO. LTD.
WINNIPEG, CANADA

E. H. Heath Co. Limited, Winnipeg

Please find enclosed $.....for.....years' subscription for the Canadian Thresherman and Farmer to be sent to

Name.....

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My estimate as to the number of whole kernels in

3¼ lbs. No. 1 Northern Wheat are.....

If more space is required for names and estimates, use a blank sheet and attach securely to this coupon.

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You wouldn't think of cutting your grain with a reaper, yet your wife to-day is probably doing the washing with a washer just as much a relic of the past as the old reaper is.

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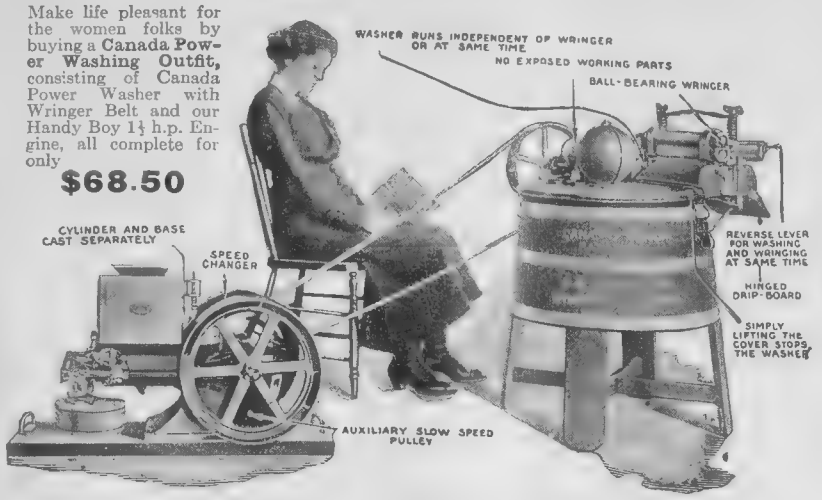

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We Let You Test This Outfit 30 Days before you need keep it. Send us your order to-day and be convinced that the Canada Power Washing Outfit is one of the best values and labor savers ever made.

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Calgary FALL TERM commences Monday, Sept. 11th, 1916 **Alberta**

Write for CALENDAR and College Literature

REV. G. W. KERBY, B.A., D.D., Principal

heavy gold chain over her neck and let her wear the watch about the house awhile. She told Audubon to help himself to food, so he took some venison for himself and his dog. Just then the Indian arose from his seat and walked to and fro in the pain from his eye, but as he passed Audubon he pinched him. When Audubon met his eye he gave a terrible frown that struck a chill to Audubon's soul. He understood that there was danger here. He asked for his watch from the woman, wound it up, and put it in his pocket, then he went out-of-doors to see what the weather was and took this opportunity to load his gun. He came in, and calling his dog close to him, lay down on a heap of bearskins the old woman had pointed out for his bed. Even the dog seemed to feel the danger, for it kept an anxious eye fixed on the woman. Presently other voices were heard, and two brawny young men came in carrying a deer they had killed. They thought Audubon and the Indian were asleep, so they asked who they were. The old woman bade them speak softly. Then in a whisper she told of the gold watch and chain. The Indian exchanged a glance with Audubon, meaning that he would help him when the time came for them to fight for their lives.

The two men ate their supper and drank so much whisky that Audubon felt he need fear nothing from them. But though the old woman drank too, she did not become helpless. After a while she took a large carving-knife, and going to a whetstone began to sharpen it. You can imagine the feelings of the Indian and the naturalist, who lay watching this ghastly proceeding through half-opened eyes. Presently, with the knife sharp enough, she aroused her drunken sons and bade them kill the Indian while she slew the white man. Audubon lay with his gun ready, while she was creeping toward him with the knife in her hand.

But at that moment of danger the door was opened and two travelers, who had been attracted by the light, entered. Audubon and the Indian bounced up and told the tale. The wretches were bound until morning, when they were driven away into the woods. There was nothing else to do with them, since there were no courts or prisons within a hundred miles, and none of the travelers wanted to take the responsibility of executing them.

All the goods in the cabin were given to the young Indian, and the cabin itself was burned to the ground. So that place, at least, attracted no more unsuspecting travelers to a dreadful fate.

The Deciding Vote

There lives in a western state a humble old lady whose interest in politics is confined to the single fact that her son was elected a number of years ago a member of the legislature, and has several times since been re-elected. What he has actually done in the legislature she does not know. She has no doubt that he has done all that a good boy, grown to be a great man, ought to have done or could do; and one good thing, at least, he did to justify her confidence.

When the legislature assembled in the autumn of 1906, the son visited his mother, and chided her good-naturedly for not reading the speeches he had sent her. She had saved them all, and knew just where they were; but she confessed that she had not been able to read them all, nor to understand very well what she had read.

"But you're going to make a speech this year that I shall read, every word," she said.

"Tell me which one that is, and I'll be sure to make it," said he.

"It's the one on the anti-saloon bill," said she.

"Oh, that one!" he said, somewhat confusedly.

"Yes. I know it will be a good one. My boy, you know what liquor did for our home years ago. I have prayed all the years that my son might grow up to save other boys from his father's fate. And this is your opportunity. I know you will be true to it."

"Well, mother," replied the son, "I don't know that I have much confidence in these efforts to make men good by legislation. You can't very well do more than regulate the liquor traffic. The attempt to prohibit it altogether always fails. I don't know that I can make a speech in favor of that bill."

But these arguments fell unheeded on her ears. She did not take them seriously. She thought her son joking, as was his wont.

"Oh, I know you like to tease me," she said, "but I know you'll vote for that bill, and speak for it. And I shall read every word of your speech, and I shall pray for you every day, that God will bless that speech and make it win the fight."

The son had, indeed, expected to speak on the bill, but on the other side; and he never had doubted, nor had his political friends, which way he would vote. But the weeks went by, and the fate of the bill hung in the balance, and he kept his own counsel. It was assumed, however, that he would vote against the bill in the end, and so his silence caused no uneasiness to the liquor men.

"I know why you are waiting," wrote his mother. "You are waiting to make your great speech when the great fight comes. God bless you, my boy! I am praying for you. How proud I am of you!"

It was that letter that put all doubt aside. When the lines began to tighten and a deadlock was threatening, he first voted on an amendment which forecasted his final action. That vote brought surprise to the friends of temperance and discouragement to the friends of the liquor cause.

And when the bill came up on its third reading, he spoke. He did not see the members of the House, but he saw an old woman, reading his speech through spectacles that required frequent wiping, and it was a speech that carried conviction.

The vote was so close that any one of a dozen things might have turned the scale; but among the stories told in the committee-rooms, after the bill became a law under which several hundred saloons were obliged to close, is that here related. It is the true story of the way a mother's prayers and confidence had their decisive influence in the making of a law.

Hints on Artificial Incubation

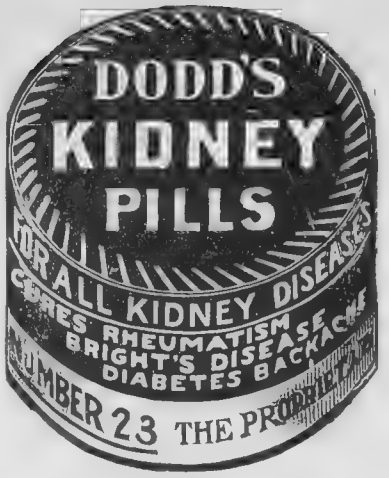
More chicks can be hatched at one time by means of the incubator; and, for a given number of eggs, the incubator requires much less attention than does the necessary number of hatching hens. Pullets required for winter laying should be hatched during April and May, thus in cold climates the incubator becomes a necessity, as often the poultry keeper is unable to secure the requisite number of broody hens at this season, writes A. W. Foley in a recent Canadian poultry bulletin.

The incubator is a necessity because under advanced methods of poultry farming the poultryman requires to renew his flock each year. Thus the man with 100 hens would require to hatch each year 300 chickens because a reasonably large percentage of the chickens will be cockerels, and of the remaining pullets a number will not possess the characteristics of good layers. These with the cockerels should be crate fed at a suitable age and marketed. In attempting to hatch 300 chickens by natural means, the poultry farmer would find the task too great because he would be unable to secure a sufficient number of broody hens at the proper time to hatch this number successfully.

Location of Incubator

The incubator should be operated in a well-ventilated room, preferably one that is unheated and affected as little as possible by foreign heat. A well-ventilated cellar or an ordinary living room is satisfactory, writes A. W. Foley in a Canadian poultry bulletin. Care, however, should be taken that the position of the incubator is such that it will not come directly in the line of any draft, nor where the rays of the sun can fall on it.

Most manufacturers of incubators send out illustrated directions for putting each together, and anyone of average intelligence should find no difficulty in setting the machine up ready for operation. Care should be taken to have it stand on a floor or foundation that has little or no vibration. The incubator should also be perfectly level as determined by a spirit level. It should be disinfected after each hatch or immediately before placing the eggs in the machine. A suitable solution for this purpose may be made by mixing one part creolin with 10 parts water. The interior of the incubator, including the egg trays, should be thoroughly washed with this solution and the eggs placed in the machine at once.



Her Health

She was not strong enough physically to do her work well. Her dresser was well decorated with bottles of medicine and she visited the medical man regularly. Her case was hard to diagnose scientifically. However the plain practical woman with whom she lived understood.

She went out with her young man friend four or five evenings a week and came home about eleven o'clock. She stood at the door shivering another hour.

When it was cold enough to wear a winter coat she wore a thin suit, sheer white blouse and summer underwear. She thought nothing of getting her feet wet.

Her clothes were tight and the heels of her shoes high. In the winter she never wore rubbers and the soles of her shoes were thin. Manitoba snow is cold and frosty in winter.

Her collar was low to show a bead necklace—the doctor treated her for throat trouble. The body is a sacred temple. How can the mind develop and the soul live in a wrecked temple?

When Mr. Sandman Comes

Benny Benton's bedtime comes at 8 o'clock,
Then the silent sandman gives a silent knock.
Enters very softly, looks around a bit,
Passes all the armchairs where the grown-ups sit,
Walks straight up to Benny, never stops to think,
Makes him go to yawning, makes him wink and blink.

But the sandman's kinder to the grown-up folk,
Lets them stay up later—laugh and talk and joke,
Sing, and read nice stories—doesn't care a dime
Whether they have bedtime any special time.
Sometimes Benny Benton wants to sit up late,
But the sandman always comes to him at 8.

The Typhoid Fever Patient

By Dr. Edith B. Lowry

IN PERHAPS no other disease is the nursing of as much importance as it is in typhoid fever. In fact, in this disease if I were to choose between medicine and a good nurse, I would take the latter. Upon the nursing depends, to a great extent, the life of the patient.

To properly care for a patient with any disease, the nurse, first of all, must understand the nature of the disease, what it is and what its dangers are.

Typhoid fever is an acute, infectious disease which has its seat of infection in the intestine, where it forms ulcers. It is characterized by increased temperature, prostration and a tendency to hemorrhage and perforation.

Although the exciting cause of the disease is a germ called Eberth's bacillus, there are several predisposing causes. If the resistance of the person has been lowered by exposure, poor food, overwork or previous disease, he is much more liable to contract the disease than if he were strong and well. A healthy person may be able to resist the disease even though some of the germs have entered his system.

The germ, or bacillus, gains entrance to the body in several ways, but the principal means of ingress are through the drinking water or through the food. The former probably is the most common method. The small creeks and streams that lead into the water supply of cities frequently carry germs from some sewerage that has been thrown into them. The germs are found in abundance in the feces of a typhoid patient, and, through carelessness, may be carried to others.

The onset of the disease is slow. The patient complains of feeling tired, with a disinclination to any exercise. He usually has a headache and nosebleed, perhaps a backache. His appetite is poor, the bowels either constipated or too loose. These symptoms may continue for a week or two before they become so severe as to cause him to consult his physician.

The disease runs a rather typical course. The temperature ranges from 99 degrees to 103-105 degrees for two or three weeks, then gradually declines. The patient is not considered well until the temperature has remained normal for ten days. This usually means that he will be confined to his bed for about six weeks.

Now, if we consider that the disease really is a number of ulcers in the intestine, we can care for the patient more intelligently. Movement of any kind would tend to irritate the inflamed area, therefore, the patient should lie quietly in bed. Food taken into the intestine would have to pass over the inflamed area and irritate it more, therefore it is advisable to eat as little food as possible. As solid matter would irritate more than liquid, it is deemed wise to restrict the patient to a liquid diet. As there are a number of blood vessels in the intestines, some of which are perilously near the ulcers, there is danger that the ulcer will slough into the blood-vessel wall and cause a hemorrhage. Sometimes the wall is worn very thin by the ulcer, and any little exertion would cause it to rupture. For this reason the patient should not be allowed to exert himself in any way. He should not sit up, nor, in some cases, even turn over without assistance. He should not be required to raise his head to take a drink, but should have the water and food given him through a tube. As the feces and other excretions contain the typhoid germs, we must take care in their disposal that no one else contracts the disease through our carelessness.

Now that we have a general idea of the disease, we shall take up the special points in nursing and the measures recommended in the treatment.

Prevention

The nurse is responsible to the community for the precautions she takes against the spread of the disease, therefore, it is incumbent upon her that she should not neglect any detail. No half measures should be tolerated. The germs of the disease are in all the secretions of the patient. These include the feces, the urine and the perspiration, as well as the secretions of the nose and mouth, therefore, all these must be disinfected. The germs can be carried from the patient on the hands, the hair, the clothes or anything that has come in contact with the patient, so these also must be sterilized.

The urine of the patient may be disinfected by adding to it an equal amount of five per cent carbolic acid and mixing the two thoroughly. The urinal should be washed thoroughly after being used, and a small amount of the carbolic acid allowed to remain in the vessel. The feces may be disinfected in the same manner, but they should be allowed to stand mixed with the solution for from one to three hours. If they are thrown out before this time, the germs will remain in the ground and then be washed away by the next rain, and carried, perhaps, to some stream of water used for drinking purposes. There are on record a number of cases of an epidemic starting from one patient. In one case, the patient had typhoid during the late fall. The feces were thrown out on the ground. The next spring an epidemic of typhoid was started in a town two miles below. The spring rains had washed the germs down into the water used by the inhabitants of the town.

The secretions from the mouth and nose should be burned. The patient may be provided with a number of small pieces of cloth, which may be burned after being used. A paper cone pinned to the side of the bed within easy reach of the patient's hand makes a good receptacle for the soiled cloths. Once or twice a day the cone can be burned and replaced by a new one. This makes it unnecessary for the nurse to handle the soiled cloths and is very convenient.

The dishes used by the patient should be kept separate, washed in a pan that is not used for other purposes, and boiled before being used by anyone else after the patient is well.

As the secretions of the skin also contain the germs, the bath water should be disinfected with a little chloride of lime before being thrown out. The bed linen and night clothes of the patient should be placed in a five per cent carbolic acid solution as soon as removed from the bed, and then should be boiled thoroughly before being used again. The nurse's clothes should be treated in the same manner as the patient's clothes. The nurse also should bathe her own face and hands carefully before even taking a drink of water, thus avoiding danger of carrying into her system any germs that may have got on her hands and thus been carried to her lips.

Great care should be taken to prevent the access of flies to the patient's room or to any of the excretions, as these flies take upon their feet the germs of the disease, carry them away and deposit them upon the food which may be eaten by other people. Even after the patient is convalescent, he should disinfect his own urine and feces, as the germs remain in the system for some weeks.

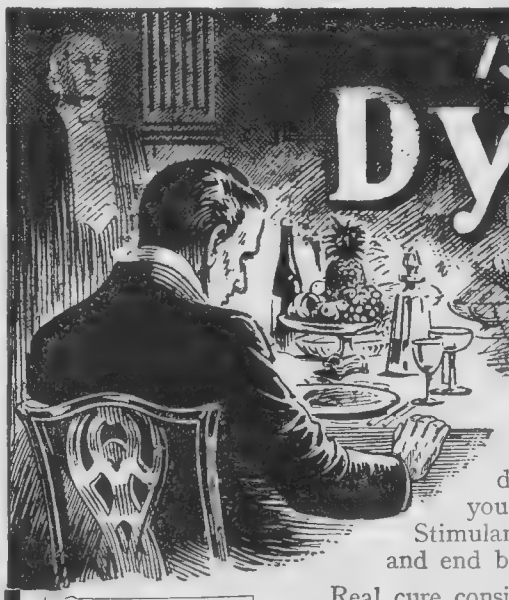
Curative Treatment

In regard to the patient himself, strict measures of hygiene should be carried out. He should be in a room by himself, far enough from the noise of the living room so he will not be disturbed, and far enough from the kitchen so that he does not get the smell of the cooking. If possible, a single bed should be provided, as this makes the care of the patient so much easier. He should lie in bed with, preferably, only one small pillow. His position should be changed frequently so as to prevent bedsores. The nurse should help the patient turn. During the height of the disease, the patient is inclined to lie on his back all the time, but the nurse should help him turn on his side and then arrange pillows so that they will support his back, for the patient is too weak even to hold himself in that position. The back should be rubbed morning and evening with alcohol. If there are frequent urinations, the buttocks should be rubbed with alcohol, then castor oil, which treatment makes the skin impervious to moisture. Should any redness appear, a rubber air cushion should be inserted under the patient to relieve the pressure. Bedsores usually are an indication of careless nursing, although in a few cases they are unavoidable.

The mouth should be kept scrupulously clean. In this disease there is a tendency to the accumulation of a brown deposit called sordes. In order to keep this from accumulating, it will be necessary to cleanse the mouth several times a day. Boric acid solution makes a good mouth wash. To this may be added a little glycerine or lemon juice.

The diet in typhoid is a debated question, and each physician has his favorite list. However, all agree that the diet must be liquid. Some limit this to milk and its preparations, while others allow soups, broths, and, in fact, anything that will pass through a fine sieve. Whatever the diet, about four ounces should be given every two hours. Water should be given freely at all times. When a change of diet is allowed, this should be quite varied. Meat broth, cocoa, strained gruel, egg albumen, nutrient tea and coffee, lemonade and orangeade are some of the common articles allowed. Nutrient coffee is made by adding a little strong coffee to a cup of hot milk. Nutrient tea is made in a similar manner. Albumen water is made by straining the white of an egg through a cloth and adding this to a cup of water. A little lemon juice also may be added. No solid food should be given until the temperature has remained normal ten days, and then it should be added very gradually, the temperature being watched closely in the meantime. Should there be any rise in temperature, the solid food must be discontinued for a few days. While the patient is on liquid diet he should be fed through a tube, so that it will not be necessary for him to exert himself to raise his head.

The temperature is kept in check by means of baths. The daily warm sponge bath should not be neglected. At this time it is wise to change the bed clothing also. There is a typical odor to typhoid patients which necessitates the frequent changing of the clothing. Whenever the temperature is 103 degrees or above, the patient should be given a sponge every four hours. The warm sponge for temperature is given more commonly now than the cold sponge. In a few cases it may be necessary to give the ice pack. Whenever a sponge or pack is given, the pulse should be watched carefully and a record made both before and after the sponge. A weak heart is a counter-indication for sponging. The temperature should be taken before the sponging is commenced and a half hour after it is finished. Plenty of water given internally helps to reduce the temperature, as, also, does heat to the feet and cold to the head.



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Woman and the Home

The New Ship

Oh, the old ship has sailed, love,
That brought us pain and pleasure!
Oh, the old ship has sailed, love,
Full of our tears and treasure!
She sailed away last night, love,
Some other port to win;
Oh, the old ship has sailed, love,
But a new ship is in!

Oh, the old ship has sailed, love,
I watched her late departing,
And heard the midnight chant a song
In sad voice at the starting.
Thro' tears I saw the leaving,
Mid snow and wind and din;
Oh, the old ship has sailed, love,
But a new ship is in!
—Scharmel Iris, "The Woman Beautiful."

How I Raised My Baby

Our June baby was a bouncing baby who weighed fourteen pounds at birth, and at three and a half months weighed this picture was taken, weighed twentwenty-three pounds He is now eight years old and in the fourth grade, as big and bonny as he was when a baby. His father often remarked when Alton was a baby, "It's a pity he isn't a commercial food baby instead of being breast-fed for we'd have his picture in all the magazines in the country, showing the advantages of their particular food."

For this "bouncing baby boy's" first toilet there were provided a small woolen blanket, a cake of pure castile soap, an ounce of absorbent cotton, a box of talcum powder, boracic acid powder, safety pins, large and small, a jar of cocoanut oil, a soft towel, a wool shirt, two cotton squares, a bandage and a wool petticoat and muslin slip.

These were all kept together in a small basket.

Six night gowns of outing flannel, six wool petticoats, six slips, all 24 inches long, cut princess and open down the front, 3 pair woolen stockings reaching to the knee, one-half dozen woolen bands, four wool long-sleeved shirts; fifty cotton diapers were also provided. These are all necessaries, and extras were added in the way of white embroidered skirts and dresses. Fine cloths, however, add nothing to baby's comfort.

Regular Feeding

He was nursed regularly at the breast every two hours at first, later every three hours, twenty minutes at a feeding.

It is important that this habit of regular feeding be impressed from the start, as nothing can add so much to baby's health and mother's comfort. (I know, because I've tried both ways. My oldest boy was nursed whenever he cried, if it was five times an hour. I could always stop him crying for the time being by nursing him, and in my inexperience I knew no other way. He was naturally a strong child, and throve despite this treatment, but he was the crossest baby and liked to wear us all out.) If the milk is too rich, as it usually is at first, I would interrupt his feeding and give him a teaspoon or two of plain warm water or lime water. At the age of three months he was given a bottle of cereal diluent in place of one of his regular nursings and at eight months old, two bottles a day. Thus weaning was an unconscious performance. He never knew he was being weaned for gradually the cup and spoon were substituted for the bottle, and there was no wear and tear on mother's or baby's system.

The cereal diluent was made by cooking fifteen minutes one-half to one teaspoon of oatmeal, barley, sago or rice in one-half pint of boiling water, strain and add to it a teaspoon of lime water and a tablespoon of cream and a little taste of sugar. As he approached one year, in addition to his regular milk food, stale bread and milk, cornstarch pudding, well cooked cereal with cream and sugar, crackers, plain cookies and milk, were given him. After the age of one year, till past two, he was allowed soft egg, chicken or beef broth, meat gravy eaten with bread, custard puddings, cooked fruits of all kinds, rejecting skins and seeds, bread and plenty of butter, honey and fruit jelly, plain cookies, but all the time milk was the chief article of diet. He was never given meat but once.

A Lesson

At the age of two years while he was cutting his back teeth he was given a chicken leg with considerable meat on it and a few hours after he went into a severe convulsion. This was a terrifying experience but he was at once placed in a tub of very warm water followed by a large dose of castor oil. Also given a rectal enema of a pint of slightly salted water. Needless to add his diet was restricted and the experience was never repeated.

To Avoid Colds

All his bathing and dressing was done in a warm room. A sponge bath was considered sufficient till he was a month old. He was never allowed to get chilled, hence the importance of having him wear wool stockings, band and shirt. The sides of his crib were lined to prevent draughts and the large drygoods box, painted gray on the outside, was lined and padded for warmth and to prevent bumps. This box was a source of much satisfaction to us both, for a creeping child means a croupy child ofttimes, to say nothing of the danger and mischief the little one was kept out of while mamma was busy.

Here he had his toys and when older, learned to stand upright by grasping the sides of the box.

Bow Legs Straightened

He walked at the age of eleven months, in spite of his excessive weight and because of it he developed a distressing case of "bow legs." By persistent rubbing his legs on the outside of the curve and also rubbing his back every night and morning with a little warm cocoanut oil, the ugly curve was obviated and at eighteen months he had as sturdy and straight a pair of legs as any one could wish to see.

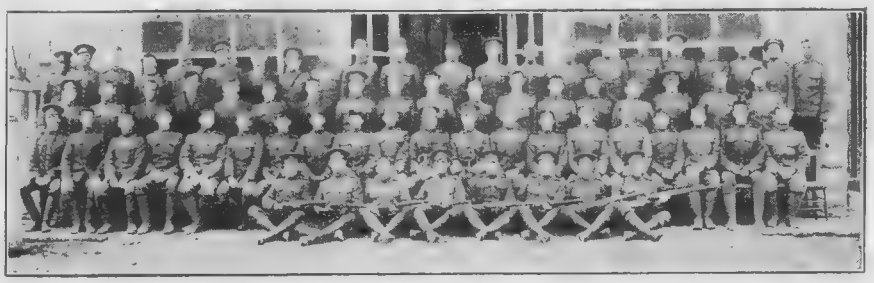
Valuable to Remember

It's very hard to "doctor a cold" in a young baby, so prevention is better than cure. The best remedy I used was a little warm vaseline dropped in each nostril and a warm outing flannel (not flannel) night cap for his bald head, worn till his cold was relieved.

I do not suppose it is necessary in this day and age to say "Never give soothing syrups or paregoric." They all contain preparation of opium, cover up real conditions, are detrimental to digestion, to say nothing of the danger of an overdose. I have never allowed it in the house.

Fresh Air and Sunshine

It was my custom to allow my baby to take his daytime naps in his carriage on the porch on sunshiny days in the winter, and you may be sure he was warmly dressed in coat, cap, leggins,



No. 8 Platoon (Gladstone Detachment) who were recruited here during the winter by Lieut. Morton, and who are now at "Camp Hughes." On two inspections they were picked by the Colonel as being the best on parade

warm pillows and fur robe and woolen blankets. How his chubby cheeks would glow when mamma lifted him from his warm nest after his outdoor nap, and how he would kick and gurgle, as if life was one grand sweet song. He was dressed in gingham rompers at the age of six months with a long sleeved short petticoat and wool shirt under this, which was his regular uniform for two or three years. Also long stockings and shoes.

Plenty of Sleep

A regular hour for retiring and regular time for forenoon and afternoon nap till he was four years old, helped to keep him fat and good-natured. Even when he was not sleepy, his face was washed, his shoes taken off, and he was placed on a bed, and in a few minutes his eyelids would close and he was on to "Bylo-land."

A baby grows when he is sleeping. If any unforeseen circumstances interfered with his regular naps, we had a peevish, unreasonable child, and he was not to blame for it. His sleeping room was ventilated an hour in forenoon and in the afternoon.

Little Things That Count

From the very first his eyes were bathed every day till he was 2 or 3 weeks old with a solution of one teaspoon of boracic acid in a glass of warm water and he was kept in a moderately dark room the first week, and this prevented eye trouble. This same preparation was used as a mouth wash. After each feeding his mouth was swabbed with this which prevents canker sore mouth.

Extra pains had to be taken to keep him from chafing for he was so fat. By carefully drying him each time and dusting with talcum powder, all chafing was avoided. The daily bath was never neglected in warm water or cold as agreed with him best.

So much depends on us mothers as we start our child on the voyage of life whether we give it a wise start. Experience teaches much, and lacking that, we can derive much by the observation of those well experienced in baby lore. Rules can be laid down and good rules are of great value, but we mothers must learn to apply them, for ourselves, suiting them to each individual child. The best advice I can give to young mothers is the advice of Samanthy Allen's "Be mejum." Strike the happy medium in all rules pertaining to baby's welfare. Don't, in your anxiety to secure fresh air, chill the baby in draught, and don't go to the other extreme and keep him in a sweatpack of flannels in an overheated room. "Be mejum, be mejum," in all things.

—Mrs. Jessamine Bergum.

A Boy's Room

I have been watching with interest the evolution of a room shared by two brothers.

They have a top floor to themselves and one room is their chamber and the other is their "den." The den was quite a promising room to begin with for its ceiling is open up to the peak of the roof, and it has two gable windows so it is always cool and airy.

The boys carried in their two Morris chairs, battered but comfortable, and their bookcases, which are crowded with boys' books. They covered the walls with their pictures and banners, and they had fixed the place up almost before any other room in the house was ready. (Did you ever notice how much more willing boys are to fix up than to clean up?) There was an ancient melodeon, from which one of them in moments of sadness would extract lugubrious melodies, and there was of course the usual collection of Indian clubs and sporting bric-a-brac.

One of the lads went to work last summer for the first time. He left home at ten in the morning and he took the job that he had hunted up himself at eleven. His father had promised him that he should have his earnings to spend as he chose, and he started out with the noble resolve of saving it toward his education. But after a series of hot days of our midsummer, he changed his mind and came home one day when the vacation was nearly over carrying a twenty-dollar phonograph.

Now I don't want to advertise talking machines, but I do wish to state that that boy conferred a blessing upon his whole family. The phonograph traveled all over the house, though its resting place was in the den. When the house-sold had to eat peanut butter for breakfast it raised their thoughts to higher levels with the sextet from Lucia, and on cleaning day it shed optimism abroad on the pinions of Red Wing. The boys' savings went into "records," but the family chipped in, too, and many guests were forced to listen to the diversified repertoire.

When Christmas was approaching one of the boys heard of a bargain in a secondhand billiard table, and he proposed an original plan for securing it. He would present a part of it to his father, and the father would present a part to him; his brother would do the same, and Father would reciprocate; then the two boys would present the rest to each other. The total would buy the table. This was agreed to, and within an hour the male members of the family were on their way to examine the article.

The last thing the father was heard to say was: "Now, boys, we won't say anything to the owner to-day about buying it. We will just get the price." Fifteen minutes later all returned and Father was carrying the front end on his shoulder!

The den became suddenly popular in the neighborhood, and serious-looking lads were constantly heard ringing the doorbell and telling the maid that "they had come to return a book," but it would be several hours before they would be heard clumping down the stairs. The table was a center of genuine enjoyment to the whole family all winter, and it never lost in interest, though it occasionally stood against the wall for a time, while a boxing match went on.

One object in the room has not been mentioned. It was a box with a cover and a padlock. It was known as "the treasure chest," and it was mysterious. I was never allowed to look inside. But I have understood that it contained things to eat and that it furnished those supplementary meals which doctors recommend as needful to growing youths. The empty plates and glasses that were frequently found under the adjoining beds have been thought to bear out this theory. The mother was reconciled to these nocturnal repasts in general, but when an unopened jar of preserves disappeared, some earnest questions were asked which restricted the menu from the treasure chest thereafter.

Everything is good in its place. The bile, which, under certain conditions, causes so much distress, is of the greatest value as an antiseptic and cathartic when it is properly handled by the liver.

The chief function of the liver seems to be the filtering of bile from the blood, where it acts as a poison, and pouring it into the intestines, where it hastens the course of the food mass through the alimentary canal, and by its antiseptic influence prevents fermentation of the food.

When you suffer from biliousness and indigestion and have a coated tongue, bitter taste in the mouth, headaches and loss of appetite, you will do well to look to the condition of the liver. Other symptoms are wind on the stomach, which causes belching, and the formation of gas, which gives rise to dizziness and pains about the heart.

Because the liver has failed, the food in the alimentary canal is fermenting instead of being digested, looseness and constipation of the bowels alternate, the whole digestive system is thrown out of order and the blood is poisoned.

By immediately awakening the action of the liver and bowels, Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills affords relief for this condition most promptly. On this account they are generally recognized as the most effective cure for biliousness, liver complaint, indigestion, constipation, and the pains and aches which arise from poisons in the blood. The benefits are lasting because this medicine removes the cause of trouble.

One pill a dose, 25 cents a box, all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto.
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This marvellously low price of $9.75 and 5 selections free of charge, carriage prepaid, should not be confused with cheap machines. Plays all standard disc records of any size that use needles, with perfect clearness.

Colonial Mahogany finished cabinet, hornless model. All metal parts are nickel-plated. Extra powerful single spring motor, speed regulator. Elegant music for private dances, camps or the home. Send to-day and you will have music the moment it arrives. Remember our guarantee is back of every machine. Reference: Bank of Hamilton.

The "Ford" of the Talking Machine World

Plays disc records of any size and make. Has a sound reproduction equal to many of the high-priced machines; is equipped with speed regulator, spring motor and reversible sound box; plays one large or three small records with one winding, not a toy, but a real phonograph. Order To-day. If machine is not what we claim, money will be refunded.

Only $498 Oak Finish

Save 60 per cent on Phonograph Records

$1.50 brings you 3 double disc full-length, high-quality records; six carefully chosen selections from the world's most popular music.

"A PERFECT DAY"; "OH, PROMISE ME," both sung by Henry Burr.
"BLAZE AWAY" and "UNDER THE DOUBLE EAGLE"—two stirring marches.
"RAGGING THE SCALE" (Fox-trot) and "TESORO MIA" (Waltz)—two ideal dance numbers.

Do not confuse these records with a cheap product. They are seven inches in diameter, play about as long as the standard ten-inch records and equal them in quality which we guarantee to you. They will play on the Edison, Pathe and other machines, without an attachment, and on the Victor and Columbia with an attachment, which we will send you free. Postage 15c. extra. Give us the name of your machine when ordering. We will also send a list of other records. Some at low price.

Western Phonograph Co.

357 Somerset Block Winnipeg, Man.

Who's Your Dentist?

Does painless dentistry appeal to you, dear reader. If it does, look me up. Ask any business man in Winnipeg whether or not I am reliable. I could not do dental work for so many of Winnipeg's business and professional men and their families unless I did my dental work with less pain and better than they could get elsewhere. When I first came to Winnipeg dentistry was a luxury on account of the high price. I made possible specialized dental work at moderate prices—and think, the big consideration is

IT IS GUARANTEED

Nowhere in Western Canada can you get the service and kind treatment that you get here.

DR. ROBINSON, Dental Specialist

Remember the Place BIRKS' BUILDING, WINNIPEG

The Home Doctor

By Dr. Leonard K. Hirshberg

IF all the doctors were to die to-day, and if all quacks, charlatans, sects, cults, pious practitioners, midwives, osteopaths, talismen, homeopathists, eclectics, chiropractors, new-thoughters, hand-layers, electric tricks, radium, patent medicines, magic devices, grottos, and all the rest of scientific and non-descript appliances were to disappear now and forever from the face of the earth, the human race would continue on, undestroyed, to its prophesied destiny!

There would, nevertheless, be a titanic difference. If there were no adept surgeons or alert, painstaking diagnosticians, mankind would be unaffected and progress as usual, but the individual, himself, you, your children, and your loved ones, would have no percentage chance in your or their favor. You could not survive, for example, if you were among the two in the hundred unless a surgeon was present with sterilized lancet, rabies vaccine, diphtheria serum, lockjaw antitoxin, blood staunching adrenalin, salvarsan and his millennium of instruments for diagnosis and treatment.

Indeed, it may be said without fear of contradiction, even by the smug, thayeristic dogmatists of medicine, that poor and mediocre doctors have but slight, if any value to a community, and that even the ultra super-appocrates are only necessary to save individuals once or twice in a hundred severe illnesses.

Where the diagnosis is correct, it has been found all over the world and for generation after generation that one or two persons in every five who fall ill with pneumonia, surely die. This is an undisputed truth, deniable only by those who do not know how to diagnose a cough and a pain in the chest from true pneumonia. The numbers of recovered three out of four have remained the same since the memories of honest hospital physicians have been recorded.

It is the same with that eternally present Yellow Peril, typhoid fever. From eight to ten persons in every hundred infected with Dr. Eberth's typhoid bacillus succumb to its vicious ravages. Irrespective of doctors, hospitals, and all sorts of tried and much vaunted treatments extending over hundreds of years with baths, antiseptics, ice, heat, and what not, there has always been ninety or ninety-two patients to recover in each hundred, and eight or ten to die of hemorrhages, perforated intestine, exhaustion, or some other complication. Whether they were untreated or treated the long run of statistics are the same.

Once in a while, true enough, a surgeon has stepped in, operated upon a typhoid victim, and rescued him from the brink of the grave by stitching together the perforated intestine. But, as I said before, this rare feat of successful dexterity, may save you or your child, but it does not add anything to the human race all told in a thousand years. Selfishly, the surgeon was necessary to you, but for the general welfare and great average of data one life more or less means little, as witness the Great World War of the present moment.

If every doctor, surgeon, antiseptic ambulance, antitoxin, vaccine, and other curative measure were removed from the scene of strife, it might only raise the death rate and invalidism one-fourth. Germany and England could each lose one million soldiers annually on the battlefield from disease and wounds and their vital statistics would scarcely show any increase in the death rate over peace years. Actually, Germany in the pre-bellum days showed a death rate each year of 1,000,000. If she loses another million in the war, it will only be 2,000,000 dead in a population nearly 70,000,000.

This is not a pessimistic account, but it is probably the first time you have had the straightforward truth about the luxury of the earthly possession of doctors. The lordly arrogance and inordinate superfluousness of doctors is here for the nonce set down. It means, in fine, that all the needless engorgement of the globe with a great and noble profession is like employing a Gargantuan locomotive with which to haul a peanut. It is putting butter on bacon and gilding refined gold.

Notwithstanding the inevitable and predominant essential of the living fabric to return by its own healthful elasticity to normal, despite doctors, drugs, and desperate onslaughts, there is a distinct need for the thorough-going, diligent, unsleeping, zealous doctor. The human tribe as a whole does not need him, for dead men tell no tales and ninety odd survive, where a few fall by the wayside.

Be that as it may, when your baby has diphtheria, when your youngster is bitten by a mad cat or a hydrophobic dog; when a steam engine half-severs your right arm; when a threatened epidemic of scarlatina, cholera, plague, or smallpox is almost upon your household, it is then that you sorely need any one of the laboratory medical men, whom the whole of mankind may truly dispense with. He can save you and your loved ones, though he be not worth a soap bubble or an unreturned submarine to the whole world.

A Refreshing Pause in the Beaming Sun.

Professor William Halsted, the distinguished chief surgeon of the John Hopkins Hospital, once said that if he was about to practise medicine upon some South Sea Island and was given a choice of medical equipment, he would select a hat full of red sugar pills and a cauterizing iron—nothing more.

St. Luke gave the command: "Physician, heal thyself" and a more modern inspiration argues that "death will seize the doctor, too." Perhaps the bad logic of humanity is no better exemplified than in the faulty observation, which fails to note that physicians fall ill with incurable ailments.

Cicero pointed this out with Cassandra-like consequences. Sulpicius tells you not to imitate those unskilful physicians who profess to possess the healing art in the diseases of others, but are unable to cure themselves. One of Martial's old epigrams brings this matter home thus tersely: "Siaulus, lately a doctor, is now an undertaker; what he does as an undertaker he used to do as a doctor."

True enough it be that physicians, of all men, are most happy, that whatever good success soever they have the world proclaimeth, and what faults they commit the earth covereth, yet I have known a bald headed doctor, himself without one, single solitary whisker on

his head, to triumphantly make two hairs grow upon many other heads where only one grew before.

There is no banter, but serious, absolute, and immovable truth in even the most facetious thrust at medical inactivity. Dean Swift was more than an inspired philosopher, when he maintained that "the best doctors in the world are Doctor Diet, Doctor Quiet, and Doctor Merryman." A French proverb puts it in a different, yet equally accurate fashion, to wit: "There are three doctors—who do not deceive themselves—merriment, mild exercise, and modesty in diet."

It is most painful, and naturally enough, it is aggressively resented by didactic and propaedeutic medical men—to be told that the best they can do in most instances is to avoid mischief and injury. Indeed, until a few years ago no scientist or physician dared assert this truth without fear of ostracism or the accusation of "violation of the code of ethics." Then on New Year's Day 1901 Dr. Osler, in an article in the Sunday Sun of New York paid a great tribute to several cults of "irregular" medical practice, semi-quackery and Christian Science. In his article he said that these particular forms had this much in their favor, namely, they do no harm. Homeopathy gives inert, sweetened, fatuous drugs, Christian Science is a reaction and recognition of the futility of nauseating mixtures.

Perhaps, I may emphasize this with a recent experience. The telephone rang. "Doctor, Mr. S—— has pneumonia. He has been ill with it three days. Dr. M—— a homeopath is in attendance. We wish to change physicians and have a scientific, laboratory man—that is, a non-homeopathic physician—attend him." I at once advised that the homeopath be kept in charge "because they can do no harm." Mr. S—— soon recovered. You see, a homeopathic physician is much like not having a doctor. Therefore no harm ensues.

Do not mistake me. There are various malignant maladies, which require the active skill of the foremost physicians and surgeons of the best universities and hospitals. This, however, does not offset the discovery of the past decade that ninety-eight human distempers in every hundred will recover and re-establish the healthful tissue equilibrium of vitality through nature alone.

Massage is often of Benefit to Babies

Mothers often ask me if massage is good for babies; massage is simply a form of passive exercise, and if the child has been ill and is too weak or delicate to care to exercise naturally, massage well given is no doubt a great benefit; but if possible a doctor or a nurse should show the mother how to give it properly. Mothers often rub their babies with cod-liver oil and think they see wonderful benefit from it, while in reality it is the massage which really is proving beneficial, promoting good circulation in rather delicate, inactive children. It is well to lubricate the hands with something when giving massage, however, but I prefer either olive-oil or cocoa-butter to cod-liver oil; the latter ruins the clothing and has such a disagreeable odor that one often feels sorry for the poor baby who must endure it all the time.

Massage of the hands and feet is sometimes helpful to babies who habitually have cold extremities; a little salt may be used when rubbing these parts.

"That Tired Feeling"

An able English medical writer has lately written a most interesting paper bearing the title, "On Being Tired," in which he offers what may serve as an excuse for many who have been dismissed with the diagnosis, "lazy."

It is a scientific fact, proved by exhaustive experiments with delicate recording instruments, that fatigue has a chemical basis; the body manufactures its own fatigue-toxins more rapidly than they can be thrown off; and it is quite possible that there are persons who inherit a special tendency toward this unfortunate form of manufacture, and that they are the persons described as "born tired."

There are others who, although not "born tired," fall into a condition where they either manufacture their toxins of fatigue too rapidly, or, through some fault of metabolism, fail to throw them off fast enough.

Many such sufferers would find themselves helped, as if by miracle, if submitted to a course of treatment tending to thorough purification of the liver and intestinal system, and for this reason the treatment advocated by Metchnikoff of keeping the intestinal tract under the daily influence of doses of lactic acid, either in tablet form, or in milk treated with it, may cure cases of permanent tiredness that have resisted other treatments.

It is small wonder that those who suffer from chronic fatigue should be found very irritating by their fellows, for the reason that work is the only thing they seem to balk at. When the idle British workman says, "I eats well, I drinks well, I sleeps well, but when I sees a job of work coming along, I'm all of a tremble," it is natural to think of a thrashing as the best solution. But modern science steps in and says, "No, keep the thrashing till the last. First examine his eyes, his heart, his digestive system; put his body in perfect condition, cure him of poisoning himself, make him well, for few really well persons are lazy."

In that form of chronic fatigue caused by a weak heart muscle, much good may be done by a system of living which tends to strengthen the heart and improve the circulation, for a muscular system imperfectly fed by the blood cannot be in good condition.

In such cases exercise should be graduated and increased very slowly from day to day, and may be much helped by some form of tonic treatment. Many persons whose laziness takes the form of balking at reading or writing or other concentrated mental effort recover as if by magic when properly fitted with glasses

---

Fresh Supplies In Demand.— Wherever Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil has been introduced increased supplies have been ordered, showing that wherever it goes this excellent Oil impresses its power on the people. No matter in what latitude it may be found its potency is never impaired. It is put up in most portable shape in bottles and can be carried without fear of breakage.

At the Door

By Arthur Macy.

Is that you knocking at the door,
Mr. Wind?
Is that you knocking at the door?
You needn't knock so hard,
For the door is always barred,
So you needn't leave your card,
Mr. Wind.
Is that you knocking at the door,
Mr. Rain?
Is that you knocking at the door?
We think you'd better stop,
For we do not need a drop,
And we haven't time to mop,
Mr. Rain.
Is that you knocking at the door,
Mr. Snow?
Is that you knocking at the door?
You may try the window-sills
And the valleys and the hills,
But you give us all the chills,
Mr. Snow.
Is that you knocking at the door,
Mr. Sun?
Is that you knocking at the door?
You're welcome here to-day,
For you bring good news of May,
And we hope you've come to stay,
Mr. Sun.

The hottest of the Summer days are still to come, so that there is still the question "How best can you get through them in comfort." Here, as in all other circumstances, **EATON** Service gives the most satisfactory answer.

Personal comfort in the heat of summer can be obtained most surely from the wearing of suitable clothing. With this especially in view our buyers have, during the past months, searched the Eastern markets through to make sure that everything new, smart, and "summery" should be first offered to **EATON** customers throughout the West.

That they have succeeded it needs but a glimpse at our Summer Style and Spring and Summer Catalogues to convince you. Costumes and dresses in all the new modes, of all the popular materials, Taffeta, Rajah, Paillette and other Silks; fancy and plain Voiles; striped, dotted and checked materials, are well illustrated. You can order any of them and be sure of satisfaction. Indeed, to still further help you, **"TECO"** will do your personal shopping in our city store should you not find illustrated just the style you want, or should you desire distinctive costumes, or for trousseaux and similar special occasions.

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Skirt Lengths, 38 and 40 inches. Sizes 32 to 44-inch Bust. Price prepaid. $3.95

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Be Carefu., Now!

A little wound—even a pin-prick—opens the way for germs. What you apply should be utterly sterile. It is folly to take risks.

You should have on hand
B&B Absorbent Cotton
B&B Gauze and Bandages
B&B Adhesive Plaster

Then call a physician—always—for more than a minor wound.

Be Sure of B&B

B&B dressings have, for 22 years, been made to meet hospital requirements.

They are made in a model laboratory, under ideal conditions, constantly supervised by highly-skilled chemists.

They are *twice* sterilized by costly apparatus, in the most efficient way. The rooms are equipped like operating rooms, filled with washed air.

Then our cotton is protected by a Handy Package. You never touch the unused part—never remove the roll.

It also comes in germ-proof envelopes (B&B Arro Brand Cotton)—just enough for one use in each. So does B&B Handy-Fold Gauze.

These are extreme methods, but essential to safety. Surgeons and hospitals require them. Anything less than B&B standards involves vast risk.

Fumigation

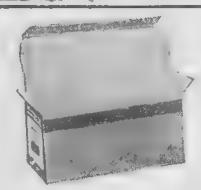
So with fumigation. Half measures are worse than none. They simply make danger seem safe.

B&B Fumigators have twice the usual strength. They accord with Government recommendations. You may feel sure that no germ lives where their gas penetrates.

Don't be careless in this war on germs. They are too dangerous. Do as surgeons do—be utterly sure. Insist on the B&B standards.

Always call the doctor—remember First Aid is only FIRST aid.

BAUER & BLACK, Makers of Surgical Dressings, Chicago and New York.



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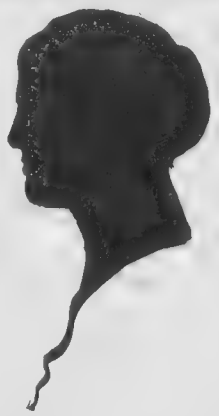

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Woman's Quiet Hour

By E. Cora Hind

The Death of Kitchener

It is my fancy that there will be many women among my readers to whom the death of Earl Kitchener came with a very great shock. Those of us who are nearing the half century mark, or have just stepped across its boundary, were young women with an eye to the romantic, when Kitchener made his sensational journey to Khartoum, and Archibald Forbes wrote his famous war correspondents' book "With Kitchener to Khartoum". There used to be a good deal in those days about this wonderful, quiet, reserved man, who was supposed to be a woman-hater. There is a time in every girl's life when the mere suggestion that a man, prominent in the world of affairs, has no use for women, immediately invests him with a sort of halo, and this was undoubtedly the case with Kitchener. As we grow older our ideas of the hero of romance change mightily, and if we hear that a man is a woman-hater we pass it by with a slightly amused smile, and no longer speculate on whom may have been the particular woman who caused him to hate the sex. The passing years have taught us that a real woman hater is a rare bird indeed, and that a man's indifference to women may have forty explanations besides that of a disappointed love affair in his youth.

Kitchener spent more than forty strenuous years as a soldier in the service of his country. Perhaps there has never been a man who was more talked about and possibly less really known, and in the past two years when he has carried the tremendous burden of the war, any one to whom he had ever been in any sense a hero must have sent him many a kindly thought, but I fancy few gave their thought expression in a gift. Personally I was tremendously touched by the story of the Winnipeg woman who had been knitting socks for the soldiers and who suddenly wondered one day if anybody ever sent socks to the great Kitchener, and immediately knitted him a pair out of beautifully soft, white, Canadian made wool, and sent them to him with a little note. The very day before his death at sea was reported she received a letter of kindly appreciation of her gift. Frequently in the past I know men, great and prominent, have been badgered with gifts, and of course everyone is familiar with the story of Phillip Brooks who kept two barrels in his basement, in one of which he put the right and in the other the left of each of the innumerable pairs of slippers which he received from devoted women admirers.

That kind of thing is very silly, but perhaps in these more practical days we have run to the other extreme, and do not show, in small ways, our appreciation of the hard work of great men.

To me the manner which death came to Kitchener was very fitting. Though he was not a sailor he had crossed the sea and buffeted its storms innumerable times on the business of King and country. He must have loved it, and to find a grave in its turbulent waters could have been no real hardship. He went out of a full life, in the possession of all his powers, at the completion of the most marvelous piece of organization work that it has ever been given to any man to do, namely, the gathering and organizing of "Kitchener's Army". Surely a more fitting end than to die in his bed and to be borne to a resting place in Westminster Abbey.

* * * * * *

Forget-me-nots from the Front

Recently I received in a letter from the front, a tiny bunch of Forget-me-nots. The friend sending them writes, "Please do not laugh at me, I found them blooming in a shell-wrecked garden, and dug up the roots and brought them and planted them at the door of my dug-out, which might well be called "Stoop Hall." They are blooming gaily, and I think that as the men pass up and down the trench the flowers will perhaps bring them a happy memory of some garden in Manitoba, British Columbia or Saskatchewan. The birds are very wonderful here. They go on singing and building their nests, in spite of the shriek of shells and the roar of bombardments. The other night I was walking along a trench, for a moment the cannonading had ceased, and the air was quiet, when suddenly it was filled with the sound of a nightingale. God's bird choristers at least are going on with the business for which they were created."

Another friend writes, "Do not wait to always send me a parcel. The parcels are good and we are always glad to get them, but best of all are the letters, with the little bits of home news about the people we know and the things you are doing. It makes a fellow feel awfully bad to see all the boys around him getting letters if he does not get one." I pass this on to the busy women in the country. It will carry its own message to them.

* * * * * *

Dairying at Summer Fairs

By the time this reaches my readers, the summer fairs will be actually under way, for Calgary opens on the last of June, but with Brandon, Regina and Edmonton there is still time to start the competition in dairy classes. Brandon is laying special emphasis on dairying this year. They have a brand new dairy building, most conveniently fitted up, and greatly enlarged premises for the carrying on of butter making competitions. In the dairy classes there is one that should be of special interest to the girls on the farms. This is for girls under 18 years of age, and Manager Smale has selected prizes which he thinks should be an attraction for the girls, and make them anxious to compete. The amount of butter required is ten, 1 pound prints, and for it the prizes are, ranging first, second and third, a silver tea service, a gold locket set with small diamonds, and a wrist watch. Surely any one of these prizes is well worth competing for.

At Edmonton, while they are not featuring special prizes for girls under 18 years, they are giving exceptionally good prizes for lots of 10 and 20 pounds of farm dairy butter. The 20 pounds to be packed in a crock or box, and the 10 pounds to be in prints. There is no age limit for makers.

At Brandon also great emphasis is being laid on home-made bread, and the prizes in this section are most attractive. Among the specials is one by the Western Canada Flour Mills, for bread made from their Purity Flour. The first prize in this class is $25, and they run down to $5 for the 6th prize. As there is $10 offered in the regular way for the best bread, it is possible to earn $35 in actual cash for two loaves of well made bread.

A feature of the Brandon fair this summer will be the various lectures and classes in charge of members of the faculty of the Agricultural college. This means that more than ever Brandon will be an educational centre during fair week. A special building has been set apart at Brandon for the lectures in the Domestic Science section. This building is cool, being in the shade of the trees, and it will be a fine place to rest, while at the same time gaining knowledge.

For the women of Alberta probably there is no more attractive place for a couple of days holiday than the Edmonton Fair Grounds. There is much to see, the grounds are beautiful with flower beds, and there are lovely retired spots in which to rest and picnic, and here also things of special interest for women will be provided.

I think that where managers of fairs have taken special pains to cater to the women and to provide them with both entertainment and instructions, that every woman should make an effort to be present at least one day.

Salmon Salad.—One can salmon, drained, boned and flaked, 3 small boiled potatoes, finely diced, 1 cup chopped celery or crisp cabbage, I small onion minced. Mix these ingredients together lightly, then add the salad dressing, mixing carefully so as not to make the salad mushy. Serve on lettuce and garnish with thin slices of lemon dipped in finely cut parsley.

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Household Suggestions

Potato Cakes.—Pare and grate six large potatoes. Put the grated potato into a sieve or fine strainer and let it stand two or three minutes so the water can be separated from the potato. Add one teaspoonful salt, two yolks of eggs and one heaping tablespoon flour. Drop tablespoonfuls into hot lard and fry golden brown. The above is an old-fashioned German dish and will be found to be excellent.

Scalloped Potatoes.—Wash and pare potatoes; let them soak for a half hour; and cut in one-fourth inch slices. Butter a baking dish, put in a layer of the sliced potatoes, sprinkle with salt and pepper, dredge with flour, and dot over with one-half tablespoon of butter. A little grated cheese may be sprinkled over each layer if desired. Repeat until the baking dish is nearly filled, then cover with hot milk. Bake 1¼ hours in a moderate oven, or place on the back of the stove and cook slowly.

Gingerbread.—Cream a half-cupful of sugar with a half-cupful of butter; add two well-beaten eggs. Beat into this a cupful of molasses, and a teaspoonful each of ginger, cinnamon and cloves; add a cupful of boiling water with two teaspoonfuls of cooking soda dissolved in a little cold water. Finally beat in two and a half cupfuls of flour, sifted with a teaspoonful of baking powder and a half teaspoonful of salt. Do not add any more flour even though the batter seems thin. Beat thoroughly, and bake for forty-five minutes in a slow oven in a well-buttered pan.

Panned Potatoes.—Cut cold boiled potatoes into quarter-inch slices; dredge lightly with flour and fry in pan with a little butter. When light brown, heap on side of pan; let stand a few minutes, then loosen with a knife and turn out on a platter in much the same way that an omelet is taken out. Sprinkle with salt and serve at once.

Cranberry Jelly.—Wash one quart of berries and put into a granite kettle with one pint of water. Cover and cook until every berry bursts. Run the berries through a colander, add one pound of sugar, and cook slowly for half an hour longer. Pour into a mold which has been rinsed in cold water, and set in a cold place.

A New Hat for a Few Cents

The first thing to do is to thoroughly cleanse your plumes. If they are in fairly good condition this may be done by simply holding them over the spout of a kettle of boiling water, allowing the steam to penetrate to every part; but if they are old and stringy, they will have to be well washed in plenty of warm, soapy water. Use a good, pure, white soap. Rub with your hands very gently, always towards the tip, being careful not to break the quill or flues. After washing rinse thoroughly, then starch them with raw starch, using about four big tablespoonfuls to a pint of water. Let them stand in this for a few minutes, until every flue is full of starch, then squeeze them in a dry cloth to get out the water, leaving the starch in; hang up to dry in a draught. When thoroughly dry shake vigorously out of a window; beating them against your hand until every bit of the dry starch is gone. The result will surprise you; as the feathers will be good twice as full as they were before the starch raised all the fluffy part of the flues. Black feathers may be treated in the same way as white ones. If any of the starch still shows along the stem after the shaking, brush it off with a whisk broom; but the time the feather is curled the last trace of white will have disappeared. Before you curl them, hold them over the spout of a kettle of boiling water, until the flues droop in a natural way. Now take a very dull fruit knife, if you have not a feather curler, and holding the feather firmly along the stem, with your left hand, curl by drawing a few at a time between the thumb and knife. Curl only the ends of the flues, letting the rest droop from the stem. Make the tip full by giving a pinch in close to the stem, so as to throw the curled flues close together.

Now take your hat, brush it well with a whisk broom and apply dyola or any straw hat color. If your hat is a black one; just faded; you will do well to, just apply a liquid shoe dressing, after dusting it well. Put a twist of new chiffon around the crown of your hat, and place the plumes in a graceful and becoming way; put a new head lining in, and you will have a hat to be proud of.

By "Gipsy"

Story of the Silver Box

Hans and Nella were orphans and lived alone on the edge of a forest in a little house. One night when they were eating their supper a knock came on the door, and when Hans opened it there stood an old man who asked for food and shelter.

"My sister and I are very poor," said Hans, "but you are welcome, and we will share our supper of porridge with you, and give you a place to sleep, but we have only one bed, and, as my sister sleeps in that, you will have to sleep upon the floor."

"He shall sleep in my bed," said Nella. "I am young and can sleep on the floor better than he can."

"You are thoughtful of old people," said the old man, "and I pray heaven to bless you." He finished his supper in silence, and then went to bed.

"He is a queer person," said Hans; "he spoke but once."

"Perhaps he has travelled a long distance, and is tired," said Nella.

The next morning when Hans and Nella awoke the old man had disappeared. When Nella was making her bed later in the day her foot struck against something, and when she looked under the bed there was a silver box.

"But what can we do with it?" asked Nella. "The old man will miss it, and come back, so we ought to keep it for him."

"We'll bury it," said Hans, "and if he returns we will dig it up."

So they took the box to the garden, and buried it a short distance from the house.

The next morning, when they looked out of the window, there stood a tree, with large leafy branches, right over the place where they had buried the box.

Hans went out and looked at the tree. There was a door on one side. He opened it, and found himself in a long, dark tunnel. He walked quite a distance, and then he saw a light. It seemed miles away, and Hans ran toward it. When he reached the place he found it was gold shining in the sunlight. He seemed to have found a mountain of gold.

"Oh!" thought Hans, "if only I had a basket I could gather gold enough to make Nella and me comfortable all our lives. I'll fill my pockets," he said for there was gold in small pieces lying all around.

He filled his pockets, and was on his way back when he met Nella.

"I went into the garden to look for you," she said, "and I saw the door in the tree. I was sure you were inside, and when I saw how dark it was I was afraid something had happened to you."

Hans told her of the gold mountain he had seen, and Nella wanted to see it. "I wish we had a barrel; we could be rich."

"We could not carry a barrel of gold," said Hans; "put some in your apron: we will have enough to get a horse and cart, and then I can get work in the village, and that will be better than being rich, for rich people are always worrying about their wealth."

"That is so," said Nella, putting some of the gold in her apron; "I will only take a little." They went back through the dark tunnel, but when they reached the outside they found in place of the little hut they had left, a pretty white cottage, with green blinds. They went inside, and found it was furnished just right for two people.

"Do you think it is for us?" asked Nella.

"Of course," said Hans; "there is my cap on the peg, and there is your shawl on the chair."

"But who could have given it to us?"

"The fairies, I suppose," Hans replied, "and now I must go to town and buy my horse and cart."

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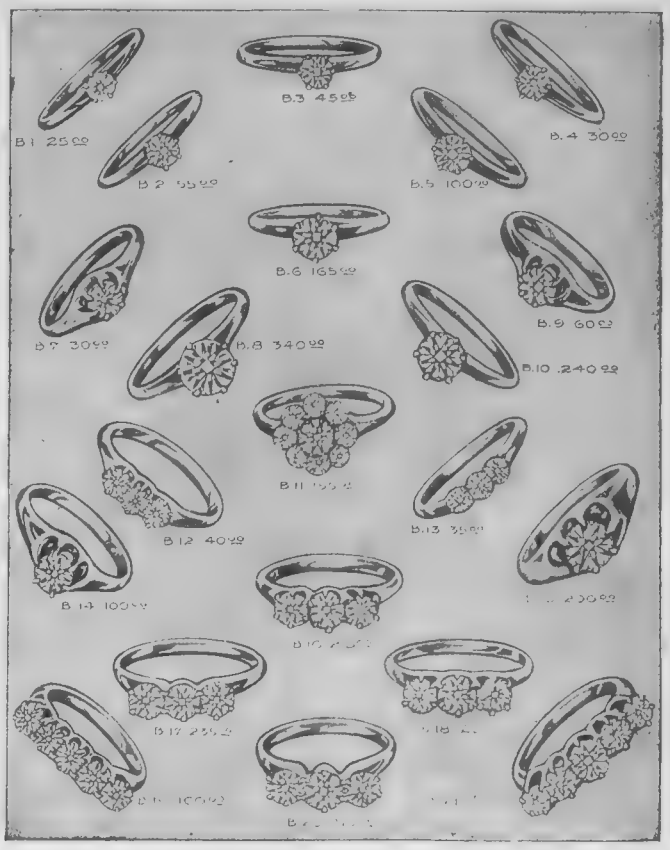

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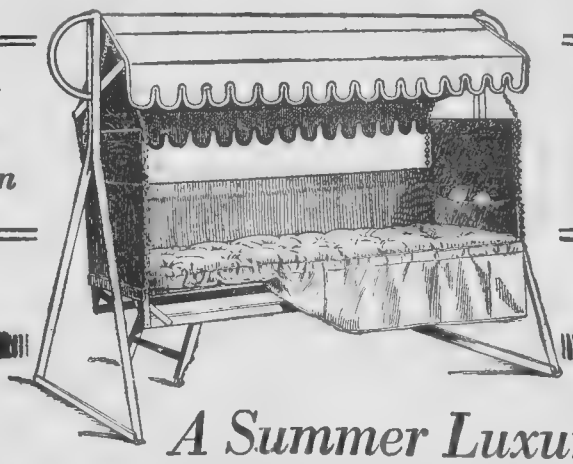

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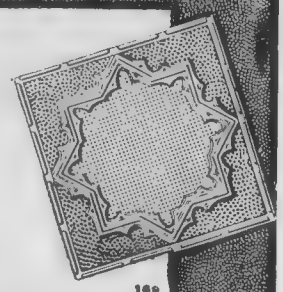

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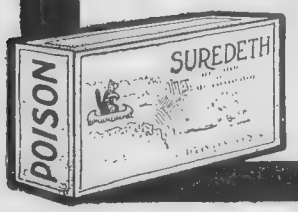

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About the Farm

Horses Shying—Causes and Cure

By Dell Grattan

Shying is probably the most frequent of the driver's bad habits or vices that are met with in horses. Certainly it is amongst the most common forms of vice, and it also ranks as one of the worst, being extremely troublesome to contend with, and when once it has become ingrained in a horse it is generally found to be incurable. In bad cases of shying, moreover, a distinct element of danger is involved; nasty, and sometimes fatal, accidents have been caused through it. It is therefore, not surprising that shyers should be held in such bad repute, and that no one will willingly buy one if he can help it, or that the fact of a horse being addicted to this propensity should much depreciate its value in the market. There are various causes which give rise to the habit, the principal one undoubtedly being nervousness and fear, although confirmed shyers will in many cases shy more from sheer force of habit when meeting an unfamiliar object than for any other more tangible reason. Very often the vice is acquired solely as the result of bad management on the part of the driver or through incompetent breaking, or if not actually originated in this way, these particular causes are in a great many cases operative in developing, intensifying and confirming the trouble, this being the case a good deal more often than is commonly suspected.

It is manifestly quite wrong to punish a colt for shying at unfamiliar sights, yet how generally is punishment meted out when this occurs, the animal being pulled about with the bit, roughly spoken to, and forced to pass the object of which it is afraid at the point of the whip, probably receiving a further dose of unmerited punishment after it has passed it. The results following on this wrong-headed procedure are correspondingly unfortunate, for its effect simply is to upset the young horse still further and to accentuate its nervousness, so rendering it more troublesome and intractable. It also quickly learns to associate the infliction of punishment with the act of shying, and thus is caused to shy in worse fashion on future occasions, because of its fear of being punished, while often that fear leads to its trying to bolt after shying, which is a very dangerous trick.

The kind of mismanagement alluded to is just the thing that is likely to develop the so-to-speak innocent form of shying to which young colts are addicted into a permanent, incurable and dangerous habit, and in many cases it does so. The proper way to deal with a young horse that shies from inexperience, nervousness or diffidence is to eschew all violent methods and to resort to kindness. If possible, it should be allowed to have a good look at the objects at close quarters, or even to smell it, so that it may convince itself of its harmlessness. This may seem slow process and try one's patience, but it is the quickest in the end, for it will same much future trouble, and is most effective in quickly obliterating the natural inclination to shy at strange sights, inherent in most young horses. Among the reasons commonly assigned why horses shy is defective vision, but this cause probably does not give rise to the evil nearly as frequent as is generally imagined, if indeed it operates as an inducing cause at all, except in quite isolated cases. Minor defects of the eyesight, which merely causes distortion, but do not actually impede the sight, are most unlikely to engender shying, and it is only in cases where vision is so defective that the horse cannot really see properly or is partially blinded, that this disability might conceivably induce the habit, although even here the probability of this contingency is much discounted, if not entirely refuted, by the fact that the wearing of blinkers, which greatly impairs a horse's field of vision, does not lead to shying, but that on the contrary the use of blinkers is speciallly resorted to with the object of obviating or reducing the tendency to shy in harness horses. It is also a well known fact that horses generally are much less liable to shy when driven or ridden in the dark than during the day-time, and frequently even confirmed shyers are found not to shy at all when it is dark. All these facts indubitably point to the conclusion that in most cases where defective eyesight is alleged to be at the bottom of the habit, the real explanation of the trouble is to be sought in nervousness or timidity or in some other cause of obscure nature.

Ducks on the Average Farm

The duck has its place on the average farm, but duck raising as a business is not always profitable because of long distance to market and prejudice among buyers of live poultry. The duck furnishes a delicious roast for the family and an abundance of feathers for home use.

"Contrary to general opinion, a pool large enough for swimming is not necessary," says N. L. Harris, superintendent of the Kansas State Agricultural College poultry farm. "Ducks can be raised on dry land—that is, if they are provided with water sufficiently deep to allow them to submerge their beaks and wash the sand from their nostrils. Otherwise they will die."

The natural food for ducks consists of bugs, worms, and green succulent vegetation found in marshy places. Notwithstanding the fact that ducks are easily raised, they should not be hatched until warm weather, at which time such feeds are plentiful. As the duck is a ravenous eater there is danger of overfeeding.

The Buff Orpington and the Indian Runner are good for egg production, but so far it has not been proven that duck egg production is a paying business. Duck eggs are larger than chicken eggs and are good to eat, but a corresponding increase in price cannot be had. There is an unfounded prejudice against duck eggs.

The two breeds most extensively raised for meat are the Pekin and the Rouen. The Pekin is the better because it has white feathers, white meat and yellow legs—characteristics which are desired in dressed poultry.

The Value of a Good Sire

It is an old and trite saying that the bull is half the herd. In many cases we think he is more than half the herd. The value of a bull of outstanding individual excellence—one that is an ideal type of his breed and that possesses prepotency in a marked degree—can hardly be overestimated. By prepotency we mean the power to transmit to his offspring with almost unfailing certainty his own desirable qualities. Such a bull is often rightfully called an impressive sire because he so indelibly stamps on his progeny the likeness of himself as well as his other characteristics, such as constitutional vigor, disposition, and feeding qualities.

Anyone at all familiar with the development and improvement of the various breeds of live stock can call to mind notable examples of this kind. There is hardly a Shorthorn breeder of the present day who is not familiar with the history of the Shorthorn bull, Whitehall Sultan, without a doubt one of the greatest, if not the greatest, Shorthorn sire ever imported. As an individual he measured up to the highest standard, but his great value consisted in his ability to not only transmit his perfection of form to his sons and daughters, but to his sons, scarcely without exception, he gave his own impressive character as a sire, some of them being almost, if not quite equal in this respect. Even the grandsons are breeding on in the same way and doing much toward the improvement of the Shorthorn herds throughout the country.

Choice Goods is another case of like character, the most sensational show bull of his day, more lofty and pleasing in appearance perhaps than Whitehall Sultan, and, like him, a sire of outstanding merit. He, too, had the power of transmitting to his sons and grandsons the same prepotency that he himself possessed. Imported Villager is another Shorthorn sire of the same class—a bull of show yard form and also a most prepotent breeding bull. Many of the rib-

bon winners of the past few years are sons and daughters of this great bull, and several of his sons have already taken rank among the best producing sires of the breed. The value of such bulls as Whitehall Sultan, Choice Goods, and Villager can hardly be estimated in dollars and cents, because they breed on and on, through their progeny improving the herds of the country as time goes by. The improving influence of these bulls through their sons and grandsons will continue for generations yet to come.

Mending Broken Plants

In the small family garden, every healthy, well-started plant is of considerable importance, and if, as is frequently the case, one breaks or a cutworm clips it off, it leaves a noticeable gap. Tomatoes, Lima beans, string beans, peppers, cabbage, and cauliflowers are usuallly the sufferers.

The plant thus apparently injured beyond recovery may be one of the few always work their destruction at night, can be effectively mended if they are treated in the very early morning, before the sun touches them. In all cases it is necessary that the injury be treated as soon as it is discovered.

The method is simple. From the stump of the plant pull back the soil to the depth of an inch or more, and if a cutworm has done the work, find and kill it; then, taking the severed top, fit the broken base carefully to the stump. Sometimes the break is smooth, sometimes jagged; nearly always you can find guides for the accurate adjustment and fitting of the adjacent parts. When you have done that, pulverize the soil with the hand, and put it back evenly and firmly.

Continue to pile up the earth until the mound is one or two inches above the break on the stem. The soil for packing should be damp and well broken up.

If the weather is cloudy, no further precautions will be necessary, but in bright weather provide a shade such as

The Morning Treat

started from a very early planting, or it may be of a cherished variety; always its loss is regrettable.

It is not generally known that at the cost of a little effort such plants can be mended so that they will grow as vigorously as ever. Of course, the common method is to make good such a loss by replanting; but that entails a loss of time. If the plant be properly mended, there is practically no interruption of its normal development.

The mending, in order to be effective, must be done very soon after the injury appears; it is a case, moreover, of final as well as first aid, so the work must be done carefully. If the severed part of the plant is wilted, it is generally too late to save it.

The closer the injury is to the ground, the easier it is to repair; in fact, this kind of mending is virtually limited to wounds that are not over three or four inches above the surface of the soil.

Plants injured by cutworms, which an inverted crate affords. If the season is very dry, give the plant a little water a day or two after mending, but take care that you do not wash away the mound of packed earth from the mended parts.

By this method injured plants of naturally quick growth can, in nearly every instance, be made whole again. The capillary system by which the sap ascends is re-established, and nature is quick to do the rest. In the course of a few days the maimed plant will again be growing as vigorously as its uninjured fellows.

Weeds Commission Active

The members of the Manitoba Weeds Commission have now met about 60 of the municipal councils of Manitoba while in session and have explained to them the new provincial Noxious Weeds Act, enlisting their co-operation in its enforcement. They have been asked in

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We guarantee that one tablespoonful of Caustic Balsam will produce more actual results than a whole bottle of any liniment or spavin mixture ever made Every bottle sold is warranted to give satisfaction Write for testimonials showing what the most prominent horsemen say of it. Price, $1.50 per bottle. Sold by druggists, or sent by express, charges paid, with full directions for its use.

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NOTHING BUT GOOD RESULTS.

Have used GOMBAULT'S CAUSTIC BALSAM for more than 20 years. It is the best blister I have ever tried. I have used it in hundreds of cases with best results. It is perfectly safe for the most inexperienced person to use. This is the largest breeding establishment of trotting horses in the world, and use your blister often.—W. H. RAYMOND, Prop. Belmont Park Stock Farm, Belmont Park, Mont.

USED 10 YEARS SUCCESSFULLY.

I have used GOMBAULT'S CAUSTIC BALSAM for ten years; have been very successful in curing curb, ringbone, capped hock and knee, bad ankles, rheumatism, and almost every cause of lameness in horses. Have a stable of forty head, mostly track and speedway horses, and certainly can recommend it.—C. C. CRAMER, Training Stables, 390 Jennings Street, New York City.

Sole Agents for the United States and Canada.

The Lawrence-Williams Co.

TORONTO, ONT. CLEVELAND, OHIO.

Auto Tongue Truck on Deering and McCormick Binders

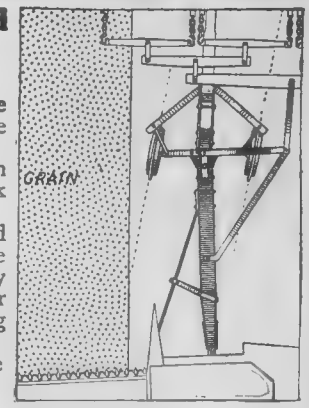
SELF-STEERING FEATURE

The binder is purposely thrown out of square in this illustration in order to show clearly the steering action of the tongue truck wheels.

When the outer end of a binder platform starts to hang back, it pulls the tongue truck toward the grain.

Any movement of this tongue truck toward the grain turns the truck wheels in the opposite direction and at so great an angle that they automatically steer the binder back to its proper square cutting position, with the horses moving steadily straight ahead.

The truck wheels turn faster than the tongue as shown by the dotted lines.



A Gain Worth Making

WITH the **new auto tongue truck, Deering** and **McCormick** 8-foot binders cut a full 8-foot swath. That means a quicker, easier harvest—a saving of time when time is worth money. The driver's work is easier, too; on the straight-away because the horses are not crowded into the standing grain; and at the corners because the binder turns a natural square corner.

The wheels of this **new auto tongue truck** are fitted with removable dust proof bushings equipped with hard oil cups. This construction does away with the expense of buying a new wheel every time a bearing wears out.

The **new auto tongue truck** is only one of the important improvements on these binders. For instance, compare the wide, strong, deep-lugged steel main wheels with those on other machines; and compare also the arrangement for keeping canvases running true, which make them last so much longer.

Decidedly these are the binders to buy. See the I H C local agent or write the nearest branch house for full information about their good features.

International Harvester Company of Canada, Ltd.

BRANCH HOUSES

At Brandon, Calgary, Edmonton, Estevan, Hamilton, Lethbridge, London, Montreal, N. Battleford, Ottawa, Quebec, Regina, Saskatoon, St. John, Winnipeg, Yorkton

many cases to advise as to the type of men to appoint as local inspectors, and have advocated the selection of men of mature years and sound judgment who understand farming and are able to identify the principal weeds and suggest methods of eradication.

Where possible, the weed inspectors appointed have been conferred with, and both to the councils and inspectors it has been strongly represented that in every case where the farmer is trying to keep his weeds under control he shall be given all possible consideration and assistance, while at the same time the provisions of the Act must be carried out. By May 8th the appointment of the inspectors in over 90 municipalities was reported, and added notifications were daily being received by the commission. Each inspector is being supplied with information on weeds, and a circular suggesting how the Act is to be applied.

Hon. Mr. Winkler has agreed that a series of conferences should be held in several representative centres, at each of which the weed inspectors of that part of the province will gather. At these conferences practical field work in weed eradication will be carried on, instruction given in methods of eradication, and the Act fully explained in all its details. Not only will these conferences be open to local inspectors, but also to all farmers who care to attend. The dates and places will be announced shortly. It is a particularly hopeful sign that the local inspectors themselves have asked for these conferences, showing their interest in their work. The Commission is confident that the staff which the province will this year have at work on weed suppression will be vastly superior in efficiency to that ever previously employed on this work.

Two important classes of persons have been visited personally by Prof. Bedford and other members of the Commission. These are the officials of all railways running through the province and the councils of many of the cities and towns. In the past the railroad right of way and town subdivisions have sometimes been prolific sources of weed distribution. Already several large breeding spots for very bad weeds have been discovered in different parts of Manitoba. On these, seeds have been ripening to scatter about the country and grow on farms. In most cases those in authority have promised the Commission all help possible.

The Compost Heap

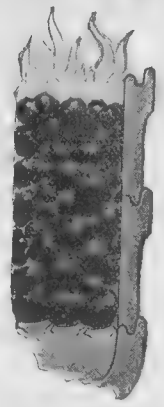
The compost heap provides a fertilizer for garden and truck patch that cannot be surpassed. At this time when commercial fertilizers of all kinds are high in price, it is of the greatest importance that every scrap of fertilizing material be saved and returned to the land. We Americans are very prodigal with the plant food at our command. Where in older countries everything is saved with scrupulous care and returned to the soil we allow much to go to waste.

The compost heap should be a permanent thing, constantly added to and removed whenever suitable material comes to hand. To start the compost heap there is nothing better than leaf mold. Later we add old litter from the hog and hen houses and sometimes hen manure and horse manure. If fresh manures are added the heap must be stirred several times until the material has finished fermentation. Also, from time to time more leaf mold is hauled to the heap. In the fall and spring all loose dirt and manure that has collected in the barnyard is raked up and added to the compost and the same is true of all leaves that fall from the shade trees about the lawn. In order to keep leaves from blowing away it is necessary to put something on top of them, and this is usually a load of sods from some newly-broken field.

Compost material mixed in the spring or summer and occasionally stirred throughout the year when it is not frozen should be ready to use in the garden the following spring. Material added in the fall may be used for mulching and top dressing during the summer. It is well, therefore, to have two heaps, one for spring use and another for summer. Where the heap is of considerable size it is quite unpractical to dig it over with a hoe, hence it is a good plan to run the plow through it several times, as often as every two weeks. A plow is better for this purpose than a spring-tooth harrow as it goes right to the bottom of the heap. All green material that is available, such as weeds pulled from the garden should be added to the heap. Never add old weeds that have ripened seed as this is a good way to spread pests broadcast in the garden.

C. H. C.

Avoid waste of Fuel



Straight Walls Firepot of "Sunshine"

Slanting Walls Firepot gathers ashes and decreases radiating surface

Unless you *KNOW* positively that a cheaper furnace will heat your home without waste of fuel, there is small satisfaction in saving a few dollars on its purchase. The Sunshine Furnace saves coal because it is well made and because every part has been carefully thought out.

LOOK IT OVER. Any one can see that the greatest heating factor in a furnace is the fire-pot; that a pot with straight walls like the Sunshine fire-pot will give off more heat than one that must often have an outer lining of ashes.

Doors and dampers that are tightly fitted will certainly hold the fire longer than those that are loosely fitted. The wider air passages and larger radiating surfaces of the Sunshine must heat the air much more readily. These Sunshine Furnace features are coal-savers that mean much in mid-winter.

If you are looking for economical heating, you must see clearly that it will take a good modern, well-made furnace to supply it. You will naturally think well then of

McClary's Sunshine Furnace

Saving coal interests you, of course. Then you will want a copy of our booklet. Send the coupon to-day for a copy. If you want information about the cost of heating your home, we will let you have it promptly and without charge. If you will write to our Heating Engineer, he will show you how to plan your heat distribution so as to get the utmost warmth with the least expenditure. Write him, giving the size and number of rooms in your home—a floor plan of the upstairs and downstairs—and he will give you the probable cost of putting in a system that will give you the heat you want where you want it. Fill in and send the coupon direct to the factory.

McClary's

London Toronto Montreal Winnipeg Vancouver
St. John, N.B, Hamilton Calgary Saskatoon Edmonton

1150

Kindly send me without expense on my part:—

1. Your booklet on the Sunshine Furnace.
2. Also forms for filling out, so that your heating engineers can tell me how to order and install a system that will properly heat my home.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

Protect the Birds

Insects destroy over a hundred million dollars worth of food products every year in the United States and each year it grows worse. The explanation is simple and the remedy plain. Nature tends to preserve a balance between all her creatures—each species holds the other in check. Then along comes man, who upsets the equilibrium and pays dearly for his interference.

Song and game birds feed largely on weed seeds and insects. Men kill these birds for sport and for food. As birds decrease in number, the many insect tribes multiply until they have become a serious menace to the prosperity of the farmer and the horticulturist. We only need to kill enough birds to invite complete destruction by the swarming insect hordes which may become like a plague of Egypt.

Much of this wanton killing of the friendly birds of field and grove is done through ignorance. Public spirited persons may well spread the doctrines of the great Audubon and explain to the boys, to reasonable-minded sportsmen and to the pot-hunters, the danger that lies in our vanishing song birds.

On the other hand a great deal of the shooting and snaring is done from motives of base selfishness which regards not the rights of others. For such enemies to the public welfare stringent laws should be enforced protecting our song and game birds forever.

Big Profit from Clean Seed Potatoes

The average profit of five demonstration plots planted to potatoes in 1915 in Boxbutte County, Nebraska, showed an estimated increased profit of $26.90 an acre by using clean seed as compared with the proceeds from other fields planted with tubers affected with dry rot.

Clean seed gave an average yield of 188.97 bushels an acre, while the seed affected with dry rot gave a yield of 112.09 bushels per acre, or a difference of 76.88 bushels in favor of the clean seed. The difference in yield at 35 cents per bushel gives an increase of $26.90 per acre.

Potato seed free from disease is hard to get but losses from late blight, dry rot, scab and black-leg can be avoided by treating the seed with formalin just before planting.

An Optimist

By Frank L. Stanton

SEE dem reed birds flyin'
'Crost dat marshy place?
See dem plump persimmons
Darin' you to tas'e?
See dem yaller pumpkins
How dey's rounded out?
Hahd times, honey?
Whut's you talkin' 'bout!

Apples in de orchard,
Sweet an' hangin' low;
Rabbit takin' exercise
Foh footprints in de snow.
'Possum prowlin' roun' de tree
Eatin' till he's stout.
Hahd times, honey?
Whut's you talkin' 'bout!

Grand Prize, Panama-Pacific Exposition, San Francisco, 1915

Grand Prize, Panama-California Exposition, San Diego, 1915

DRINK

BAKER'S COCOA

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Walter Baker & Co. Limited

Established 1780

MONTREAL, CANADA
DORCHESTER, MASS.

Fashions and Patterns

THE new sport clothes are most alluring, and quite as charming as they may seem absurd. There are silk coats, suits of silk jersey and all kinds of combinations in colors that rival "Joseph's Coat."

One may have a striped, plaid or checked coat to match a skirt that will show a similar tone, and surely it is easier to keep the "sport clothes" clean and fresh than frilly ruffled summer frocks; nevertheless, there is the woman who is always feminine, and who finds time for frills as well as for golf. The "tub" dresses are exceedingly "good to look at" this year.

The linen models are lovely, and especially in handkerchief linen fit admirably.

Batiste, fine lawn and cotton voile are used for summer gowns.

Chiffon silk and Georgette crepe or cloth are combined with chiffon or Georgette

The long rather full sleeve caught in at the wristband in some sort of cuff is most popular.

It seems difficult nowadays to make a stylish skirt that will wash well. By making the gores as straight as possible may solve the problem.

Flounces cut to flare, but set upon a straight foundation are easily handled, and petticoat effects, wide, and full over the hips are much in vogue.

Ribbons of all sorts are popular, and are seen everywhere on dresses, blouses, hats and wraps

Taffeta and soft grosgrain are preferred.

Roman striped ribbons are nice for sport hats and are also good for belts.

Taffeta remains the leading fabric for parasols.

One sees parasols with long handles covered with leather.

Then, too, there are parasols of linen,

Some attractive frocks entirely of heavy linen are shown.

The stores are showing many pretty chemisettes and underwaists, with or without sleeves, which often help to embellish an otherwise simple frock or blouse.

One sees plain chemisettes of organdie, with a smart cape or rolled collar in white or delicate flesh colors. Some of these collars have cuffs to match.

For the simplest and daintiest of cotton frocks one may use lawn, voile, dimity, gingham, and indeed with bouffant and flaring modes of the moment these materials are better than the softer stuffs of former seasons.

Ginghams have advanced from season to season, until now they are often lovely in their beautiful checks and plaids.

White will be modish because summer stuffs are scarce, and surely nothing is more attractive and cool than sheer white in hot weather.

Embroidered flouncing, and batiste inset with val or Irish lace is much used for summer dresses.

Short puffed sleeves are used on some of the sheer white French dresses, and those of dimity are trimmed with white.

pongee and even straw to match the materials of the sport hats.

Beautiful collars of Georgette crepe, hand embroidered and accompanied by double jabot frills or with a single plaited edge are used to trim blouse fronts.

There are also sport collars of printed pongee, finished with an organdie edge of color.

These come in sets, or may be bought separate

1724—This portrays an ideal play or school dress

The model is finished with box plaits in back and front, and has sleeves in wrist or elbow length. The bloomers are fine for little girls, inasmuch as they replace petticoats, and afford comfort and grace in movement. Galatea, lawn, percale, voile, gingham, batiste, serge, tub silk, crepe and challie could be used for this model. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. It requires $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material for the dress, and $1\frac{1}{4}$ for the bloomers, for a 4-year size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

Don't take a chance. Order SEAL BRAND

In ½, 1 and 2 pound cans. Whole—ground—pulverized—also Fine Ground for Percolators. 167

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OUR SPECIAL $50.00 DIAMOND ENGAGEMENT RING

Whether your purchase is a $100 Diamond Engagement Ring or a $5 Watch, you can rest assured you will get nothing of inferior quality if your purchase is made at Black's.

Our Diamonds are the perfect kind. We sell no others, as it has taken us too long to establish a reputation for fine Diamonds to trifle with our reputation by selling the imperfect kind.

Any purchase made by mail is subject to return and refund of money if not entirely satisfied.

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JEWELERS
Herald Building Calgary

CATALOGUE NOTICE

Send 10 cents in Silver or Stamps for our Up-to-Date 1916 SPRING and SUMMER Catalogue containing over 400 Designs of Ladies', Misses' and Children's Patterns, as well as the latest Embroidery Designs, also a Concise and Comprehensive Article on Dressmaking, giving valuable hints to the home dressmaker.

CUTICURA SOAP AND OINTMENT

DO SO MUCH FOR HAIR AND SKIN

In removing dandruff, scalp irritation and arresting falling hair; in clearing the complexion of pimples, blackheads, redness and roughness and in preventing minor blemishes becoming serious. The Soap cleanses and purifies the clogged, sluggish pores, the Ointment soothes and heals. Absolutely nothing more effective than these fragrant, supercreamy emollients.

Trial Free by Return Mail

For free sample each with 32-p. Skin Book by return mail, address post-card, "Cuticura, Dept. 57 Boston." Sold throughout the world.

22-inch SWITCH $1.98 Special
Postage 15 cents extra

Switches Hair Goods

Ladies, send us your combings. We make them up into switches at 50c per ounce.

We will add new hair as desired to combings at from $2.00 upwards.

Satisfaction Guaranteed

Elite Hairdressing Parlors
207 Enderton Building WINNIPEG

RANKIN'S
HEAD OINTMENT

1752—This model is made with body and sleeve combined, the sleeve to be finished in short bell style, ideal for warm weather, or in wrist length, with a deep cuff. The waist has a trimming of revers which extend in a belt, over the joining of skirt and waist. A neat collar finishes the neck edge. The skirt is a three-piece model cut with flare fulness. This pattern is in 4 sizes: 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. It requires 3¼ yards of 44-inch material for a 10-year size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

1736—Gingham, percale, seersucker, lawn, sateen, linen, drill and mohair are all desirable for this style.

The fronts are cut to overlap at the center, in coat style, making a very convenient closing. The sleeve and body is cut in one. A belt holds the fulness, but the apron may be finished without this. The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: Small, Medium and Large. It requires 6⅛ yards of 36-inch material for a Medium size.

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1738—Jersey cloth, mohair, flannel, poplin, repp, serge, gabardine, sateen and silk are all nice for this garment. The bloomers may be joined to an underwaist. The dress is in one-piece style, and has the right front overlapping the left. The straight belt furnished in the pattern may be replaced by a sash or girdle. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 4, 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. It requires 4¾ yards of 27-inch material for an 8-year size, for the suit with bloomers; without bloomers, 3½ yards are required.

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1735—Men's negligee or outing shirt, with sleeve in either of two lengths, and collar rolled high or low.

Madras, percale, gingham, soisette, poplin, linen, pique, flannel and silk are nice for this style. The short sleeve is a new feature and fine for warm days and warm work. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48 and 50 inches breast measure, neck measure to correspond in sizes: 15, 15½, 16, 16½, 17, 17½, and 18. It requires 3½ yards of 36-inch material for a 17-inch neck size.

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1733—Ladies' dress, with sleeve in either of two lengths.

Dimity, in white with pink dots, is here shown.

This style for a morning dress would be nice in linen or seersucker, gingham, or chambrey. It is also nice for voile, taffeta and tub silk, gabardine and challie. The neck edge is square and the right wrist front is shaped over the left at the closing. The sleeve has a band cuff in wrist length. In short length, its outline is shaped to match the front. The circular skirt portions are mounted on a round yoke. Bands of contrasting material, braid or embroidery will form a nice trimming for this model. The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 7½ yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size. The skirt measures 3¼ yards at the foot.

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Waist—1745. Skirt—1746.

For this development ladies' waist pattern 1745 and ladies' skirt pattern 1746 was used. The waist has shaped fronts, turned back to form revers in low neck style. The skirt may be finished with or without the drapery. The sleeve is close-fitting in wrist length, and has a flare cuff extension in short length. Either style is pleasing and attractive. Gabardine, taffeta, crepe, linen, batiste, gingham and chambrey are nice for this style. The waist pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. The skirt is cut in 6 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. It requires 8⅞ yards of 36-inch material with the drapery; without, it will require one yard less for a 36-inch size. The skirt measures 3 yards at the foot.

This illustration calls for two separate patterns which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents for each pattern in silver or stamps.

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IF you would have your furniture clean, bright and beautiful, use O-Cedar Polish. Use it on all wood work and furniture, painted, stained, varnished, 'fumed' or enameled. Use it as directed on the bottle.

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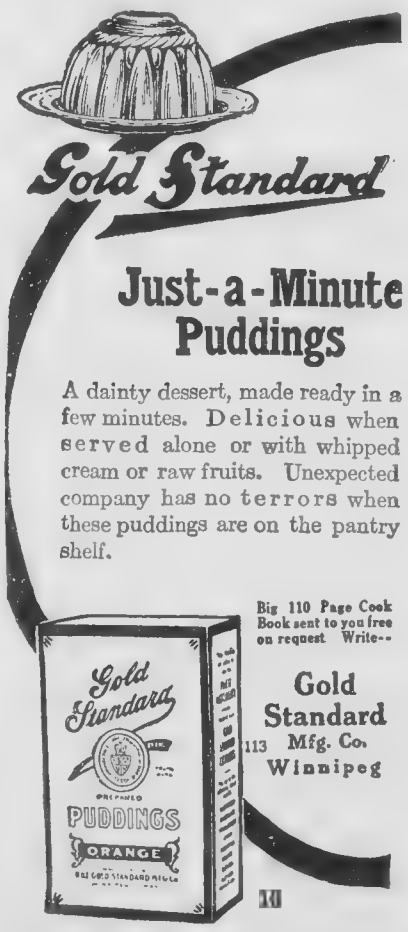

1305—Dress for misses and small women (with body lining, with long or short sleeves, and with raised or normal waistline).

Light blue silk grenadine was used for this design. The shirrings are corded, and the added trimming at the neck is of soft dotted chiffon. This model is youthful and especially becoming to slight girlish figures. The skirt may be finished without the heading. The sleeve, in wrist or elbow length, is stylish and attractive. The waist fulness is arranged on a body lining. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 14, 16, 17 and 18 years. It requires 5 yards of 36-inch material for a 14 year size.

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1740—This model is fine for wash fabrics, and good for serge, gabardine, wool poplin, repp, challie and silk.

In white linene or drill, with collar and cuffs of checked or striped gingham, it will make a fine school or play dress. Galatea, gingham, chambrey and linene are also good. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. It requires 3 yards of 44-inch material for a 6-year size.

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1753—This attractive style is fine for linen, serge, gabardine, Jersey cloth, gingham or chambrey. It will be especially nice in white serge or taffeta, with trimming of black braid or stitching. The waist opens over a vest, and has pointed revers that meet a jaunty sailor collar. The sleeve is close-fitting from elbow to wrist, and in short length is finished with a turnback cuff. The skirt is circular in style and is mounted on a round yoke. Its closing is at the side seam. Skirt and waist may be developed separately. One might choose gabardine or wool poplin for the skirt and Georgette crepe or linen for the waist. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires $6\frac{3}{4}$ yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size. The skirt measures about $3\frac{1}{8}$ yards at the foot.

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1596—Ladies' house or mourning dress.

In linen, khaki, gingham, seersucker or percale, this style will be most serviceable. It is made with overlapping fronts, and round neck outline, and has a four-gore skirt cut in comfortable fulness. The sleeve in wrist length is finished with a band cuff. In short length a neat turnback cuff forms a suitable trimming. The model could also be developed in serge, flannel or flannelette, and is nice, too, in lawn. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires $6\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size. The skirt measures about 3 yards at the lower edge.

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Waist—1749. Skirt—1750.

Comprising ladies' waist pattern 1749 and ladies' skirt pattern 1750. The waist is cut in 6 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. The skirt in 6 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. The skirt requires $4\frac{3}{8}$ yards of 44-inch material and measures about $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards at the foot. The waist requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch material; without the peplum, $\frac{5}{8}$ yard less, for a 36-inch size. To make entire dress of one material will require 9 yards of 36-inch material.

This illustration calls for two separate patterns which will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents for each pattern in silver or stamps.

1741—With sleeve in either of two lengths.

Figured challie and "Val" lace are here portrayed. The bodice belt is of white messaline. Dimity, lawn, checked or striped taffeta, batiste, embroidered crepe or voile; all these are fine for the development of this model. The yoke shown on the small views may be omitted. The skirt is full and gathered under the belt, to the waist at Empire waistline. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. It requires $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of 36-inch material for an 8-year size.

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1727—This style is fine for galatea, gingham, percale, drill, linen, linene, serge or repp, corduroy or velvet.

The blouse is made with diagonal closing, and may be finished with a sleeve in wrist or short length. This model will make an ideal beach or play suit. The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. It requires $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards of 44-inch material for a 4-year size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

How to Kill the Worst Menace to the Farm Home

It is rarely possible for a farmer to save his house from destruction after it starts to burn, simply because the majority of them have little or nothing in the way of equipment to fight a fire. Very often the distracted mother and children are the only ones around, and they become too busy saving their lives to think of climbing on the roof to put the fire out. That is where most of the fires start—on the roof! The two things necessary to start such a fire are nice dry wood shingles and a few sparks from the chimney. You can go on living in a false security for about fifteen minutes and then say good-bye to your home.

To put wood shingles on a house simply because the first cost is a little less than metallic shingles appears to be an act of folly, particularly in view of the fact that the latter is fireproof and can be made absolutely lightning-proof by connecting it with the ground by wires. In that brief statement lies much food for thought by farmers who contemplate the building of a residence or reroofing the old home.

The wisdom of using metallic ceilings and walls is also becoming more generally recognized, and we learn of a great many farmers using them for every room in the house. They are not expensive and have a great many features that should appeal to the women folks, being sanitary, easily kept clean, and are not only very attractive but are fireproof and will last as long as the house, without repairs. One manufacturer, The Metallic Roofing Co. of Canada, Limited, whose advertisements appear regularly in our columns, have recently prepared a book of beautiful new designs manufactured expressly for farm homes. The book is free for the asking, as is also estimates for any size of ceiling or walls. This firm has established an enviable reputation for this material as well as for their famous "Eastlake" Steel Shingle. Roofs put on over thirty-one years ago are still giving perfect service. The motto of the firm is "Quality First," and that is what pays both the manufacturer and the buyer of his goods in the long run.

The Boys Like Them

"We like Buster Brown Stockings because we are not afraid to play hard and then have to go home and show mother the holes we have rubbed or torn in our stockings. And the stockings are mighty comfortable too."

The Mothers Like Them

"Every spare minute used to be taken up with the darning basket before I bought my boys Buster Brown stockings and the girls Buster Brown's Sister's stockings. They are the nicest looking stockings they have ever worn, and they have certainly saved money for me."

BUSTER BROWN STOCKINGS

SUNSHINE HOSIERY REGISTERED

Girls, Too—

Buster Brown's Sister's Stocking for the girls is a splended looking stocking at a moderate price. A two-thread English mercerized lisle stocking, that is shaped to fit and wears very well indeed.

Colors—Black, Leather Shade Tan, Pink, Blue and White.

Buster Brown stockings for boys are made in Black and Leather Shade Tan, of the best long fibre cotton specially twisted and tested for durability, with double leg and three-ply heel and toe.

Your dealer can supply you.

The Chipman-Holton Knitting Co., Limited

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Correspondence

Wants to Get Acquainted

Rutland, Sask., April 23rd, 1916.

Dear Editor:—Will you allow a stranger a little space in your paper?

I would like to get acquainted with some of the readers of this paper, and didn't know any better way than this, so if any of the readers would care to correspond with me I should be pleased to answer their letters.

I have been in this country for over three years, and like it fine. I get a little lonesome sometimes, but guess that won't hurt.

There isn't much doing around here in the line of entertainment, only dancing, and I can't dance. So you see I have a pretty quiet time of it.

Will close, hoping to hear from some of the readers before long.

Will sign myself

"Twenty-one."

Too Hard on the Bachelor

Gilbert Plains, Manitoba,
April 12th, 1916.

Dear Editor—I have been a reader of your paper for some time, and enjoy it very much. The stories are good. But I always turn up the correspondence page first, as the letters are very interesting.

I don't just agree with "Prairie Lad" re tobacco being such a bad habit. I am not a smoker myself, but like to see others enjoying themselves. I notice that those who don't use tobacco are very hard on the ones that do.

I agree with "A Soldier's Admirer" of April number as to outdoor sports. As for girls dressing in overalls, I met two last summer, and thought they looked rather cute. I have called them "Broncho Busters" ever since.

I am fond of music and dancing; have had some experience in batching.

I think most of you are too hard on the bachelor.

Will close, as this is my first letter, and hope to see it in print.

My address is with the Editor.

If anyone would write I will be pleased to answer.

"Friday."

A Little Nonsense Now and Then

Dear Editor—I have been an interested reader of The Western Home Monthly for several years, and always enjoy the correspondence column, but have never been brave enough to write.

I agree with "Rocky" when he says this column should be reserved for nonsense. As Charles Lamb says, "He who hath not a dram of foolishness in his make up, has pounds of much worse material in his composition."

I do not like the plan of describing one's personal appearance, as I don't think they do themselves justice; so I will just say I am seventeen and found sixteen very sweet indeed. I am very fond of outdoor sports and dancing, but I think baseball is best of all. I certainly admire "A Soldier's Admirer," and wish I was brave enough to wear the overalls.

There are a lot of girls around here, but none of your conceited kind, ashamed of a man in overalls. I don't believe any girls are. I think "Mere Bachelor" must be a "Mere Critic."

I also agree with "Prairie Lad" regarding liquor and tobacco.

I would like to correspond with some of the readers if they would write first. My address is with the Editor.

"Sweet Marie"

A Voice From the Mountains

Dear Editor and Readers—I am a mountain girl and would like to join your column and have a chat with your readers I think that you have some fine stories in your paper. I do lots of outdoor work. I would far rather work outdoors than in. What do you readers think of a girl working out of doors?

I live 20 miles from town and nine miles from our nearest neighbors and if I did not have something to keep me busy I would get rather lonesome. Sometimes in the winter we do not see anyone outside of the family for two and three months at a time, although in the summer there is quite a number of hunting and fishing parties. I would like to correspond with any of your readers who would care to write to me, "Sun Set," "Love Sick Boy," "Starlight" or any others. I will answer all letters. My address is with the Editor.

I would like the words of "Red Wing" if any of your readers would kindly send it to me. "Lonesome Pine."

An Appreciation

Foxwarren, Man., April 17, 1916

Dear Editor—I would like to correspond with some of the readers of the most interesting monthly paper that I have ever had the pleasure of reading. I have been a subscriber of it since December 1st and have certainly made up my mind to have no other. I think the correspondence column is a very good way of bringing all the young people together. I have just been reading "Lonely Brown Eye's" letter in the April number and seem to think that she is a hard working girl, one full of sympathy for us lonely bachelors. I would like to correspond with her.

I will close and sign myself "Broncho."

"A Live Wire"

Alberta, March, 1916.

Dear Editor and Friends—Just to make a short call.

I am not one of those lonesome Bachelors as it happens, I have too much work to think about and no time for lonesomeness, I have eight horses and a cow to look after. I have learnt the blacksmithing and carpentering, and have my shop on the farm. I tell you I am kept busy.

There has been a lot of money subscribed for Red Cross work this winter. I would like to see more done for those that are fighting and helping the Empire to hold its own. We could not have many dances or parties this season as so many people went away for the winter, but there will be something doing this spring when they come back.

I see in the February number where someone sprung a new topic for discussion—"What have I done." I don't know whether he means for himself or for his country, anyway I will take in both. I have done what I could in supporting Red Cross work, I have donated a brother to the army, and a little over three years ago I filed on my half section, started with thirty dollars then fell heir to rheumatism and could not do very much of anything until last June when I regained my health a great deal, nevertheless my land raised over a thousand bushels of wheat last year and my earnest intentions are to grow more wheat to make more flour to help feed more soldiers.

I was interested very much in the letters by "Prairie Nurse" and "B.C. Field Flower." I would like to hear from all who care to write, especially from B.C. Will answer all letters. My address is with the Editor.

"Progressive."

Let Someone Else Praise You

Sask., June, 1916

To the Readers:—I have spent many evenings reading the W.H.M., and always find it good reading. The correspondence column usually affords us some amusement, I often wonder how it is, that so many good looking people are advertising to meet one another, so many angelic men writing to the paper. That poor bashful fellow of 29 years of age who has gone with a girl for eleven years, and can't find courage enough to propose to her, sure has my sympathy. Poor soul, why don't he enlist; the ladies will run after him so much, he will be glad to propose to one to get rid of the others.

Like "Cowboy All" I have often wondered why no one mentions Mrs. Pearl R. Hamilton's writings. It often seems to me her writings are never noticed, but I hope our young lady readers will consult her pages more in the future, they will always find something to their advantage and everlasting benefit. I don't believe in either men or women advertising their looks and good qualities—let some one else do that. When the correspondence space is supplied free,

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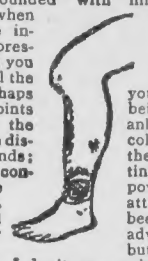
HAVE YOU A BAD LEG

With Wounds that perhaps surrounded swollen, that when finger on the inleaves the impresunder the skin you which defies all the have tried. Perhaps swollen, the joints same with the the skin may be dismay be wounds; allowed to conyou of the You may have hospitals and is hopeless, or to amputation, can cure you. I don't say perhaps, but I will.



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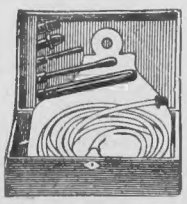

When writing advertisers, please mention The Western Home Monthly

they might get far more interesting topics for discussion than their looks. It is wonder to me the Editor gives so much space for foolishness.

Summer has come again and with so many men enlisted, it will be a busy summer for many. If Cowboy All would write he will find my address with the Editor. I was glad to hear of one bachelor not being lonesome. As I have quite a fondness for my own company,

Ameysth.

"Helpful Hints"

Cereal, Alberta, May, 1916

Dear Editor:—As a subscriber and interested reader of your valuable paper, will you please give me space in your correspondence column to come to the aid of "Morganrodnaden?" for I know if something is not done for him soon, his case will be hopeless, I truly feel sorry for a man who is so easily embarrassed; as for myself, I could propose to a girl I thought enough of, without batting an eye. Now, Mr. Morganrodnaden there are eleven years gone and you have done nothing, except disappoint Miss M., and you at the age of twenty-nine can no longer be considered a chick, so get busy, you certainly picked a very poor place to tell Miss M. about your pretty little house back in Illinois. Had you been way out on the prairie instead of near a store, the whole thing I think would have finished up like this, "she threw her arms around his neck, their lips met, and they lived happily ever after," easy isn't it? Now, Mr. M., try this prairie stunt, it's a top-notcher-proved. Failing this you might fall back on the phone, but do not loose your nerve and start in about the oyster shell again or Miss M. will think you are chicken-hearted. Again you might remind her occasionally that this is leap year.

Thanking you Mr. Editor for the pleasure I get from your magazine, especially the correspondence column, it does me good, I will sign myself.

"Straight to the Mark."

"Great Reader"

Forgan, Sask., May, 1916

Dear Editor:—Having been a reader of The Western Home Monthly, I will write a few lines to your correspondence page.

I live on the farm, we have two teams of horses and two mules. Do any of the members like to read? I do, and I do a great deal of it; in the evening. I don't generally get time through the day as girls on the farm are always kept busy.

Have any of the members read or heard the song "The Yankee Legion Boys" made up? I think it is very nice.

I will give a description of myself. I have real dark brown hair, so dark people call it black, a medium dark complexion, dark blue eyes, weigh one hundred and twenty pounds, and am five feet five in height.

"Dolly Dimples."

"Welcome to a Hero"

Dear Sir:—Having lived in Canada for nearly ten years, and having returned home two years ago today I take the liberty of writing and thanking you for sending the W.H.M. since I have been here, even although I have not been able to have it all the time on account of having been in the 7th Gloster Reg., doing my part for our King and Country. I was badly wounded in the thigh and knee, I have now been discharged as unfit for any military duties—I spent about three months out in Gallipoli on active service where our battalion was badly cut up. I was sent home almost immediately after I was wounded and have spent about seven months in hospital. I feel all right but I cannot walk very well yet. Wishing and hoping to see my letter in the correspondence page as my other letter must have struck a mine. Hoping to hear from some of the girls in Saskachewan, I am, yours truly,

An Ex-Soldier.

One dose of Miller's Worm Powders will clear the stomach and bowels of worms, so that the child will no more be troubled by their ravages. The powders are sweet to the taste and no child will object to taking them. They are non-injurious in their composition, and while in some cases they may cause vomiting, that must not be taken as a sign that they are nauseating, but as an indication of their effective work.

Cupid's Assistant

A bachelor rose at the dawn of day,
Gave his horses and cattle their portion of hay,
Came back to his shack in the gray of the morn,
And stood on the threshold, cold and forlorn.

* * *

His breakfast, I fear, was a tasteless one,
The porridge had burned ere his chores were done,
The tea had boiled, the butter was strong—
The day stretched before him interminably long.

* * *

Quoth he, "There's a fortune for me in this land,
But a life like this I really can't stand;
For it's nothing but work from morn till night;
Was ever man in a sorrier plight?"

* * *

The bachelor thought about it all day,
And made this resolve as he raked his hay,
"No longer I'll live in such desolate state,
I'll go down east to seek a mate".

* * *

Then he thought of his friends at home "down East,"
But as comrades he knew they were no good in the least,
And his friends out West had their homesteads to prove,
So he made up his mind just to fall in love.

* * *

He thought of the maidens, north, south, east and west,
But their charms failed to lure him, it must be confessed.
So he wrote a letter to the W.H.M
Asking fair maidens to write to him.

* * *

Need I tell you the rest?—How the maiden was won?
She answered his letter—just did it "for fun;"
And now they're as happy as ever can be,
In their snug little shack out on the prairie.

Anon.

"A Reservist"

Edmonton, May, 1916

In looking over the last two numbers of the W.H.M., I notice a lack of Alberta correspondence so have decided to put in my "oar" and have a try for a place in your columns. I note the remarks of "Chronic Kicker" re the correspondence column being more for country people than for those who live in the city. In that case I'll have to beg admittance into the "Charmed Circle" by explaining that although living in the city now we were farmers some years ago. We have not moved into the city either but it has grown out to us.

While farming we were subscribers to the W.H.M for years and when a friend gave me a couple of copies to read the other day, it seemed like meeting an old friend again.

I have just passed my first examination on first aid which I am studying in connection with the Women's Volunteer Reserve here and we are now forming a class on home nursing. I would like to write more about this but dare not venture after reading so many letters criticizing "City Girl." Of course I know nothing of what her letter contained having only read the April and May numbers but already I fancy I can hear a cry from "Chronic Kicker's" corner, "I'll bet two pins this one's a suffragette." Well—that depends. For instance, I quite agree with "Rebecca". Don't you?

Several battalions are leaving here soon for Sarcee Camp and we will miss them very much as the city will certainly seem quiet without the "boys in khak." The different battalions gave some very good concerts, dances, etc., during the winter, in fact everyone seems to try to be as cheerful as possible although anxious for friends at the front and I'm sure this is as it should be.

I would like to say to "Morganrodnaden" that I've a notion that his letter is "Make Believe." If not I'm sorrier for M. than for him and I hope she marries someone else and teaches him some sense. I must call a "halt" now or you'll never let me come again. Correspondents welcome.

"Criss Cross"

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Powell for the Defence

By Marvin Leslie Hayward

"REALLY," exclaimed Flora, "I don't see why you should be so disturbed by a mere question of money. It's not a matter of life and death you know."

Eric Blake plunged his hands into the pockets of his coat, walked across to the window, and gazed gloomily at the deserted street and the whirling flakes of snow.

"It's a matter of life and death to me," he declared, "when you remember that I have vowed that I will not ask you to marry me until I get the income, or until I am earning that much myself."

The girl came across the room and gazed half tenderly, half playfully at the gloomy young lawyer.

"A rash vow is better broken than kept," she averred softly.

"Don't look at me like that, little girl," breathed Blake, a glad light dispelling the cloud on his boyish brow, "or I'd be tempted to break my word. As it is the only thing that keeps me from doing so is the fact that you could have the benefit of the income right now if you'd accepted Powell."

Flora's hands stole up to his shoulders, giving him a playful shake.

"Don't mention that again," she ordered, "and I positively forbid any more mercenary talk for the rest of the evening."

"As a last resort," declared Blake impulsively, "I'm going to see one more lawyer about it; for there's a fellow here in the city that I went to Law School with that's in a class by himself. He has an independent income, so don't have to practise law for money like the rest of us. He simply sits back in his luxurious office and sifts out the cases that please him, and he specializes on taking and winning cases that the other lawyers pronounce hopeless."

"Mercenary still," laughed Flora.

* * *

Gilbert Logan, "the dilettante lawyer," elevated his feet to the top of the desk in a most unprofessional manner, and blew a cloud of feathery smoke towards the ceiling.

"Fire away," he urged. "Interesting cases are few and far between in these degenerate days."

"You will remember that my parents died when I was about a year old. Uncle Bill, father's brother, brought me up and no parent could have treated me better than he did," began Eric Blake. "He put me through Law School, and planned to give me a good start in the legal profession."

"Did he forget about it?" asked Logan.

"Not at all," defended Blake; "but his wife had an orphan nephew on her side of the house, Joe Powell, and Uncle Bill used us both alike—put Joe through Law School too, and planned by his will to give each of us a good start."

"Have you got a copy of the will?" asked Logan eagerly.

Blake drew a folded document from his pocket.

" 'And whereas,' he read, 'my nephew Eric Blake, the only son of my beloved brother John, and Joseph Powell, the nephew of my dear deceased wife, have both resided with and been supported by me from an early age.

" 'And whereas said Eric Blake and Joseph Powell are both students at law, and it is my desire to give each of them a start in the legal profession.

" 'Now, therefore, I direct my executors and trustees aforesaid to pay to the said Joseph Powell, upon his admission to the practise of the law in the said Province of Ontario, the sum of $5,000 annually until the said Joseph Powell shall have won his first contested case in any court of record in said Province of Ontario.

" 'And upon the failure of this bequest or upon the termination thereof by reason of said Joseph Powell having won his first case as aforesaid, then in such event I direct my said executors and trustees to pay to the said Eric Blake the sum of $5,000 annually for a period of four years. Provided, however, that said Eric Blake shall have been duly admitted to practise in said Province as aforesaid; and provided also that said Joseph Powell and Eric Blake shall each continue as members of the said legal profession in said Province in good and regular standing.' "

"Rather a peculiar will," commented Logan.

"Uncle had some peculiar ideas," replied Blake, "and he had it all fixed up in his own mind that Powell would be admitted a few years ahead of me, so that the $5,000 a year would keep him on easy street till he had won his first case, by which time uncle figured Joe would have an established practise. Then, he counted on my being through about that time, and that the $5,000 income would tide me over the lean years."

"Not a bad idea on paper," said Logan.

"That's right, and poor uncle always regarded it as a shining example of human foresight."

"And it didn't work out as he had planned?" queried Logan.

"No. And that's why I'm here."

"Give me the facts," urged Logan.

"A year after uncle died Powell was admitted to the bar and for a time everything worked out just as uncle had planned," Blake explained. "He opened an office in the Electric building; clients came in goodly numbers, and in a few months his office practise was fairly lucrative."

"Has he won his first case yet?" snapped Logan.

"No, and more than that, he never intends to."

"How does he manage it."

"Oh, that's easy enough," replied Blake. "He simply turns all his court work over to some other lawyer, and as long as he never tries a case he can never win one. So you see he's really in a position to hold the income indefinitely."

"And clear up some cash," suggested Logan.

"Sure. A quarter of the income pays a standing counsel to try all his cases and leaves him a tidy margin."

"Still, judging from past experience, I'm surprised that you should be so downcast over a mere matter of money," declared Logan. "I would imagine that under those circumstances you would merely buckle down to work a little harder and let the blamed 'shyster' keep the cash."

"And so I would if it were a mere matter of money," sighed Blake.

"Ah. A lady in the case."

"Exactly. Powell and I both loved Flora Grant since we were in High School, and—"

"And Flora prefers you; but you won't ask her to marry you now because you haven't the extra income, interrupted Logan.

"Precisely, and I think that the knowledge of that fact is worth as much to Powell as the income itself. In fact he told Flora that she could marry me if she liked, but that we would never enjoy a cent of uncle's money."

"Flora Grant," repeated Logan, "Isn't she Judge Grant's daughter?"

"Yes. And he's strong for me, too," averred Blake.

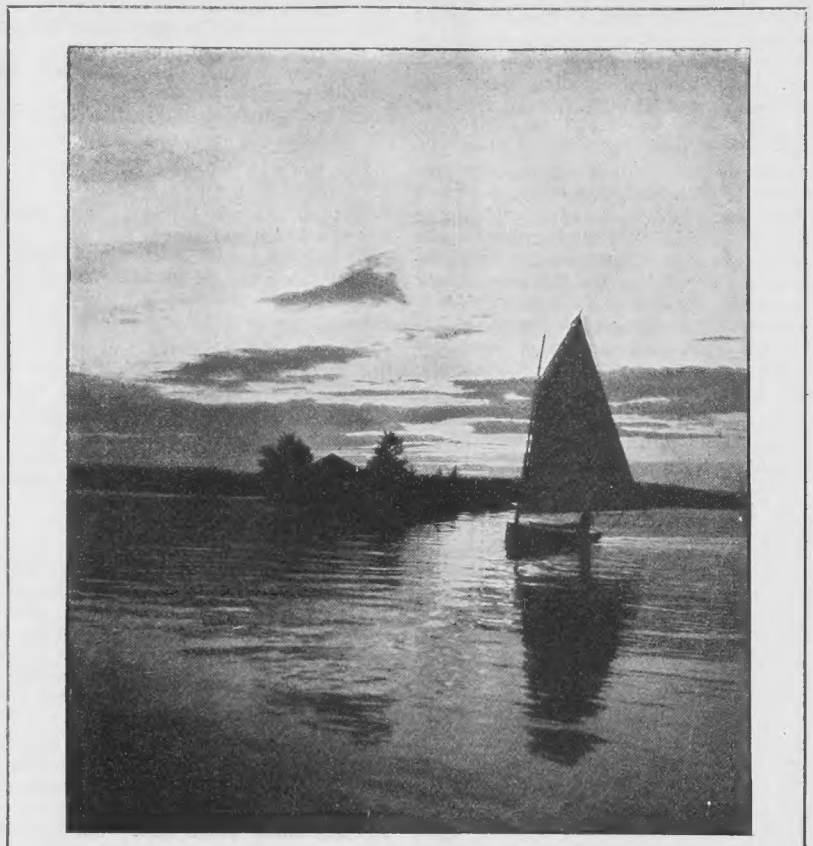
"Why don't the girl talk it over with the Judge, and see if he can't think of some scheme to floor Powell. He was counted the shrewdest lawyer in Ontario when he was at the bar."

"It would be no use," Blake replied. "She mentioned it to him once, and he simply said that being on the bench he was of course absolutely impartial and had no personal interest whatever in such matters."

"Quite right," smiled Logan; but I'll think the matter over, and see if I can't stumble on some scheme to surprise Mr. Powell."

"I hope you do," said the hopeless Blake, and the conversation drifted into more personal channels, and varied reminiscences of their student days.

That evening Blake called to see Flora, and for the thousandth time he quoted his uncle's will, drew an alluring picture of the cosy home the additional income would provide, and expatiated on Powell's perfidy in holding the income.



Lovers of boating find the waters around Minaki a veritable happy hunting ground.

"It is certainly too bad," agreed the girl. "And you are sure there is no way out?"

"No. As I told you a few evenings ago, I've had the considered and expensive opinions of the best 'will-busters' in Ontario, and they all pronounce it hopeless,—a 'legal accident,' Mr. Cartley K. C. called it."

"And papa will not discuss it with me at all," sighed Flora.

"But Logan that I was telling you about says he'll think it over," declared Blake with a ray of hope.

"Oh, yes," exclaimed Flora. "He's in the library now with papa."

"Logan," cried Blake.

"Yes. He and papa are great friends, and he often drops in to smoke a cigar in the evening. Papa says he is one of the brightest men he ever met."

* * *

The next day Judge Grant was presiding over the December sitting of the court; and the Grand Jury had found a "true bill" against Tony Adair, charged with burglary.

There was the usual flock of lawyers present, and Powell had just dropped in for a whispered consultation with the counsel who was to try a case for him in the Appeal Court that afternoon.

Adair was arraigned and pleaded "not guilty," and the crown attorney "moved for trial."

"Have you counsel to defend you?" queried the Judge.

"No," was the sullen reply, "I ain't got no money, and law sharks don't work for nothin'."

"In that case it will be necessary in the interest of the due administration of justice for the court to assign counsel to defend the prisoner," declared the Judge, glancing over the long array of legal talent before him.

The leaders of the bar heard the announcement with undisguised indifference, —the briefless juniors with a flutter of hope.

"Mr. Powell will kindly defend the prisoner," announced the Judge.

Powell rose to his feet, pale and agitated.

"But—but—I won't—I can't—other pressing engagements—beg to be excused," he stammered wildly.

"You are an officer of the court, and bound to obey the orders thereof," was the cold judicial reply. "Of course, you may refuse if you wish, but you do so on your own responsibility."

"I will act," he announced sullenly.

Blake who was in the court, saw the drift of affairs almost as soon as Powell, and when it dawned on him he hurried out to the attorney's room, sat down by the open fire, and mopped his brow.

"Holy Smoke," he muttered. "Who'd ever thought it."

"It's no wonder he never tried any cases, if that's the best he can do," whispered one lawyer to another.

"The idea of falling down that way on his first case."

"Powell can't afford to win this case," was the cryptic reply.

"Don't know what you mean."

"I do; for I drew old John Blake's will."

The evidence was in. Powell went through the form of addressing the jury; then the crown counsel proceeded to demolish his stammering arguments with crushing sarcasm, and sat back to listen to the Judge's address to the jury with a sneering and satisfied smile.

The Judge's charge, while clear and colorless as usual, was strongly in favor of the accused, and he referred to point after point in the prisoner's favor that had been overlooked or beclouded in Powell's jumbled remarks. This occasioned no surprise, however. Even the crown counsel admitted to himself that the Judge was perfectly justified in view of Powell's blundering defence, and that the prisoner was only getting a fair deal after all.

While the jury were out Powell paced the long corridor in a perfect frenzy; and when they returned and announced that they found the prisoner "not guilty," he flung himself out of the court with an expression of baffled rage.

"That's the first lawyer that ever I saw get mad because he won," declared the reporter for the "Evening Mail."

Blake heard the announcement of the verdict in a sort of a dream. Then his mind cleared, and he dashed down the street and into Logan's office.

"Holy Smoke," he exclaimed. "You're certainly some lawyer for a 'dilettante.' That cigar you smoked with Judge Grant did the trick."

"I am surprised that you should suggest such a thing," replied Logan coldly. "I would not think of presuming on my friendship with the Judge so far as to even mention such a matter."

That evening Blake called and told Flora the glorious news, not omitting the curious part in the combination of circumstances that had brought about Powell's sudden downfall.

"I knew papa would do something to make matters right when the proper time came," declared the delighted girl.

And when Blake had gone, after a delightful hour of castle building on the strength of an extra $5,000 per year, she rushed into the library, radiant and happy.

"You're the best papa in all the world," she exclaimed, giving him a loving little hug, "and I knew you would make everything come out right in the end."

"As I told you before," was the stern reply, "I have absolutely no personal interest whatever in the various cases that come before me, and it merely happened that Mr. Powell was selected this morning."

But when Flora had gone the Judge lit a new cigar and picked up the evening paper.

"I've always maintained," he muttered, "that Logan has the keenest mind in Ontario to-day."

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